

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS

CHATTERBOX.



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"MY TURN NOW."

Chatterbox

EDITED BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



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Chatterbox.



Grandfather, when a boy, carrying the Flag.



WINNING HIS WAY.

CHAPTER I.—FIRST YEARS.

ANY years ago, before railroads were thought of, a company of Connecticut farmers, who had heard marvellous stories of the richness of the land in the West, sold their farms, packed up their goods, bade adieu to their friends, and with their families started for Ohio.

After weeks of travel over dusty roads they came to a beautiful valley, watered by a winding river. The hills around

were fair and sunny. There were groves of oaks, and maples, and lindens. The air was fragrant with honeysuckle and jasmine. There was plenty of game. The swift-footed deer browsed the tender grass upon the hills. Squirrels chattered in the trees, and the ringdoves cooed in the depths of the forest. The place was so fertile and fair, so pleasant and peaceful, that the emigrants made it their home, and called it New Hope.

They built a mill upon the river. They laid out a wide, level street, and a public square, erected a school-house, and then a church. One of their number opened a store. Other settlers came, and, as the years passed by, the village rang with the shouts of children pouring from the school-house for a frolic upon the square. Glorious times they had beneath the oaks and maples.

One of the jolliest of the boys was Paul Parker, only son of Widow Parker, who lived in a little old house, shaded by a great maple, on the outskirts of the village. Her husband died when Paul was in his cradle. Paul's grandfather was still living. The people called him 'Old Pensioner Parker,' for he fought at Bunker Hill, and received a pension from government. He was hale and hearty, though more than eighty years of age.

The pension was the main support of the family. They kept a cow, a pig, turkeys, and chickens, and, by selling milk and eggs, which Paul carried to their customers, they brought the years round without running in debt. Paul's pantaloons had a patch on each knee, but he laughed just as loud and whistled just as cheerily for all that.

In summer he went barefoot. He did not have to turn out at every mud-puddle, and he could plash into the mill-pond and give the frogs a crack over the head without stopping to take off stockings and shoes. Paul did not often have a dinner of roast beef, but he had an abundance of bean porridge, brown bread, and milk.

'Bean porridge is wholesome food, Paul,' said his grandfather. 'When I was a boy we used to say,—

"Bean porridge hot,
Bean porridge cold,—
Bean porridge best
Nine days old."

The wood-choppers in winter used to freeze it into cakes and carry it into the woods. Many a time I have made a good dinner on frozen porridge.'

The Pensioner remembered what took place in his early years, but he lost his reckoning many times a-day upon what was going on in the town. He loved to tell stories, and Paul was a willing listener. Pleasant winter evenings they had in the old kitchen, the hickory logs blazing on the hearth, the tea-kettle singing through its nose, the clock ticking soberly, the old Pensioner smoking his pipe in the arm-chair, Paul's mother knitting,—Bruno, by Paul's side, wagging his tail and watching Muff in the opposite corner rolling her great, round, yellow eyes. Bruno was always ready to give Muff battle whenever Paul tipped him the wink to pitch in.

The Pensioner's stories were of his boyhood,—how he joined the army, and fought the battles of the Revolution. Thus his story ran:—

'I was only a little bigger than you are, Paul,' he said, 'when the red-coats began the war at Lexington. I lived in old Connecticut then; that was a long time before we came out here. The meeting-house bell rung, and the people blew their dinner-horns, till the whole town was alarmed. I ran up to the meeting-house and found the militia forming. The men had their guns and powder-horns. The women were at work melting their pewter porringers into bullets. I wasn't old enough to train, but I could fire a gun and bring down a squirrel from the top of a tree. I wanted to go and help drive the red-coats into the ocean. I asked mother if I might. I was afraid that she didn't want me to go. "Why, Paul," says she, "you haven't any clothes!" "Mother," says I, "I can shoot a red-coat just as well as any of the men can." Says she, "Do you want to go, Paul?" "Yes, mother." "Then you shall go; I'll fix you out," she said. As I hadn't any coat she took a meal-bag, cut a hole for my head in the bottom, and made holes for my arms in the sides, cut off a pair of her own stocking-legs, and sewed them on for sleeves, and I was rigged. I took the old gun which father carried at Ticonderoga, and the powder-horn, and started. There is the gun and the horn, Paul, hanging up over the fireplace.

'The red-coats had got back to Boston, but we cooped them up. Our company was in Colonel Knowlton's regiment. I carried the flag, which said, "*Qui transtulit sustinet*." I don't know anything about Latin, but those who do say it means that God who hath transported us hither will sustain us; and that is true, Paul. He sustained us at Bunker Hill, and we should have held it if our powder had not given out. Our regiment was by a rail-fence on the north-east side of the hill. Stark, with his New Hampshire boys, was by the river. Prescott was in the redoubt on the top of the hill. Old Put kept walking up and down the lines. This is the way it was, Paul.'

The Pensioner laid aside his pipe, bent forward, and traced upon the hearth the positions of the troops.

'There is the redoubt; here is the rail fence; there is where the red-coats formed their lines. They came up in front of us here. We didn't fire a gun till they got close to us. I'll show you how the fire ran down the line.'

He took down the horn, pulled out the stopper, held his finger over the tip, and made a trail of powder.

'There, Paul, that is by the fence. As the red-coats came up, some of us began to be uneasy and wanted to fire; but Old Put kept saying, "Don't fire yet! Wait till you can see the white of their eyes! Aim at their belts!"'

While the Pensioner was saying this, he took the tongs and picked a live coal from the fire.

'They came up beautifully, Paul,—the tall grenadiers and light infantry in their scarlet coats, and the sun shining on their gun-barrels and bayonets. They weren't more than ten rods off when a soldier on top of the hill couldn't stand it any longer. Pop! went his gun, and the fire ran down the hill quicker than scat! just like this!'

He touched the coal to the powder. There was a flash, a puff of smoke rising to the ceiling, and filling the room.

'Hooray!' shouted Paul, springing to his feet. Muff went with a jump upon the bureau in the corner of the room, her tail as big as Paul's arm, and her back up. Bruno was after her in a twinkling, bouncing about, barking, and looking round to Paul to see if it was all right.

'There, grandpa, you have made a great smut on the hearth,' said Mrs. Parker, who kept her house neat and tidy, though it was a crazy old affair.

'Well, mother, I thought it would please Paul.'

'S-s-s-s-si'c!' Paul made a hiss which Bruno understood, for he went at Muff more fiercely. It was glorious to see Muff spit fire, and hear her growl low and deep like distant thunder. Paul would not have Muff hurt for anything, but he loved to see Bruno show his teeth at her, for she was vexed when waked up.

'Be still, Paul, and let Muff alone,' said Paul's mother.

'Come, Bruno, she is not worth minding,' said Paul.

'They have got good courage, both of 'em,' said the Pensioner; 'and courage is one half of the battle, and truth and honour is the other half. Paul, I want you to remember that. It will be worth more than a fortune to you. I don't mean that cats and dogs know much about truth and honour, and I have seen some men who didn't know much more about those qualities of character than Muff and Bruno; but what I have said, Paul, is true for all that. They who win success in life are those who love truth, and who follow what is noble and good. No matter how brave a man may be, if he hasn't these qualities he won't succeed. He may get rich, but that won't amount to much. Success, Paul, is to have an unblemished character,—to be true to ourselves, to our country, and to God.'

He went on with his story, telling how the British troops ran before the fire of the Yankees,—how they re-formed and came on a second time, and were repulsed again,—how General Clinton went over from Boston with reinforcements,—how Charlestown was set on fire,—how the flames leaped from house to house, and curled round the spire of the church,—how the red-coats advanced a third time beneath the great black clouds of smoke,—how the ammunition of the Yankees gave out, and they were obliged to retreat,—how General Putnam tried to rally them,—how they escaped across Charles-

town Neck, where the cannon-balls from the British floating batteries raked the ranks! He made it all so plain, that Paul wished he had been there.

The story completed, Paul climbed the creaking stairway to his narrow chamber, repeated his evening prayer, and scrambled into bed.

'He is a jolly boy,' said the Pensioner to Paul's mother, as Paul left the room.

'I don't know what will become of him,' she replied, 'he is so wild and thoughtless. He leaves the door open, throws his cap into the corner, sets Bruno and Muff to growling, stops to play on his way home from school, sings, whistles, shouts, hurrahs, and tears round like all possessed.'

If she could have looked into Paul's desk at school, she would have found whirligigs, tops, pin-boxes, nails, and no end of strings and dancing dandy-jims.

'Paul is a rogue,' said the Pensioner. 'You remember how he got on the top of the house awhile ago and frightened us out of our wits by shouting "Fire! fire!" down the chimney; how we ran out to see about it; how I asked him "Where?" and says he, "Down there in the fire-place, grandpa." He is a chip of the old block. I used to do just so. But there is one good thing about him, he don't do mean tricks. He don't bend up pins and put them in the boys' seats, or tuck chestnut-burs into the girls' hoods. I never knew him to tell a lie. He will come out all right.'

'I hope so,' said Mrs. Parker.

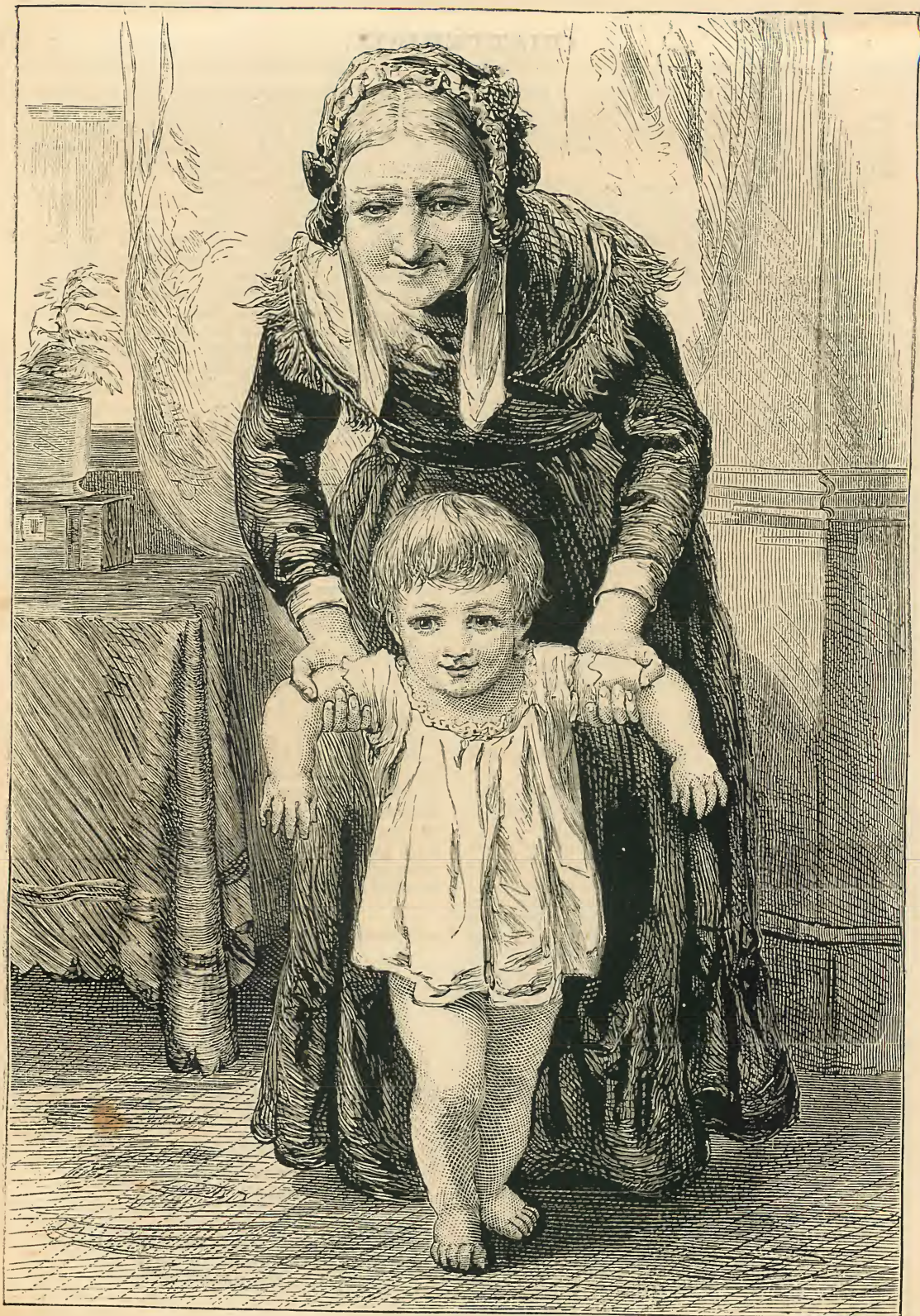
Paul could look through the crevices between the shingles, and the cracks in the walls, and behold the stars gleaming from the unfathomable spaces. He wondered how far they were away. He listened to the wind chanting a solemn dirge, filling his soul with longings for he knew not what. He thought over his grandfather's stories, and the words he had spoken about courage, truth, and honour, till a shingle clattering in the wind took up the refrain, and seemed to say, "Truth and honour,—truth and honour,—truth and honour,"—so steadily and pleasantly, that while he listened the stars faded from his sight, and he sailed away into dream-land.

(To be continued.)

FIRST STEPS.

DEAR little Daisy, though not near
To watch thy life unfold, I own
'Twas pleasant news of thee to hear
Thou hadst been seen to walk alone!
I would I had been there to see
The joy of thy delighted eyes—
To hear the ringing laugh of glee
Which heralded thy new surprise.

Doubtless the cost was many a fall
(Wise cautions these against conceit);
I will not undertake withal
The triumph of thy baby feet.
Not I, for well I know indeed
What failures first attempts attend;
What trials of patience must precede
The point where difficulties end.



First Steps.



Poor Pussy.

But at the news, dear child, I must
 Make prayer, that Heaven thy steps may lead,
 Lest thou in self too much should trust,
 Or lean upon some broken reed,
 As disappointing true delight
 As now when fearless of a fall
 Thou striv'st to catch the sunbeam bright
 From paper-flowers upon the wall.

Though earth beset with sin and strife
 From these first steps which thou hast trod,
 Heaven grant than mine thy future life
 May be a closer walk with God!
 Be highest faith, my child, thine own;
 Lean on a Father's loving hand:
 For we can never walk alone
 In safety to the promised land.

ROWLAND BROWN.

POOR PUSSY.

A True Tale.

PUSS was not a great darling in the house; she never sat on her mistress's knee, nor came purring and rubbing her head against her master's legs. I am afraid, indeed, she was what would be called a very common cat, just born to catch mice, and blink in the sun, but for one circumstance which I am about to tell you, and which ended, alas! in poor pussy's death.

One spring morning she was found with four little kittens, born in the night, and I do not doubt that her rather dull green eyes were beaming over her treasures; however, no one could expect that she should be allowed to rear such a family of ordinary short-haired little cats; and I fancy her master and mistress thought themselves very kind when they

gave orders that Mrs. Pussy should be allowed to keep two of her children, while the other two were given to the gardener, who drowned them in a tank in the garden. All went on as usual till bed-time, when the maid came to tell her mistress that she could nowhere find the old cat to shut up with her kittens for the night, and the little ones were screaming as if they wanted her very badly indeed.

So there was a grand search made, and people called 'Puss! puss!' till their throats ached. Still she never came, the cruel, heartless old thing, to desert her tiny kittens in this way!

Cook covered them up as well as she could, and put them in an outhouse, that their cries might attract their mother when she was tired of roaming, and then every one went to bed.

Early next morning they were visited; still no mother, and the little things were growing chill and feeble. Then some one whispered that harm must have befallen the old cat, who, though neither clever nor beautiful, had always been a fond mother.

And Sunday though it was—remembering the ass and the ox fallen into the pit—there was another great search made, in which master, mistress, and all joined.

One looker went towards the tank, and then a short cry was heard, almost such a cry as when one sees a human being struggling for life in deep water.

Only no one struggled for life here; but a poor draggled cat lay dead at the bottom of the tank, close beside two little draggled kittens. It was very plain how she had come to her death; she must have fallen into the tank while making desperate efforts to save her lost children.

Not much was said; but all faces looked grave while the gardener lifted out the poor dead thing—not lovely in life, but heroic in her death.

And then came the question, What was to be done with the orphans? The gardener, who was not given to sentiment, proposed a speedy way of providing for them, when the mistress, a quiet, gentle creature, not very fond of cats, broke in, 'We must rear them, if we can, for poor old pussy's sake.'

So they got warm milk, and paint-brushes, a bit of sponge, and a doll's tea-spoon, and tried to feed and comfort the wailing orphans—cook, master, and mistress, all on their knees before the kitchen fire; and the mistress stole down again at midnight, just before she got into bed, to see how the kittens fared, for the tragic end of the mother had touched all hearts. But whether all this care and attention would have saved the kittens we cannot tell, for a better method of rearing them was devised. Some one knew of a cat in the village, who had been deprived of all her infants, and if she could be led to adopt a new family all would be well.

The experiment was made, and succeeded. I do not think the little cats ever knew that they sported with a stepmother's tail, played leap-frog over a stepmother's back, and were licked and tumbled about by a stepmother's tongue.

They did not grow up handsome cats. How could they? But the ugliest, the one with the most stubby hair, the longest ears, and the shabbiest tail, is the one most tenderly treated, and fondly regarded. Cook says it is so like poor old pussy.

H. A. F.

JOHN'S TROUBLE.

By Harriet Boultonwood, Author of 'Katie's Charge,' &c.

CHAPTER I.



It was eight o'clock in the morning on a bright spring day at the beginning of April. The postman's knock sounded frequently in an obscure street of a country town. He stopped at the last house in the row, the door of which was opened by a youth of fifteen, who at once took the official-looking letter to his mother.

It was a poor little house, with scantily furnished rooms; and yet there was a look of comfort about them often found wanting in more pretentious abodes.

In the front room, which was called the breakfast-parlour, were seated Mrs. Falconer (who was a widow), with her two sons—John, whom we have just seen take in the letter, and Edwin, about nine. Their father had been a clergyman, but, owing to ill-health, was obliged to resign his curacy; and after a long, tedious illness, he had gone to his Rest, leaving his wife and children almost destitute. Mrs. Falconer had but few friends to help her in her time of trouble, and being an orphan she could not apply to her parents. The only person who could afford to help her was an only brother, a bachelor. But of him we will speak anon, and now turn attention to hear the news contained in the letter.

Mrs. Falconer opened and read it. When she had finished, John, all impatient, began,—

'Well, mother, may we hear the news?'

'Yes, my dear. This letter is from a brother of mine whom you have never seen—your Uncle Philip. He writes to say that, hearing of your father's death, he will help me, if I choose, by asking a friend of his to take you into his business.'

'And what is that, mother?' put in both boys at once.

But Mrs. Falconer hesitated in her reply, knowing as she did that her next words would give pain to one at least.

'A linendraper's, dears.'

'Oh, mother!' was the disappointed exclamation.

There was silence for a few minutes, and then John turned an eager, flushed face, towards his mother.

'Mother, I can guess your thoughts. I will go if you wish it.'

'My darling!' And the mother leaned forward, and kissed the face so like her own; then, gently laying one hand on his shoulder, she said,—

'But I must think over the matter first, John, before giving an answer, especially as this occupation is so distasteful to you. Nevertheless, it has its advantages, and you know we are very poor, dear. But get to your studies now, my boy, and I will think what is best to be done.'

Accordingly John left the room, Edwin took his satchel and set out for school, and the mother was left alone.

For more than an hour the widow sat and pondered the matter, yet still she hesitates. The chief

obstacle in accepting this offer of her brother lies in the fact that John has no taste for the business.

His father had hoped to train him to be a clergyman, and with this end in view had taken particular pains with his son's studies; and though young, the boy had well repaid his father's efforts. To go to Cambridge was his ambition: but since his father's death the chances of this seemed small, for while preparing for the scholarship he hoped to gain, and by this means help towards his own support while at the University, he must of course be a burden on his mother, who had no other income now than that derived from a small legacy.

She had talked of taking music pupils; but John knew, even with this addition, her income would still be slender, and therefore he resolved to carry out his father's last injunction, to be a comfort and help to her. As he sits in the little back-room he is fighting the hardest of all battles, that of gaining a victory over *self*. It had cost him a struggle to say those few words this morning, when he promised compliance with his mother's wishes, and now he felt as though he would gladly recall them. More than one tear fell on the open pages of his Homer; but at length the contest ceased, and the brave boy had decided aright, and he went to join his mother in the next room, where she still sat pondering.

'John,' she exclaimed, as he opened the door, 'I was just coming to tell you what I think is best for us to do, although I know it must be hard for you, dear.'

'Never mind, mother. I know,' (and here his voice shook a little), 'I know that we are very poor, and that you will have to earn money for us to live: so I feel it is my duty to do what I can to help you.'

'Yes, dear; but it is not only of earning money I am thinking, but of the distaste you will probably feel for your occupation; and I am sure it is only right to prepare you a little for this, so that your disappointment may not be so keen.'

'Thank you, mother.'

He said no more, and glancing into his face, the mother's eyes read of the battle that had been fought and nobly won; and the mother's heart blessed him, while it yearned to save him from the coming trial.

'Mother, dear, we will say it is settled,' John said. 'When am I to go?'

'As soon as I hear again from your uncle, I suppose, dear. The vacancy, he says, must be filled at once, and you are to go for a month on trial. I will write at once, and ask for further particulars.'

This was done, and without delay came the answer. Mr. Curtis was glad that his sister had acted so sensibly in deciding to accept his offer (she had told him frankly of John's distaste for the business); and then he went on to state that he would look after the youth, and so long as he stayed with Mr. Munro, his friend, he (Mr. Curtis) would forward to her eight shillings a-week; 'but if the young man chooses to enter some other employment, then from that time I decline to have any more to do with him, or to forward the remittance.'

These strange terms greatly puzzled Mrs. Falconer, who, however, had always known her brother to be eccentric, and of late years he had become more so. At the same time, it gave great satisfaction to

John, because, as he said, that money would help his mother; and this thought strengthened his resolution to try and overcome his dislike to the business.

So finally all was settled, and the next week would see John located in Marshfield, his new home in the thriving town, which was just thirty miles from Witherdon, where he now resided.

Mr. Munro, the owner of the large drapery establishment to which John was going, had been a friend of Mr. Curtis for many years, and therefore he became acquainted with all the circumstances of the boy's history. He was not naturally very kind-hearted, and what little tenderness of feeling he once possessed had long since departed in his contact with the world, and a shrewd observer could have read him to be, what he really was, a brisk man of business, and clever at a bargain; one, moreover, who, possessing money, was never willing to part with it. His wife had always a tired, careworn look, as though the effort to make both ends meet on the sum her husband allowed her for housekeeping was a hopeless puzzle to her; and this was not far wrong. Besides having to put up with her husband's nigardliness, her five children were wayward and disobedient.

Thus the home-atmosphere of the Munros was not the most genial, as poor John soon found; and after the gentle but firm government, as well as the sunshine of love and peace, that always reigned in his own home, one can easily imagine how great was the change to the youth. A month passed, and he liked the business as little as he did the uncongenial home, where continual squabbles between parents and children seemed to be the rule. He, however, honestly tried to do his best; and Mr. Munro seeing this, the apprenticeship took place (his uncle acting as guardian), and John was bound for three years.

The time passed on, but his trial grew no lighter, since his employment became more and more distasteful. Day after day he suffered the pain of deep humiliation, being often told that he was 'as awkward as a bull at a gate' by his companions who served in the shop, and still oftener by his employer, that 'a parson's son was seldom worth his salt.'

'Only give me the chance I want,' thought poor John, when thus taunted with his unfitness for the business, 'and see if I am not worth my salt.'

But to his employer he said nothing, bearing as bravely as he could his uncomfortable lot.

(Concluded in our next.)

TWO NAMES EMBALMED.

WHEN we cross a macadamised road, do we ever remember that it is so called from a certain John Macadam, who published this system of road-making to the world in the year 1819?

If there should be a tramway in the middle of that road, will it remind us of Benjamin Outram, who made many improvements in this kind of railway about the year 1800, and from whose name their title is derived? This Benjamin Outram was the father of Sir James Outram, a brave soldier, whose name is connected in our minds with our Indian empire.

A. R. B.



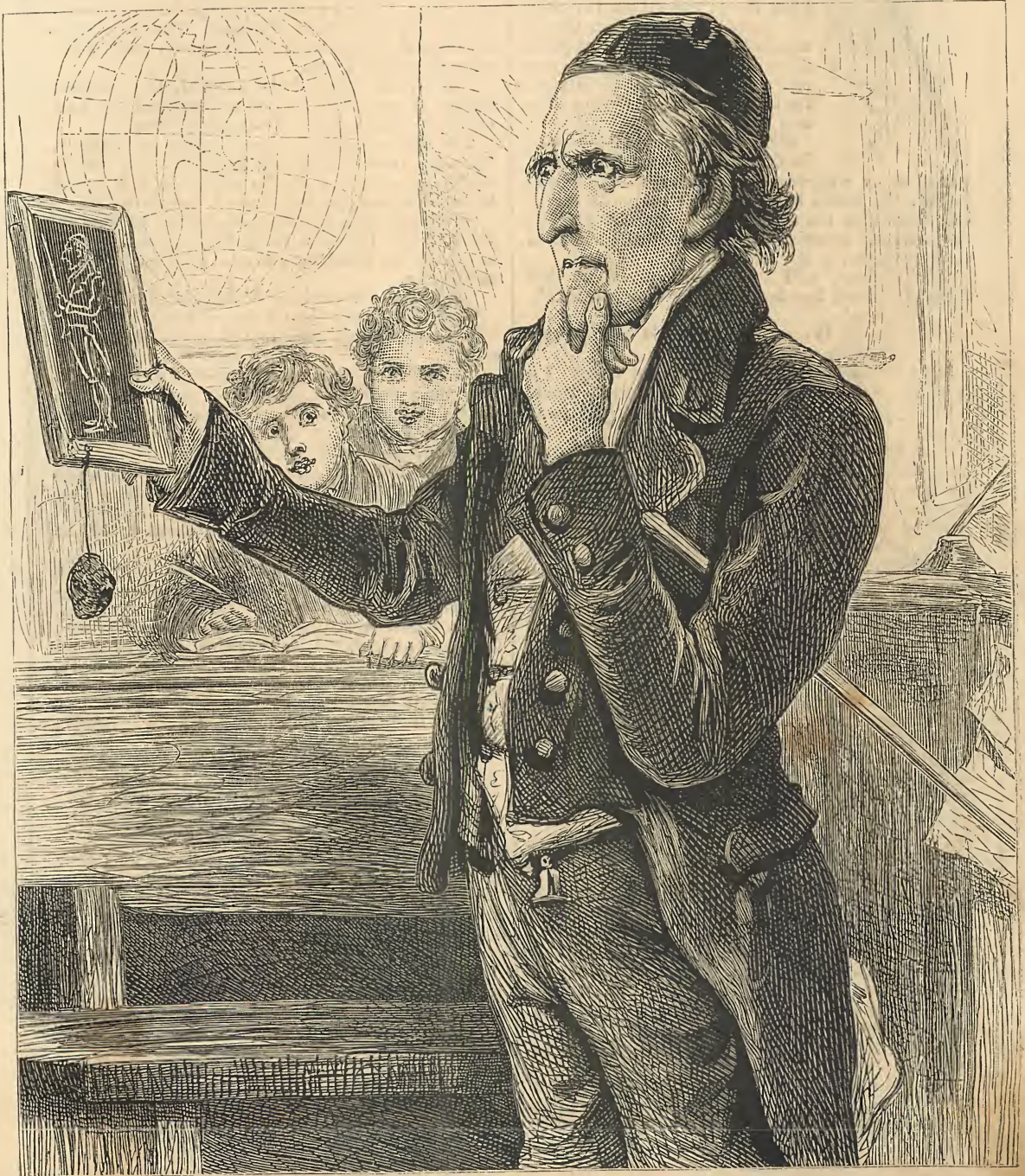
John and his Master.

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Cipher looking at Paul's Drawing.



WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 3.)

PAUL was twelve years old, stout, hearty, and healthy,—full of life, and brimming over with fun. Once he set the village in a roar. The people permitted their pigs to run at large. The great maple in front of the Pensioner's house was cool and shady,—a delightful place for the pigs through the hot summer days.

Mr. Chrome, the carriage-painter, lived across the road. He painted a great many waggons for the farmers,—the wheels yellow, the bodies blue, green, or red, with scrolls and flowers on the sides. Paul watched him by the hour, and sometimes made up his mind to be a carriage-painter when he became a man.

'Mr. Chrome,' said Paul, 'don't you think that those pigs would look better if they were painted?'

'Perhaps so.'

'I should like to see how they would look painted as you paint your waggons.'

Mr. Chrome laughed at the ludicrous fancy. He loved fun, and was ready to help carry out the freak.

'Well, just try your hand on improving Nature,' he said.

Paul went to work. Knowing that pigs like to have their backs scratched, he had no difficulty in keeping them quiet. To one he gave green legs, blue ears, red rings round its eyes, and a red tail. Another had one red leg, one blue, one yellow, one green, with red and blue stripes and yellow stars on its body. 'I will make him a star-spangled pig,' Paul shouted to Mr. Chrome. Another had a green head, yellow ears, and a red body. Bruno watched the proceedings, wagging his tail, looking now at Paul and then at the pigs, ready to help on the fun.

'Sic!—sic!—sic!' said Paul. Bruno was upon them with a bound. Away they capered, with him close at their heels. Faster they ran up the street squealing, with Bruno barking behind. Mr. Chrome laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. All the dogs, great and small, joined Bruno in chase of the strange game. People came out from the stores, windows were thrown up, and all hands—men, women, and children—ran to see what was the matter, laughing and shouting, while the pigs and dogs ran round the square.

'Paul Parker did that, I'll bet,' said Mr. Leatherby, the shoemaker, peeping out from his shop. 'It is just like him.'

An old white horse, belonging to Mr. Smith, also sought the shade of the maple before the Pensioner's house. Bruno barked at him by the hour, but the old horse would not move for anything short of a club or stone.

'I'll see if I can't get rid of him,' said Paul to himself.

He went into the barn, found a piece of rope, tied up a little bundle of hay, got a stick five or six feet long, and some old harness-straps. In the evening,

when it was so dark that people could not see what he was up to, he caught the old horse, laid the stick between his ears and strapped it to his neck, and tied the hay to the end of the stick, in such a way that it hung a few inches beyond old Whitey's nose. The old horse took a step ahead to nibble the hay,—another,—another,—another! 'Don't you wish you may get it?' said Paul. Tramp,—tramp,—tramp, old Whitey went down the road. Paul heard him go across the bridge by the mill, and up the hill the other side of the brook.

'Go it, old fellow!' he shouted, then listened again. It was a calm night, and he could just hear old Whitey's feet,—tramp,—tramp,—tramp.

The next morning the good people of Fairview, ten miles from New Hope, laughed to see an old white horse, with a bundle of hay a few inches beyond his nose, passing through the place.

Mr. Smith, after breakfast, started out to hunt up old Whitey. He often found him under the maple in front of the Pensioner's house. Paul was swinging on the gate.

'Have you seen my horse?' Mr. Smith asked.

'Yes, sir, I saw him going down towards the bridge last evening,' Paul replied, chuckling to himself.

Mr. Smith went down to the mill and inquired. The miller heard a horse go over the bridge. The farmer on the other side heard a horse go up the hill. Mr. Smith looked at the tracks. They were old Whitey's, who had a broken shoe on his left hind foot. He followed on. 'I never knew him to go away before,' he said to himself, as he walked hour after hour, seeing the tracks all the way to Fairview.

'Have you seen a white horse about here?' he asked of one of the villagers.

'Yes, sir; there was one here this morning trying to overtake a bundle of hay,' the man replied, laughing. 'There he is now!' he added.

Mr. Smith looked up and saw old Whitey, who had turned about, and was reaching forward to get a nibble of the hay. Mr. Smith felt like being angry, but the old horse was walking so soberly and earnestly that he couldn't help laughing.

'That is some of Paul's doings, I know. I'll give him a thrashing when I get back.'

It was noon before Mr. Smith reached New Hope. Paul and Bruno were sitting beneath the maple.

'Where did you find old Whitey?' Paul asked.

'You were the one who did it, you little rascal!'

'Did what?'

'You know what. You have made me walk clear to Fairview. I have a mind to horsewhip you.'

Paul laughed to think that the old horse had tramped so far, though he was sorry that Mr. Smith had been obliged to walk that distance.

'I didn't mean any harm, Mr. Smith; but old Whitey has made our dooryard his stamping-place all summer, and I thought I would see if I could get rid of him.'

'Well, sir, if you do it again I'll trounce you!' said Mr. Smith as he rode away, his anger coming up.

'Wouldn't it be better for you to put him in a pasture, Mr. Smith? Then he wouldn't trouble us,' said Paul, who knew that Mr. Smith had no right to let old Whitey run at large. Paul was not easily

frightened when he had right on his side. The people in the stores and at the tavern had a hearty laugh when they heard how old Whitey went to Fairview.

Mr. Cipher taught the village school. He was tall, slim, thin-faced, with black eyes deeply set in his head, and a long, hooked nose like an eagle's bill. He wore a loose swallow-tailed coat with bright brass buttons, and pants which were several inches too short. The Committee employed him, not because he was a superior teacher, but they could get him for twelve dollars a-month, while Mr. Rudiment, who had been through college, and who was known to be an excellent instructor, asked sixteen.

There was a crowd of roistering boys and rosy-cheeked girls, who made the old school-house hum like a bee-hive. Very pleasant to the passers-by was the music of their voices. At recess and at noon they had leap-frog and tag. Paul was in a class with Philip Funk, Hans Middlekauf, and Michael Murphy. There were other boys and girls of all nationalities. Paul's ancestors were from Connecticut, while Philip's father was a Virginian, Hans was born in Germany, and Michael in Ireland. Philip's father kept a grocery, and sold sugar, molasses, tobacco, and whiskey. He was rich, and Philip wore good clothes and calf-skin boots. Paul could get his lessons very quick whenever he set about them in earnest, but he spent half his time in inventing fly-traps, making whirligigs, or drawing pictures on his slate. He had an accurate eye, and could draw admirably. Philip could get his lessons also if he chose to apply himself, but it was a great deal easier to have some one work out the problems in arithmetic than to do them himself.

'Here, Paul, just help me; that is a good fellow,' he said, coaxingly.

It was at recess.

'No; Cipher has forbid it. Each one must do his own work,' said Paul.

'If you will do it, I will give you a handful of raisins,' said Philip, who usually had his pockets full of raisins, candy, or nuts.

'It wouldn't be right.'

'Come, just do this one; Cipher never will know it.'

'No!' Paul said it resolutely.

'You are a mean, sneaking fellow,' said Philip.

Philip was a year older than Paul. He had sandy hair, white eyelashes, and a freckled face. He carried a watch, and always had money in his pocket. Paul, on the other hand, hardly ever had a cent which he could call his own. His clothes were worn till they were almost past mending.

'Rag-tag has got a hole in his trowsers,' said Philip to the other boys.

Paul's face flushed. He wanted to knock Philip's teeth down his throat. He knew that his mother had hard work to clothe him, and felt the insult keenly. He went into the school-house, choked his anger down, and tried to forget all about it by drawing a picture of the master. It was an excellent likeness,—his spindle legs, great feet, short pants, loose coat, sunken eyes, hooked nose, thin face, and long bony fingers.

Philip sat behind Paul. Instead of studying his lesson, he was planning how to get Paul into trouble.

He saw the picture. Now was his time. He giggled aloud. Mr. Cipher looked up in astonishment.

'What are you laughing at, Master Funk?'

'At what Paul is doing.'

Paul hustled his slate into his desk.

'Let me see what you have here,' said Cipher, walking up to Paul, who spat on his fingers, and ran his hand into the desk to rub out the drawing; but he felt that it would be better to meet his punishment boldly than to have the school think he was a sneak. He laid the slate before the master without a line effaced.

'Giving your attention to drawing, are you, Master Paul?' said Cipher. His eyes flashed. He knit his brows. The blood rushed to his cheeks. There was a popping up of heads all over the school-room to get a sight of the picture.

The boys laughed aloud, and there was a tittering among the girls, which made Cipher very angry. 'Silence!' he roared, and stamped upon the floor so savagely that the windows rattled. 'Come out here, sir. I'll give you a drawing-lesson of another sort.' He seized Paul by the collar, and threw him into the space in front of his own desk. 'Hold out your hand.'

Paul felt that he was about to receive a tremendous thrashing; but he determined that he would not flinch. He held out his right hand, and received the blow from a heavy ferule. His hand felt as if he had been struck by a piece of hot iron.

'The other, sir.'

Whack it fell! a blow which made the flesh purple. There was an 'Oh!' upon his tongue; but he set his teeth together, and bit his lips till they bled, and so smothered it. Another blow,—another,—another. They were hard to bear; but his teeth were set like a vice. There was a twitching of the muscles round his lips; he was pale. When the blows fell, he held his breath, but did not snivel.

'I'll see if I can't bring you to your feeling, you good-for-nothing scapegrace!' said the master, mad with passion, and surprised that Paul made no outcry. He gave another round, bringing the ferule down with great force. Blood began to ooze from the pores. The last blow spattered the drops around the room. Cipher came to his senses. He stopped.

'Are you sorry, sir?'

'I don't know whether I am or not. I didn't mean any harm. I suppose I ought not to have drawn it in school; but I didn't do it to make fun. I drew you just as you are,' said Paul,—his voice trembling a little in spite of his efforts to control it.

The master could not deny that it was a perfect likeness. He was surprised at Paul's cleverness at drawing, and for the first time in his life saw that he cut a ridiculous figure wearing that long, loose, swallow-tailed coat, with great flaming brass buttons, and resolved upon the spot that his next coat should be a frock, and that he would get a longer pair of pants.

'You may take your seat, sir!' he said, puzzled to know whether to punish Paul still more, and compel him to say that he was sorry, or whether to accept the explanations, and apologise for whipping him so severely.

(To be continued.)



**BABY'S BREAKFAST—NURSE'S
MUSINGS.**

HERE'S a stool and here's a chair,
For my little lady fair;
Here's the mug, and here's the spoon,
Breakfast will be ready soon.

Here's the knife, and here's the bread,
Soon my darling shall be fed;
Lay the cloth so smooth and neat,
Get all ready for my sweet.

We have milk so fresh and white,
Every morning, every night;

We have bread and butter too,
Some for me and some for you.

All we need our God has sent us,
But remember, life is lent us;
Let it then be spent for Him,
Not in idleness or sin.

Pretty, smiling, bright, and good,
Sits baby in her little hood.
Good and gentle is my sweet,
Trotting on her little feet;
Good and gentle is my baby,
Yes, she's quite a little lady! J. E. C. F.



THE RABBITS. SENTIMENT AND MATTER-OF-FACT.

LIZZIE.

W^HEN little rabbits! Last night there were none.
A Five a-piece, four a-piece, Tom dear, what fun!
Just like our very own children they'll be.
Are you not proud of your fine family?

TOM.

'Twill be a fine toil to keep them well fed;
I wish they could work for their own daily bread.
Cook says I have ravaged her best parsley-bed.
She might take something else for her cooking instead!

LIZZIE.

'I saw in a field not a great way from here
Some thistles, enough to last them a year.

Dandelions are plentiful all the world over;
Cabbage-leaves, lettuce-leaves, red and white clover.
Shall we give that pure little white ore to mother?
Or do you think she would like best the other
With two or three spots? Or, Tom, would you
rather
Keep that as a joint birthday present for father?

TOM.

'Father, I know, likes a rabbit to eat—
A young one would make him a nice birthday treat.
But the ugliest grey ones would do just as well
To kill, or perhaps to fatten and sell.'

LIZZIE.

'Oh, Tom! please don't talk in that cold-hearted way!
You won't *do* what is cruel, but cruel things you say.

If they must be killed, whether full-grown or small, I don't care to pet them, or love them at all.'

TOM.

'Girls have such notions! Tears, too, in your eyes! Well I never! Do wait till one of them dies; For twenty dead rabbits you'll not see me cry, And yet father says you are braver than I! Don't you remember the chickens last year? They fed from your hand, you thought them so dear, Yet we ate them at table when they were full grown. 'Not I!' said the child, in the tenderest tone.

Tom looked rather puzzled, 'I can't see it quite; Let's come and ask mother, she'll set it all right. Who's kinder than mother? yet certain I am She'll say it's not worse to eat rabbit than lamb.'

A*.

JOHN'S TROUBLE.

(Concluded from page 7.)

CHAPTER II.



AFTER the shop was closed, John always hastened to the little chamber that served him as bed and sitting-room, and there he worked at his books. Yet in the midst of his unhappiness he was also learning other valuable lessons; for the pain entailed by his self-denial and brave endurance was the refining process that was to leave him a noble, manly character in the future.

To his mother he never breathed a word of complaint, making the best of everything; and therefore she was greatly relieved to find him so hopeful, and to know that he tried his best to give satisfaction. She had succeeded in finding a few music-pupils, and thus, with her other sources combined, she was enabled to live; which, however, she did with the strictest economy, for she knew this was necessary.

The weeks and months rolled away, and September drew to a close. John was still pursuing his duties, grown more accustomed to its monotony, but still almost as awkward as when he entered the establishment; and Mr. Munro began to entertain serious thoughts that the youth *was* unfitted for the business, especially as in other ways he was quick enough. His employer often gave him accounts to set right, which was more to John's taste; but when called to serve behind the counter, all his awkwardness returned, and this had become a complete penance to him.

One day about this time a lady entered the shop, leading a little girl about seven years of age. The lady was busily making her purchases, when she was startled by hearing an angry voice exclaim in the adjoining department,—

'Just see, Falconer, how wastefully you have cut this puce velvet! Whenever are you to be depended upon in serving? Give it to me, and remember that you are to make good what you have spoiled.'

The voice was that of Mr. Munro, and he went on to scold the poor fellow, who stood helplessly aside,

flushed and annoyed at being thus reprimanded before customers.

The little girl we have noticed had left her mother's side, and stood near John; and when Mr. Munro had finished speaking, she peeped up at him with a sympathising look in her large blue eyes, and then hastened away towards her mother.

'Mother,' she whispered, 'are you not sorry for that poor boy? I am. What a shame!'

'Hush, my darling!' interrupted the lady, as John just then passed them; and fearing lest her little daughter's sympathy might be more loudly expressed, the lady soon left the shop.

'Here, Falconer!' called Mr. Munro a few minutes after, 'just take this ribbon into Parkins's, and see if they can match it. Be quick, as it is wanted.'

John seized his hat, and sped up the street on his errand: and just as he was turning a corner on his way back, he saw the little girl, but alone. She instantly recognised him, and with a child's trustfulness and simplicity exclaimed,—

'Oh, have you seen my mother anywhere? She was here just this minute, and when I stopped to look at some dolls she had gone.'

'No, dear,' answered John; 'but we will try and find her.'

He walked up and down the street with the child, but could see nothing of her mother; and at last, fearing to stay longer, he took Ethel back with him to Mr. Munro's, and told him what had occurred.

'You had better take her straight home,' said the draper. 'Mrs. Wynne lives in that large white-house at the end of Elm Grove. Do you know the way?'

'Yes, sir,' answered John; and taking the little girl's hand, they set off.

Ethel was happy enough at the thought of seeing her mother so soon, and prattled away quite merrily. When they arrived at the house John ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

'Oh, Miss Ethel!' exclaimed the housemaid, as she opened the door, 'your mother has been in such a way about you, thinking you were lost!'

'So I was, Mary, and this boy found me, and brought me home.'

'How kind of him!' said Mary, glancing at John; and then he bid little Ethel good-bye, and walked away.

The next morning a letter was handed to him, and on opening it he found it was a note from Mrs. Wynne, asking him to call upon her that evening about six, as she wished to speak to him.

John showed the letter to his employer, who at once gave him permission to go, and at the time stated he arrived at Mrs. Wynne's house.

The servant told him the family were at dinner, but if he could stay a short time Mrs. Wynne would be at liberty; and so John sat down in the hall to wait.

The drawing-room door happened to be ajar, and he saw little Ethel, evidently amusing herself there by sitting round the room.

'I wonder if she will speak to me when she sees me?' thought the boy, as he watched her.

A minute after he heard her scream, and pushing the door wide open, saw, to his horror, that she was

enveloped in flame. In twisting about her sash had become untied, and one end of it being wafted against the bars of the fire-grate, her whole dress was soon ablaze. To rush forward, fling her down, and wrap the hearthrug tightly round her, was the work of a few seconds; but it was not done without injury to himself, his hands being badly burned.

Just as he had succeeded in putting out the flames, Mr. and Mrs. Wynne rushed into the room, greatly alarmed by the screams. Taking the child from John, the lady thanked him fervently; and after sending for a doctor, she went to see what injuries Ethel had received. These, however, were not so great as Mrs. Wynne had feared, although her arms and neck were terribly burned.

When the doctor arrived he attended to the little girl, and then turned to John.

'Well done, my boy! you have saved that child's life!' he said, as he deftly bound up John's hands; and ordered that the boy was to be kept quiet the rest of the evening.

'I will go home, then, if you please, Mrs. Wynne' (she had sent for him to thank him for his former service to her child), said John, beginning to feel faint and sick.

But the lady would not hear of this; and sending a message to Mr. Munro, she conducted John to a small, neat chamber, and after seeing that he had everything he required, she gave him into the house-keeper's charge, as Ethel required so much of her own attention.

But poor John could not sleep for the pain he suffered, and the next day he looked so ill that Mrs. Wynne would not allow him to leave the house. Mr. Wynne, too, was most kind, and every one tried to make him feel at home; but he got no better, and after three days Mrs. Wynne wrote to his mother, and telling her how John had met with his accident, asked her to fetch him home for awhile.

Mrs. Falconer lost no time in obeying the summons, and the next day John was once more in his own home. His hands healed rapidly, but his health grew worse. He had caught a violent cold, and for some weeks was seriously ill, but after that he began to amend. During his sickness his uncle had been a frequent visitor, and John was pleased by his kind interest; while the old gentleman, on his part, began to feel proud of this manly young fellow who had acted so bravely. At last there came a day when the invalid was sufficiently recovered to take a drive, and to Mrs. Falconer's astonishment her brother offered to accompany him. The old gentleman proved a very pleasant companion, and John felt almost sorry when they returned.

'You are getting on now, John?' remarked Mr. Curtis, as he watched his nephew's progress across the room.

'Yes, uncle; I think I shall be all right in a week or two.'

'And then, I suppose, you will return to business—eh?'

'Certainly, uncle, as soon as ever I am able.'

But a sigh followed the words, and a weary look passed over his pale face. His heart sank as he thought of his future, for his efforts to like his employment seemed hopeless.

His uncle looked at him keenly for a few moments, and then said,—

'Don't you like your work, John?'

A flush rose to the boy's brow at this unexpected question. He hesitated, and then said in a low tone,—

'Since you ask me so plainly, uncle, I must answer—No, I do not.'

'Why do you stay, then?'

'For my mother's sake, sir. You remember your conditions, uncle?'

'Humph! How have you employed your evenings at Munro's? Much the same as the others though, I dare say.'

'No, uncle; I nearly always spent them over my books.'

'Ah! I remember hearing you were study-mad. Well, suppose we read some Latin to-morrow? It will be a change for you.'

'Yes, a pleasant one,' said John, brightening instantly.

And so the next afternoon Mr. Curtis spent a few hours in the way agreed upon. He was a man of good education himself, and it was not only to please his nephew he proposed this: he had another object in view, and that was to test the boy's proficiency. He admired his steady perseverance, too; and finding him well advanced, the old gentleman laid his plans accordingly.

The next day he went to Marshfield, and had a long conference with his friend, Mr. Munro, and it was finally settled that John's indentures should be cancelled, so he would not return again to the establishment. Mr. Munro had spoken highly of John in every other respect than that of his business capacity, which, however, he informed his friend, was certainly not owing to the boy's lack of perseverance. Mr. Curtis listened attentively to all Mr. Munro said on the subject, and then they discussed other affairs, until he took his leave and returned to Witherdon.

Finding John alone in the sitting-room, he at once explained the object of his visit to Marshfield by saying,—

'John, I have been to cancel your indentures.'

The news so abruptly announced puzzled the boy.

'Did—did I displease you then, uncle, by what I said yesterday? I did not mean to do so. Indeed, uncle, I will try still harder to like the business, if I may go back again.' And then he added, in a despairing tone that touched the old gentleman's heart, 'What will become of my poor mother now?'

'Why, I can look after her while you are at college.'

'What?' (and the eager, delighted face, was a pleasure to see). 'I go to college? You must be dreaming, uncle!'

'Dreaming that will turn out to be a pleasant reality, my boy,' said his uncle.

And then he sat down, and told John that he had watched his self-denying efforts, as well as his brave perseverance, and this was his reward. Need we try to picture the happiness of the little household that evening?

Mr. Curtis never regretted his kindness. John grew to be an honourable, upright man, loved and respected by all, and by none more than by his uncle Philip.



John saving Ethel.

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Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



A Dog rescued from the Ice.

A DOG RESCUED FROM THE ICE.



WENT for a walk this afternoon into the country, and came on a piteous scene at a little inland lake not far from the barracks. A large Newfoundland dog had ventured on to the ice after a stick, and when in the very middle had fallen into an ice-hole, from which he was unable to extricate himself. When we had arrived he had been there an hour and a half. Poor thing!

he looked a noble creature even when in distress, his head and shoulders reared up by his fore-paws on the ice, appealing for succour. The owner was calling to him in a feeble, helpless sort of way. I asked his master why he did not go in and bring his dog out, but that seemed too ridiculous an idea to be entertained. As he did not seem worthy to possess the noble creature, I asked if he would give him to me if I saved him. 'Yes,' he said. 'Off coat, and in!' said I. The ice was nearly thick enough to bear, which made it the more difficult to get on. W— threw me a plank, and by its help I worked my way. I wish you could have seen how the dog looked as he saw me getting nearer, for I can't describe it. However, it was done at last, and the dog was saved. I was done for, however, and had to crawl to the barracks not exactly in good parade order. I am bad at writing still, for both hands are cut about so much by the ice.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 11.)

PAUL sat down. His hands ached terribly; but what troubled him most was the thought that he had been whipped before the whole school. All the girls had witnessed his humiliation. There was one among them—Azalia Adams—who stood at the head of Paul's class, the best reader and speller in school. She had ruby lips, and cheeks like roses; the golden sunlight falling upon her chestnut hair crowned her with glory; deep, thoughtful, and earnest was the liquid light of her hazel eyes; she was as lovely and beautiful as the flower whose name she bore. Paul had drawn her picture many times—sometimes handing over her task, sometimes as she sat, unmindful of the hum of voices around her, looking far away into a dim and distant dream-land. He never wearied of tracing the features of one so fair and good as she. Her laugh was as musical as a mountain-brook; and in the church on Sunday, when he heard her voice sweetly and melodiously mingling with the choir, he thought of the angels—of her as in heaven and he on earth.

'Run home, sonny, and tell your mother that you got a licking,' said Philip, when school was out.

Paul's face became livid. He would have doubled his fist and given Philip a blow in the face, but his palms were like puff-balls. There was an ugly feeling inside, but just then a pair of bright hazel eyes,

almost swimming with tears, looked into his own. 'Don't mind it, Paul!' said Azalia.

The pain was not half so hard to bear after that. He wanted to say, 'I thank you,' but did not know how. Till then his lips had hardly quivered, and he had not shed a tear; now his eyes became moist; one great drop rolled down his cheek, but he wiped it off with his coat-sleeve, and turned away, for fear that Azalia would think him a baby.

On his way home the thought uppermost in his mind was, 'What will mother say? Why tell her? Would it not be better to keep the matter to himself?' But then he remembered that she had said, 'Paul, I shall expect you to tell me truthfully all that happens to you at school.' He loved his mother. She was one of the best mothers that ever lived, working for him day and night. How could he abuse such confidence as she had given him? He would not violate it. He would not be a sneak.

His mother and the Pensioner were sitting before the fire as he entered the house. She welcomed him with a smile—a beautiful smile it was, for she was a noble woman, and Paul was her darling, her pride, the light, joy, and comfort of her life.

'Well, Paul, how do you get on at school?' his grandfather asked.

'I got a whipping to-day. It was spoken boldly and manfully.'

'What! My son got a whipping!' his mother exclaimed.

'Yes, mother.'

'I am astonished! Come here, and tell me all about it.'

Paul stood by her side and told the story—how Philip Funk tried to bribe him, how he called him names—how, having got his lessons, he made a picture of the master. 'Here it is, mother.' He took his slate from his little green bag. The picture had not been effaced. His mother looked at it and laughed, notwithstanding her efforts to keep sober, for it was such a perfect likeness. She had an exquisite sense of the ludicrous, and Paul was like her. She was surprised to find that he could draw so well.

'We will talk about the matter after supper,' she said. She had told Paul many times, that, if he was justly punished at school, he must expect a second punishment at home; but she wanted to think awhile before deciding what to do. She was pleased to know that her boy could not be bribed to do what his conscience told him he ought not to do, and that he was manly and truthful. She would rather follow him to the churchyard and lay him in his grave beneath the bending elms, than to have him untruthful or wicked.

The evening passed away. Paul sat before the fire, looking steadily into the coals. He was sober and thoughtful, wondering what his mother would say at last. The clock struck nine. It was his bedtime. He went and stood by her side once more.

'You are not angry with me, mother, are you?'

'No, my son. I do not think that you deserved so severe a punishment. I am rejoiced to know that you are truthful, and that you despise a mean act. Be always as you have been to-night in telling the truth, and I never shall be angry with you.'

He threw his arms around her neck, and gave way to tears, such as Cipher could not extort by his pounding. She gave him a good-night kiss—so sweet that it seemed to lie upon his lips all through the night.

'God bless you, Paul,' said the Pensioner.

Paul climbed the creaking stairs, and knelt with an overflowing heart to say his evening prayer. He spoke the words earnestly when he asked God to take care of his mother and grandfather. He was very happy. He looked out through the crevices in the walls, and saw the stars and the moon flooding the landscape with silver light. There was sweet music in the air—the merry melody of the water murmuring by the mill, the cheerful chirping of the crickets, and the lullaby of the winds near at hand and far away, putting him in mind of the choirs on earth and the choirs in heaven. 'Don't mind it, Paul!' were the words they sung, so sweetly and tenderly, that for many days they rang in his ears.

CHAPTER II.—HARD TIMES.

How lonesome the days when dear friends leave us to return no more, whom we never shall see again on earth, who will send us no message or letter of love from the far-distant land whither they have gone! It tries our hearts and brings tears to our eyes to lay them in the ground. But shall we never, never see them again? Yes, when we have taken the same journey, when we have closed our eyes on earth and opened them in heaven.

As the months rolled by, the Pensioner's eyes grew dim. He became weak and feeble. 'The Pensioner won't stand it long,' the people said.

He did not rise one morning when breakfast was ready.

'Come, grandpa,' said Paul, opening the bedroom-door and calling him; but there was no reply. He lay as if asleep; but his brow was cold, and his heart had stopped beating. He had died calmly and peacefully, and was for ever at rest.

It was a sad day to Paul when he followed the body of his dear old grandfather to the grave; but when he stood by his coffin, and looked for the last time upon his grandfather's face, and saw how peaceful it was, and how pleasant the smile which rested upon it, as if he was beholding beautiful scenes—when Paul remembered how good he was, he could not feel it in his soul to say, 'Come back, grandpa;' he would be content as it was. But the days were long and dreary, and so were the nights. Many the hours which Paul passed lying awake in his bed, looking through the crevices of the poor old house, and watching the stars and the clouds as they went sailing by. So he was sailing on, and the question would come up, Whither? He listened to the water falling over the dam by the mill, and to the chirping of the crickets, and the sighing of the wind, and the church bell tolling the hours: they were sweet, yet mournful and solemn sounds. Tears stood in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks, as he thought that he and his mother were on earth, and his father and grandfather were praising God in the heavenly choirs. But he resolved to be good, to take care of his mother, and be her comfort and joy.

Hard times came on. How to live was the great

question; for now that his grandfather was gone they could have the pension no longer. The neighbours were very kind. Sometimes Mr. Middlekauf, Hans's father, who had a great farm, left a bag of meal for them when he came into the village. There was little work for Paul to do in the village; but he kept their own garden in good trim—the onion-bed clear of weeds, and the potatoes well hilled. Very pleasant it was to work there, where the honey-bees hummed over the beds of sage, and among his mother's flowers, and where bumble-bees dusted their yellow jackets in the hollyhocks. Swallows also built their nests under the eaves of the house, and made the days pleasant with their merry chattering.

The old Pensioner had been a land-surveyor. The compass which he used was a poor thing; but he had run many lines with it through the grand old forest. One day, as Paul was weeding the onions, it occurred to him that he might become a surveyor; so he went into the house, took the compass from its case, and sat down to study it. He found his grandfather's surveying-book, and began to study that. Some parts were hard and dry; but having resolved to master it, he was not the boy to give up a good resolution. It was not long before he found out how to run a line, how to set off angles, and how to ascertain the distance across a river or pond without measuring it. He went into the woods, and stripped great rolls of birch bark from the trees, carried them home, spread them out on the table, and plotted his lines with his dividers and ruler. He could not afford paper. He took great pleasure in making a sketch of the ground around the house, the garden, the orchard, the field, the road, and the river.

The people of New Hope had long been discussing the project of building a new road to Fairview, which would cross the pond above the mill. But there was no surveyor in the region to tell them how long the bridge must be which they would have to build.

'We will send up a kite, and thus get a string across the pond,' said one of the citizens.

'I can ascertain the distance easier than that,' said Paul.

Mr. Pimpleberry, the carpenter, who was to build the bridge, laughed, and looked with contempt upon him, Paul thought, because he was barefoot and had a patch on each knee.

'Have you ever measured it, Paul?' Judge Adams asked.

'No, sir; but I will do so, just to let Mr. Pimpleberry see that I can do it.'

He ran into the house, brought out the compass, went down to the edge of the pond, drove a small stake in the ground, set his compass over it, and sighted a small oak-tree upon the other side of the pond. It happened that the tree was exactly south from the stake; then he turned the sights of his compass so that they pointed exactly east and west. Then he took Mr. Pimpleberry's ten-foot pole, and measured out fifty feet toward the west, and drove another stake. Then he set his compass there, and took another sight at the small oak-tree across the pond. It was not south now, but several degrees east of south. Then he turned his compass so that the sights



would point just the same number of degrees to the east of north.

'Now, Mr. Pimpleberry,' said Paul, 'I want you to stand out there, and hold your ten-foot pole just where I tell you, putting yourself in range with the stake I drove first and the tree across the pond.'

Mr. Pimpleberry did as he was desired.

'Drive a stake where your pole stands,' said Paul.

Mr. Pimpleberry did so.

'Now measure the distance from the one you have just driven to my first stake, and that will be the distance across the pond,' said Paul.

'I don't believe it,' said Mr. Pimpleberry.

'Paul is right,' said Judge Adams. 'I understand the principle. He has done it correctly.'

(To be continued.)

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.

A FABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

'He who digs a pit for his neighbour sometimes falls into it himself.'

A MOUSE was one day sitting by a brook, and said to herself: 'I wish I could get over to the other side.'

A cunning old Frog passing that way overheard her remark, and said: 'I will carry you across with the greatest pleasure.'

'Oh, you dear, kind Mr. Frog!' answered the innocent Mouse, 'I should be so much obliged to you.'

Then the Frog wound a stout thread round his waist, and tied the end of it to the Mouse's tail and jumped into the water, Mrs. Mouse, in great fear and



“Mother, who made the stars which light
The beautiful blue sky?
Who made the moon, so clear and bright,
That rises up so high?”

trepidation, mounted on his back. All went well till they got to the middle of the stream; then the Frog all at once ducked his head into the water, and the Mouse almost slipped off his back.

'Oh! Mr. Frog,' cried she, 'do you wish to drown me? That would be a shabby trick.'

'And serve you right, too,' answered the wicked Frog, 'for being such a goose as to believe I would carry you across the brook. People often make sweet promises, but they don't always mean to keep them. Another time manage for yourself.'

The unhappy little Mouse, finding it was of no use to say anything, held her peace, and resigned herself to her fate. And the cruel Frog had all but dragged her under water, when a Stork flying high in the air saw the poor little thing struggling in the stream. Down he pounced, caught her up in his beak, and carried her off to his nest, the Frog hanging to her tail.

'Heyday, Mr. Frog,' said the Stork, 'what brings you here?'

'My great deceit,' answered the now trembling Frog. 'I tried to drown the Mouse, and now I am brought to grief myself.'

'My fine fellow,' said the Stork, with a very stern voice, 'I will serve you out for your cunning and mischievous trick. You shall die!'

Then the Stork opened wide his beak and gobbled up the deceitful Frog.

WHO MADE THEM?

MOTHER, who made the stars which light
The beautiful blue sky?

Who made the moon, so clear and bright,
That rises up so high?

'Twas God, my child, the glorious One—
He formed them by His power;
He made alike the brilliant sun
And every leaf and flower.

He made your little feet to walk,
Your sparkling eyes to see,
Your busy, prattling tongue to talk,
Your limbs so light and free.

He paints each fragrant flower that glows
With loveliness and bloom;
He gives the violet and the rose
Their beauty and perfume.

Our various wants His hands supply,
And guard us every hour;
We're kept beneath His watchful eye,
And guided by His power.

Then let your little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage pay
To this kind Friend who, from above,
So gently guides your way.'

AUSTRALIA.

HAVE any of our readers relatives in Australia? If so, no doubt they will like to hear something about that island, which is the largest in the world. England could be stowed away in one of its corners without making much difference in its size. If you will remember this you will understand that the climate is different in different parts of Australia; the north, which is nearest the equator, being the hottest. If a pole could be pushed as if it lay 'against our feet' through the earth from England, it would come out near Australia, which is therefore called our 'antipodes.' When it is noon with us it is midnight in Australia, because both halves of our round world cannot be turned towards the sun at once. What is still more difficult to realise is that, while we are sitting round our Christmas fires eating plum-pudding, our Australian friends are resting under their trees eating strawberries.

When the English first began to colonise Australia, about one hundred years ago, there were no towns, no large farms, no houses even. The natives lived in huts or made a sort of shelter of boughs of trees. They only spent a short time in each place, so it was not worth their while to build good houses. They did not cultivate the land as we do, or keep flocks and herds, but they lived on roots, grubs, opossums, fish, snakes, and many other nasty things. The women, who are called 'gins,' did all the work—made their own poor shelters, caught their own food, carried the babies, and got little but kicks for their pains.

Since the English have been on the island the blacks have rapidly decreased, partly because they no longer have vast tracts of land to roam over at will, partly through the diseases they have caught from us, partly through having learnt to drink, partly from fighting with us. The first English who landed in large numbers were convicts, so we can imagine that the natives were not very kindly treated.

Gradually British energy has built many flourishing towns, made thousands of miles of railway, opened several important mines, and now carries on a thriving trade with all parts of the world.

From various parts of Australia come gold, copper, coal, wool, hides, skins, tallow, oil, and wheat; and now you know we get Australian meat, and you are perhaps eating Australian oranges.

We have introduced a great many animals into the country, such as horses, cows, sheep, pigs. There are also a great many which do not live in England but which you may see in the Zoological Gardens, as the kangaroo, opossum, dingee or wild dog, emu, parrot, and cockatoo. Kangaroos are not bad to eat when they are young, but are dreadfully tough when old; owing, I suppose, to the amount of jumping they do. The parrots and cockatoos make excellent soup.

The birds do not sing much, and there are no thrushes or nightingales. But there is a queer bird which laughs loudly at morning, noon, and night, and is called the 'laughing jackass.' Another bird makes a noise like a bell. The lyre bird is so named on account of its tail, which is just like a lyre in shape, and very graceful.

If any one is fond of riding he should go to Australia. The towns are so far apart, and the

roads so few and so bad, that almost the only way of moving when there is no railway is on horseback.

A settler owns what we should call a farm, but what he calls a station; that is, his own house with buildings round it for his men. The next station is probably forty miles off, and the nearest town double that distance. The settler has what is called a grass-run, i.e. several hundred acres of grass, on which he keeps cattle or sheep, or perhaps he cultivates wheat.

The great drawback of Australia is the want of water. The mountains are too low and too few to attract clouds in sufficient number to form large rivers. When a long drought comes the few rivers dry up, the grass becomes like tinder, the cattle die by thousands, and many thriving settlers are ruined.

But there are many fertile spots not far inland, and near a mountain, where such disasters are unknown. The mountain attracts the clouds, which fall in rain, and the favoured spot is green and fruitful.

Strong drink is a great curse in Australia. So a colonist's best chance of success in his new country is to become a total abstainer when he lands, and to pitch his tent near a mountain.

THE GIRAFFE.



Of all the strange creatures to be seen at the Zoological Gardens, none are more remarkable than the giraffe, the tallest animal in the world. It was called the Camelopard by the ancients, because it had long legs like the camel and was spotted like the leopard; but it is not really like either animal, though it has some resemblance to the camel, as in the shape of its nostrils and upper lip it is more nearly

allied to the deer; but its most striking peculiarities are all its own, and in general form it is unlike any other quadruped. The spots with which it is adorned are totally different to those of the leopard, being large, and of irregular shape, and are arranged in a geometric pattern along its sides. The small horns with which its head is armed are not made of horn, like those of the ox or deer, but are of bone, and seem like a prolongation of the bones of the skull: they are terminated by a tuft of stiff bristles.

The singular shape of the giraffe is adapted to its habits of life; it feeds on the young branches and top shoots of the trees, and its long fore-legs and neck enable it to browse at a far greater height than any other animal.

In feeding it stretches up its neck, and with its long prehensile tongue, which it can protrude to a surprising distance, hooks down the tender shoots and leaves into its mouth. But the creature's peculiar form, though enabling it to feed on what it likes best, is sometimes the cause of its destruction. The fore-legs are so long that to reach the ground it has to stretch them wide apart, and bend down its neck in a semicircle, and whilst drinking in this defenceless attitude, the lion, or leopard, springs upon it, and overpowers it before it can recover itself. The giraffe is rather a timid animal, and as it runs with great

swiftness it usually seeks safety in flight; but when hard pressed it will turn and beat off even the lion by striking out with its strong fore-hoofs. Its horns too, though they are so small, are capable of inflicting severe injuries. Most horned animals lower their heads, and butt at the object of their attack; but the giraffe swings its long neck sideways, and delivers a tremendous blow which sometimes proves fatal. A young female giraffe at the Zoological Gardens once playfully drove her horns through a wooden partition an inch thick.

In feeding, the giraffe appears to be guided by sight rather than smell, for it has been known to eat artificial flowers and leaves. On one occasion, as some gaily dressed ladies were admiring the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens, one of the animals, attracted by the decorations of one of their bonnets, took advantage of the lady's turning her head to stretch its neck over the high iron railings, and hooking its long tongue round a brilliant flower, plucked it out, chewed it up, and swallowed it before the fair owner was aware of her loss!

Everyone who has seen the giraffe must have noticed the great size and beauty of its soft black eyes; they have a gentle, yet fearless expression, and their prominence enables the animal to see almost behind it, so as to guard against an enemy attacking it whilst feeding. In walking the giraffe does not move its legs like the horse, ox, and most other quadrupeds, but moves both the fore and hind legs of the same side at once, like the elephant and camel.

In its native country of Africa the giraffe sometimes attains the height of seventeen feet; but of those brought to, or bred in Europe, few have exceeded fourteen feet. The giraffe was first brought to Europe by the Romans after their conquest of Africa. Julius Cæsar exhibited it in his gorgeous spectacles to the wondering eyes of the citizens of Rome, who thought they saw in this new and strange creature a combination of the characters of the horse, ox, camel, and leopard; but the short stiff mane down its neck is certainly not like that of a horse, though its tufted tail may have some resemblance to that of an ox. But every rare or strange animal brought to Rome was only destined to heighten the barbarous sports of the amphitheatre; and, however much the Romans admired the giraffe, or camelopardalis, as they called it, it was slaughtered without mercy. In the reign of the Emperor Philip ten of these beautiful creatures were slain in the arena at one time for the amusement of the populace! It is difficult to imagine the cruelty of people who could find pleasure in witnessing the destruction of such beautiful and harmless animals.

A. R.

A KNOWING DOG.

ONE day my little dog, Frisk, ran to a neighbouring yard, where he found a large bone; he pulled it and tried to bring it home, but it was too big and heavy for him to get down a steep bank by himself; so off he ran and presently returned with his mother and her little puppy, two pretty little terriers, when they all three took hold of the bone and pulled it a long distance to their kennel; and then they all seemed thoroughly to enjoy it.

K. B.

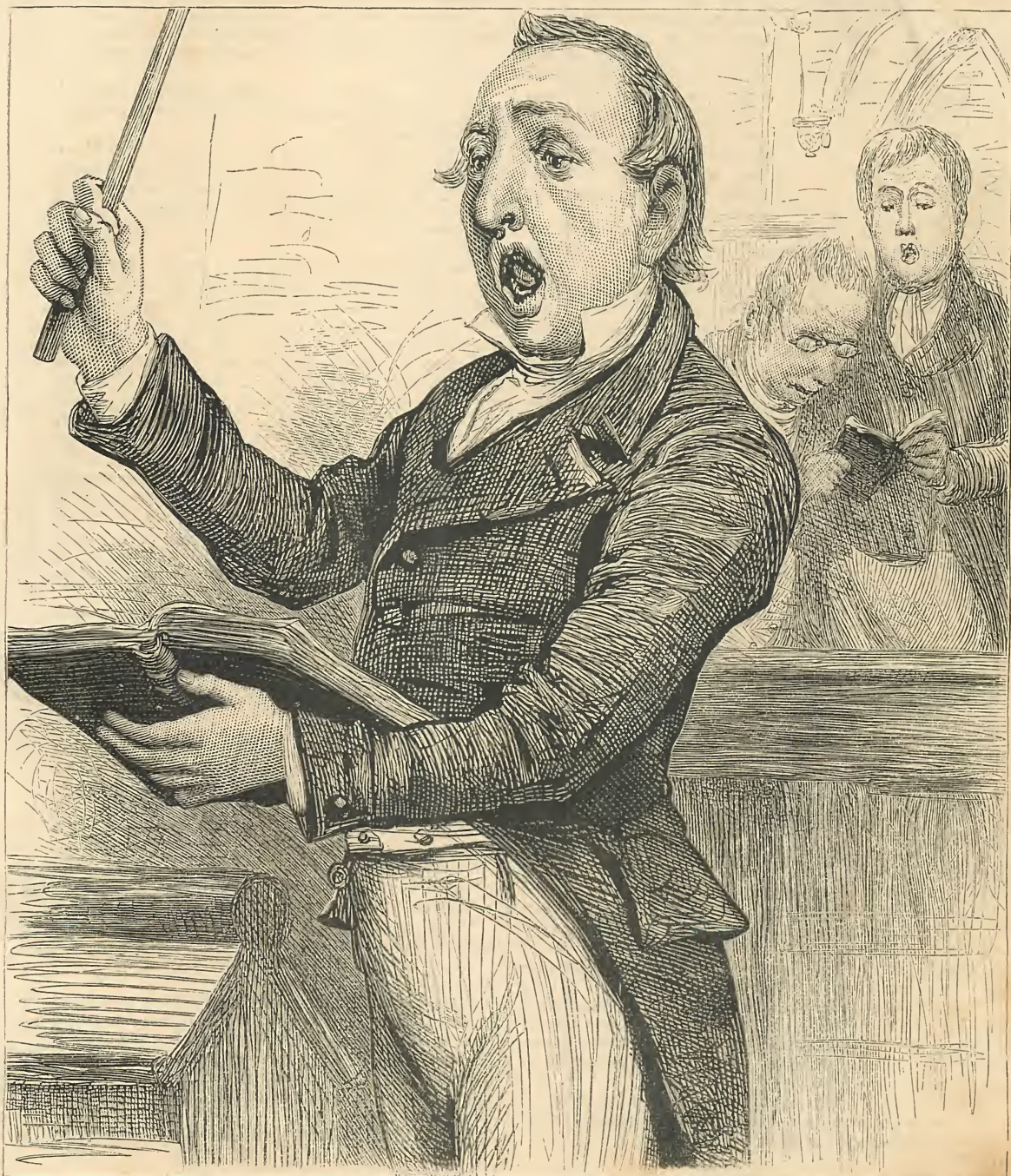


The Giraffe at the Zoological Gardens.

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Chatterbox.



Mr. Quaver leading the Choir.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 20.)



HE Judge was proud of him. Mr. Pimpleberry and Mr. Funk, and several other citizens, were astonished, for they had no idea that Paul could do anything of the kind. Notwithstanding Paul had given the true distance, he received no thanks from any one; yet he didn't care for that, for he had shown Mr. Pimpleberry that he could do it, and that was glory enough.

Paul loved fun as well as ever. Rare times he had at school. One windy day, a little boy, when he entered the schoolroom, left the door open. 'Go back and shut the door,' shouted Mr. Cipher, who was very irritable that morning. Another boy entered and left it open. Mr. Cipher was angry, and spoke to the whole school: 'Any one who comes in to-day and does not shut the door will get a flogging. Now remember!' Being very awkward in his manners, inefficient in government, and shallow-brained and vain, he commanded very little respect from the scholars.

'Boys, there is a chance for us to have a jolly time with Cipher,' said Paul at recess.

'What is it?' Hans Middlekauf asked, ready for fun of any sort. The boys gathered round, for they knew that Paul was a capital hand in inventing games.

'You remember what Cipher said about leaving the door open?'

'Well, what of it?' Hans Middlekauf asked.

'Let every one of us show him that we can obey him. When he raps for us to go in, I want you all to form in line. I'll lead off, go in and shut the door; you follow next, Hans, and be sure and shut the door; you come next, Philip; then Michael, and so on,—every one shutting the door. If you don't, remember that Cipher has promised to flog you.'

The boys saw through the joke, and laughed heartily. 'That is a good joke, Paul. Cipher will be as mad as a March hare. I'll make the old door rattle,' said Hans.

Rap—rap—rap—rap! went the master's ruler upon the window.

'Fall into line, boys,' said Paul. They obeyed orders as if he were a general. 'Now remember, every one of you, to shut the door just as soon as you are in. Do it quick, and take your seats. Don't laugh, but be as sober as deacons.' There was giggling in the ranks. 'Silence!' said Paul. The boys smoothed their faces. Paul opened the door, stepped in, and shut it in an instant,—slam! Hans opened it,—slam! it went, with a jar which made the windows rattle. Philip followed,—slam! Michael next,—bang! it went, jarring the house.

'Let the door be open,' said Cipher; but Michael was in his seat; and—bang! again,—slam!—bang!—slam!—bang! it went.

'Let it be open, I say!' he roared, but the boys outside did not hear him, and it kept going,—slam!—slam!—slam!—bang!—bang!—bang!—till the fiftieth boy was in.

'You started that, sir,' Cipher said, addressing Paul, for he had discovered that Paul Parker loved fun, and was a leading spirit among the boys.

'I obeyed your orders, sir,' Paul replied, ready to burst into a roar at the success of his experiment.

'Did you not tell the boys to slam the door as hard as they could?'

'No, sir. I told them to remember what you had said, and that if they didn't shut the door they would get a flogging.'

'That is just what he said, Master,' said Hans Middlekauf, brimming over with fun. Cipher could not dispute it. He saw that they had literally obeyed his orders, and that he had been outwitted. He did not know what to do, and being weak and inefficient did nothing.

Paul loved hunting and fishing; on Saturday afternoons he made the woods ring with the crack of his grandfather's gun, bringing squirrels from the tallest trees, and taking quails upon the wing. He was quick to see, and swift to take aim. He was cool of nerve, and so steady of aim that he rarely missed. It was summer, and he wore no shoes. He walked so lightly that he scarcely rustled a leaf. The partridges did not see him till he was close upon them, and then, before they could rise from their cover, flash!—bang!—and they went into his bag.

One day as he was on his return from the woods, with the gun upon his shoulder and the powder-horn at his side, he saw a gathering of people in the street. Men, women, and children were out,—the women without bonnets. He wondered what was going on. Some women were wringing their hands; and all were greatly excited.

'O dear, isn't it dreadful?' 'What will become of us?' 'The Lord have mercy upon us!'—were the expressions which he heard. Then they wrung their hands again, and moaned.

'What is up?' he asked of Hans Middlekauf.

'Haven't you heard?'

'No, what is it?'

'Why, there is a big bull-dog, the biggest that ever was, that has run mad. He has bitten ever so many other dogs, and horses, sheep, and cattle. He is as big as a bear, and froths at the mouth. He is the savagest critter that ever was,' said Hans in a breath.

'Why don't somebody kill him?'

'They are afraid of him,' said Hans.

'I should think they might kill him,' Paul replied.

'I reckon you would run as fast as anybody else, if he should show himself round here,' said Hans.

'There he is! Run! run! run for your lives!' was the sudden cry.

Paul looked up the street, and saw a very large bull-dog coming upon the trot. Never was there such a scampering. People ran into the nearest houses pell-mell. One man jumped into his waggon, lashed his horse into a run, and went down the street, losing his hat in his flight, while Hans Middlekauf went up a tree.

'Run, Paul! Run! he'll bite you!' cried Mr.

Leatherby from the window of his shoe-shop. People looked out from the windows and repeated the cry, a half-dozen at once; but Paul took no notice of them. Those who were nearest him heard the click of his gun-lock. The dog came nearer, growling, and snarling, his mouth wide open, showing his teeth, his eyes glaring, and white froth dripping from his lips. Paul stood alone in the street. There was a sudden silence. It was a scene for a painter,—a barefoot boy in patched clothes, with an old hat on his head, standing calmly before the brute whose bite was death in its most terrible form. One thought had taken possession of Paul's mind, that he ought to kill the dog.

Nearer, nearer, came the dog; he was not a rod off. Paul had read that no animal can withstand the steady gaze of the human eye. He looked the dog steadily in the face. He held his breath. Not a nerve trembled. The dog stopped, looked at Paul a moment, broke into a louder growl, opened his jaws wider, his eyes glaring more wildly, and stepped slowly forward.

Now or never, Paul thought, was his time to fire. The breech of his gun touched his shoulder; his eye ran along the barrel,—bang! the dog rolled over with a yelp and a howl, but was up again, growling and trying to get at Paul, who in an instant seized his gun by the barrel, and brought the breech down upon the dog's skull, giving him blow after blow.

'Kill him! kill him!' shouted the people from the windows.

The dog soon was dead. The people came out from their houses.

'That was well done for a boy,' said Mr. Funk.

'Or for a man either,' said Mr. Chrome, who came up and patted Paul on his back.

'I should have thrown my lapstone at him, if I could have got my window open,' said Mr. Leatherby. Mr. Noggin, the cooper, who had taken refuge in Leatherby's shop, afterwards said that Leatherby was frightened half to death, and kept saying, 'Just as like as not he will make a spring and dart right through the window!'

'Nobly, bravely done, Paul!' said Judge Adams. 'Let me shake hands with you, my boy.' He and Mrs. Adams and Azalia had seen it all from their parlour window.

'O Paul, I was afraid he would bite and kill you, or that your gun would miss fire! I trembled all over just like a leaf,' said Azalia, still pale and trembling. 'Oh, I am so glad you have killed him!' She looked up into his face earnestly, and there was such a light in her eyes that Paul was glad he had killed the dog for her sake.

'Weren't you afraid, Paul?' she asked.

'No. If I had been afraid, I should have missed him, perhaps; I made up my mind to kill him, and what was the use of being afraid?'

Many were the praises bestowed upon Paul. 'How noble! how heroic!' the people said. Hans told the story to all the boys in the village. 'Paul was just as cool as—cool as—a cucumber,' he said, that being the best comparison he could think of. The people came and looked at the dog, to see how large he was, and how savage, and went away saying,

'I am glad he is dead, but I don't see how Paul had the courage to face him.'

Paul went home and told his mother what had happened. She turned pale while listening to the story, and held her breath, and clasped her hands; but when he had finished, and when she thought that, if Paul had not killed the dog, many might have been bitten, she was glad, and said, 'You did right, my son. It is our duty to face danger if we can do good.' A tear glistened in her eye as she kissed him. 'God bless you, Paul!' she said, and smiled upon him through her tears.

All the dogs which had been bitten were killed to prevent them from running mad. A hard time of it the dogs of New Hope had, for some which had not been bitten did not escape the dog-killers, who went through the town knocking them over with clubs.

Although Paul was so cool and courageous in the moment of danger, he trembled and felt weak afterwards when he thought of the risk he had run. That night when he said his evening prayer, he thanked God for having protected him. He dreamed it all over again in the night. He saw the dog coming at him with his mouth wide open, the froth dripping from his lips, and his eyes glaring. He heard his growl,—only it was not a growl, but a branch of the old maple which rubbed against the house when the wind blew. That was what set him a-dreaming. In his dream he had no gun, so he picked up the first thing he could lay his hands on, and let drive at the dog. Smash! there was a great racket, and a jingling of glass. Paul was awake in an instant, and found that he had jumped out of bed, and was standing in the middle of the floor, and that he had knocked over the spinning-wheel, and a lot of old trumpery, and had thrown one of his grandfather's old boots through the window.

'What in the world are you up to, Paul?' his mother asked, calling from the room below, in alarm.

'Killing the dog a second time, mother,' Paul replied, laughing and jumping into bed again.

CHAPTER III.—MERRY TIMES.

WHEN the long north-east storms set in, and the misty clouds hung over the valley, and went hurrying away to the west, brushing the tops of the trees; when the rain, hour after hour, and day after day, fell aslant upon the roof of the little old house; when the wind swept around the eaves, and dashed in wild gusts against the windows, and moaned and wailed in the forests,—then it was that Paul sometimes felt his spirits droop, for the circumstances of life were all against him. He was poor. His dear, kind mother, was sick. She had worked day and night to keep that terrible wolf from the door, which is always prowling around the houses of poor people. But the wolf had come, and was looking in at the windows. There was a debt due to Mr. Funk for rice, sugar, biscuit, tea, and other things which Doctor Arnica said his mother must have. There was the doctor's bill. The flour-barrel was getting low, and the meal-bag was almost empty. Paul saw the wolf every night as he lay in bed, and he wished he could kill it.

When his mother was taken sick, he left school and became her nurse. It was hard for him to lay down his books, for he loved them, but it was pleasant



Paul shooting the Mad Dog.

to wait upon her. The neighbours were kind. Azalia Adams often came tripping in with something nice,—a tumbler of jelly, or a plate of toast, which her mother had prepared; and she had such cheerful words, and spoke so pleasantly, and moved round the room so softly, putting everything in order, that the room was lighter, even on the darkest days, for her presence.

When, after weeks of confinement to her bed,

Paul's mother was strong enough to sit in her easy-chair, Paul went out to fight the wolf. He worked for Mr. Middlekauf in his cornfield. He helped Mr. Chrome to paint waggons. He surveyed land, and ran lines for the farmers, earning a little here and a little there. As fast as he obtained a dollar, it went to pay the debts. As the seasons passed away,—spring, summer, and autumn,—Paul could see that the wolf howled less fiercely day by day. He denied himself



The Battle of Sempach.

everything, except plain food. He was tall, stout, hearty, and rugged. The winds gave him health; his hands were hard, but his heart was tender. When his day's work was done, though his bones ached and his eyes were drowsy, he seldom went to sleep without first studying awhile, and closing with a chapter from the Bible, for he remembered what his grandfather often said,—that a chapter from the Bible was a good thing to sleep on.

The cool and bracing weather, and the nourishing food which Paul obtained, brought the colour once more to his mother's cheeks; and when at length she was able to be about the house they had a jubilee,—a glad day of thanksgiving,—for, in addition to this blessing of health, Paul had killed the wolf, and the debts were all paid.

As the winter came on, the subject of employing Mr. Rhythm to teach a singing-school was discussed. Mr. Quaver, a tall, slim man, with a long, red nose, had led the choir for many years. He had a loud voice, and twisted his words so badly, that his singing was like the blare of a trumpet. On Sundays, after the Rev. Mr. Surplice read the hymn, the people were accustomed to hear a loud cough from Mr. Quaver, and an 'Ahem!' from Miss Gamut. She was the leading first treble, a small lady with a sharp, shrill voice. Then Mr. Fiddleman sounded the key on the bass-viol, do-mi-sol-do, helping the trebles and tenors to climb the stairs of the scale; then he hopped down again, and rounded off with a thundering swell at the bottom, to let them know he was safely down, and ready to go ahead. Mr. Quaver led, and the choir followed like sheep, all in their own way and fashion.

The people had listened to this style of music till they were tired of it. They wanted a change, and decided to engage Mr. Rhythm, a clever young man, to teach a singing-school for the young folk. 'We have a hundred boys and girls here in the village who ought to learn to sing, so that they can sit in the singing-seats and praise God,' said Judge Adams.

But Mr. Quaver opposed the project. 'The young folks want a frolic, sir,' he said; 'yes, sir, a frolic, a high time. Rhythm will be teaching them new-fangled notions. You know, Judge, that I hate flummiddies; I go for the good old things, sir. The old tunes which have stood the wear and tear of time, and the good old style of singing, sir.'

Mr. Quaver did not say all he thought, for he could see that, if the singing-school was kept, he would be in danger of losing his position as singer. But, notwithstanding his opposition, Mr. Rhythm was engaged to teach the school. Paul determined to attend. He loved music.

'You haven't any coat fit to wear,' said his mother. 'I have altered your grandfather's pants and vest for you, but I cannot alter his coat. You will have to stay at home, I guess.'

'I can't do that, mother, for Mr. Rhythm is one of the best teachers that ever was, and I don't want to miss the chance. I'll wear grandfather's coat just as it is.'

'The school will laugh at you.'

'Well, let them laugh, I shan't stay at home for that. I guess I can stand it,' said Paul, resolutely.

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

THE little town of Sempach, in Switzerland, was once the scene of a heroic act of self-devotion.

From very early times the Dukes of Austria had domains in Switzerland, and were constantly striving to extend their sovereignty in that country. But the Swiss wished to be free; and in the beginning of the fourteenth century three of the cantons, Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, formed a league against the Austrian power: these were called the Forest Cantons, and were each little republics in themselves. The Swiss mountaineers were a brave and hardy race, and though poor and ill-armed, they gained a victory over the Austrian troops at Morgarten, in 1315. After this, Lucerne and other cantons joined the Confederation.

In 1386, Leopold, duke of Austria, who was a brave knight, marched against Sempach, on his way to Lucerne, which he hoped to subdue. He had with him 1400 foot soldiers and 400 cavalry, the horsemen being the flower of Austrian knighthood, and arrayed in complete armour. To deceive the Swiss the Duke sent a force, under the command of John de Bonstatten, towards Zurich, as if he meant to attack that place; and so the Forest Cantons dispatched some 1400 men to its defence: but when they discovered the real intention of their enemies, 1300 of them directed their march to Sempach, and arriving on the 6th of July, posted themselves in the woods in the neighbourhood of the town.

Early in the morning Leopold advanced upon Sempach, thinking to find it defenceless. The knights rode up to the walls and taunted the burgomaster and the citizens assembled on them.

'This is for you,' said one, holding up a halter.

'Send a breakfast to the reapers!' cried another, pointing to the stragglers who were lying waste the fields.

'My masters of Lucerne and their allies will bring it,' replied the burgomaster, as he pointed to the woods.

The Austrians looked, and when they saw the Swiss among the trees they were taken by surprise. Leopold held a council of war to consider whether it would not be better to postpone the attack until the arrival of the other forces. But the proud nobles exclaimed, 'God has delivered these peasants into our hands; it would be shame to us, armed as we are, to wait for succours against a half-naked rabble!'

Now the old Baron de Hasenberg well knew the powers of the Swiss, and said it was foolish to despise the enemy, as the fortune of war was uncertain.

'Thou art a hare in heart as well as in name,' said a young knight; adding, as he turned to the Duke, 'This very noon will we deliver up to you this handful of rustics.' Applause followed his vain speech.

As the woods were impracticable for cavalry, and the horses were fatigued with the march, the knights dismounted, and placed them with the foot in the rear. They then formed themselves into a compact phalanx; and it is said that they hewed off the long-pointed toes of their sollerets, or foot armour, that they might stand more firmly. It was the custom of the Swiss to implore the protection of the

* Hare means a hare in German.

Lord before battle; and when the Austrians saw them fall on their knees they exclaimed, 'They are supplicating pardon!' But they were mistaken, for with loud shouts the Swiss quitted the woods and rushed into the plain. The greater part of them had no defensive armour, but boards fastened to their left arm by way of shields, whilst a few wore coats of mail. Some were armed with two-handed swords, or carried halberds that had been wielded by their forefathers against the Austrians of yore, and others bore axes.

Sheathed from head to foot in polished steel, even their faces being completely covered by the quaint, beak-shaped visors of their bassinets, with shields closely locked together, and the sharp points of their long lances projecting far in front, the knights stood ready to receive the attack of the despised mountaineers.

The Swiss drew up in the form of a wedge, and without a moment's hesitation rushed on the formidable phalanx, and the landammann of Lucerne and six of their bravest men met their death on the spear-points; and there stood the glittering wall of steel, and not a single knight was wounded! The Swiss paused, and almost despaired as they saw the flanks of the phalanx advancing into a crescent so as to enclose them. Then Arnold de Winkelried, a gentleman of Unterwalden, burst from their ranks.

'Dear countrymen and comrades!' he cried, 'protect my wife and children, and I will open a way into the line!'

Throwing himself on the enemy, and stretching his arms out wide and grasping as many lances as he could, he gathered them in a sheaf into his bosom, dragging the knights down with him as he fell.

The Swiss dashed through the gap into the midst of the phalanx, and, swinging their two-handed swords and axes, spread havoc amongst the knights, who, crowded on one another, were unable to use their long lances at such close quarters. And the servants who had charge of their horses, seeing the battle going against their masters, mounted, and basely rode away; and so deprived them of the means of escaping, even had they wished it. But the knights had no thought of flight, though, in spite of their valour, they went down before the impetuous onslaught of their foes. The Duke quitted himself like a true knight. Being urged by his attendants not to expose himself to danger, he exclaimed, 'God forbid that I should try and save my own life and leave you here to die! I will share your fate; and in this my country, and with my own people, I will conquer or perish!' And when, in the heat of the battle, they again entreated him to save himself, he replied, 'I would rather die honourably than live with dishonour.' The bearer of the Austrian standard was struck to the ground, but it was instantly raised again by Ulric of Aarberg: but he also fell, crying out, 'Help, Austria! help!' The Duke, rushing towards him, took from his hand the banner, now dyed in blood, and waved it once more aloft. And the knights fought round him with redoubled vigour, and most of his companions were killed at his side.

Two thousand of the Austrians, one third of whom were knights, counts, or barons, lost their lives on

that fatal day; whilst the loss of the Swiss Confederates was only two hundred, amongst whom were their most distinguished leaders. Spent with toil and heat, the Swiss did not pursue the fugitives, but falling on their knees on the battle-field, offered up thanks to Heaven for their victory. An armistice being concluded on the following day, both sides buried their dead with all reverence and honour.

And still, in each returning year, the Swiss people assemble on the 9th of July, on the spot where the great battle was fought that insured the freedom of their native land. The place of combat is marked by four stone crosses; and from a pulpit erected in the open air a priest delivers a thanksgiving sermon. Another priest then reads aloud a description of the battle, and recites the names of the brave men who fell in the cause of liberty.

And not only in the land he loved so well, but in every country that admires heroism and self-denial, the name of Arnold de Winkelried will be had in honour, whenever the deed he did in his death is told.

A. R.

AFFECTION AND SYMPATHY AMONG BIRDS.

THOMAS EDWARD, the now famous Scotch naturalist, has many stories to tell about the habits of birds. He tells how, in a walk in winter, after it had snowed on several days, he came upon a wild duck lying beside a tuft of rushes. Thinking she was trying to keep out of sight, he gently touched her with his walking-stick. But the duck did not move. Surprised at this, he looked more closely, and then saw that she was dead. Her neck was stretched out, her mouth open and full of snow, her wings extended over her nest. On lifting up the bird, Edward found eleven eggs, all containing young birds, thus showing that they had been sat upon for two or three weeks. Finding no marks of violence upon the poor thing, he knew that she had died in trying to save her eggs from the effects of the snowstorm.

On another occasion he witnessed a scene which displayed the wonderful intelligence and sympathy of birds. Loitering along the sands one autumn afternoon, he saw some flocks of the common tern fishing in the sea. As he wished to get a specimen of this bird he watched their movements. Presently one came flying towards the shore. Edward raised his gun, and fired. The bird, with one wing broken, fell into the water. The report of the gun and the screams of the tern brought all the flock around it. They flew round and round their wounded companion as the tide carried it in towards the shore. Just as Edward was preparing to receive his prize, two of them took hold of the wounded bird, one at each wing, lifted him up from the water, and carried him back seaward. When they had gone seven or eight yards, the first two gently dropped their burden, and two others took their place at its wings. In this way it was gradually carried off to a rock at some distance. When Edward approached this rock, the wounded bird was again carried off in the same manner. The naturalist might easily have secured his prize by another shot, but he could not level his gun at such brave and kindly birds.

A. R. B.



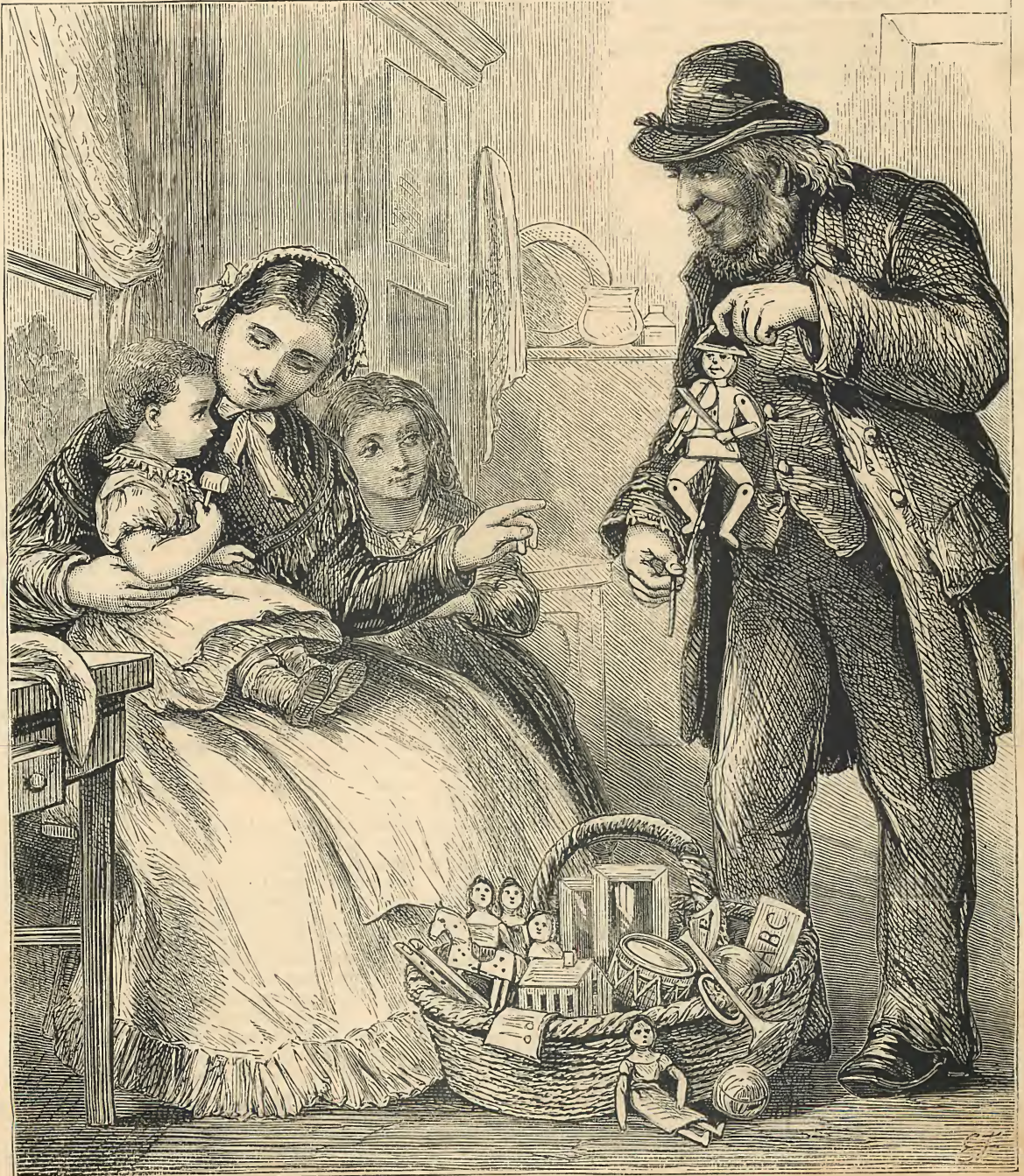
The Dead Duck lying beside a tuft of Rushes.

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Chatterbox.



The Toyman.

THE TOYMAN.

WHO'LL buy my toys? I've everything
That boys or girls could wish to have:
I've drums and dolls, and books and balls,
A purse for those who wish to save.

'I've got a house might serve a duke,
I've spotted horses, two or three,
I've slates for those who wish to draw,
For dunces here's the A, B, C.

'I've got a rattle for the babe,
A cradle for Miss Mary's doll,
And only see this jumping Jack,
Of my fine wares the best of all.

'My Jack is always full of fun,
He jumps and never says he's weary;
So while I hold him in my hand
You pull the string now, that's a deary!'

But Willie does not understand;
From one he gazes to the other,
And as the little puppet jumps
He creeps the closer to his mother.

But mother gently laughs and says,
'My darling pet will not be silly?
Just hold your little chubby hand,
And don't be frightened, little Willie!'

D. B. McKEAN.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 30.)

THE evening fixed upon for the school to begin arrived. All the young folk in the town were there. Those who lived out of the village—the farmers' sons and daughters—came in red, yellow, and green waggons. The girls wore close-fitting hoods with pink linings. Their cheeks were all aglow with the excitement of the occasion. When they saw Mr. Rhythm, how pleasant and smiling he was,—when they heard his voice, so sweet and melodious,—when they saw how smartly he walked, as if he meant to accomplish what he had undertaken,—they said to one another, 'How different he is from Mr. Quaver!'

Paul was late on the first evening; for when he put on his grandfather's coat, his mother planned a long while to see if there was not some way by which she could make it look better. Once she took the shears and was going to cut off the tail, but Paul stopped her. 'I don't want it curtailed, mother.'

'It makes you look like a little old man, Paul; I wouldn't go.'

'If I had better clothes, I should wear them,

mother; but as I haven't, I shall wear these. I hope to earn money enough some time to get a better coat; but grandfather wore this, and I am not ashamed to wear what he wore,' he replied, more resolute than ever. Perhaps, if he could have seen how he looked, he would not have been quite so determined, for the sleeves hung like bags on his arms, and the tail almost touched the floor.

Mr. Rhythm had just rapped the scholars to their seats when Paul entered. There was a tittering, a giggle, then a roar of laughter. Mr. Rhythm looked round to see what was the matter, and smiled. For a moment Paul's courage failed him. It was not so easy to be laughed at as he had imagined. He was all but ready to turn about and leave the room. 'No I won't, I'll face it out,' he said to himself, walking deliberately to a seat, and looking bravely round, as if asking, 'What are you laughing at?'

There was something in his manner which instantly won Mr. Rhythm's respect, and which made him ashamed of himself for having laughed. 'Silence! No more laughing!' he said; but, notwithstanding the command, there was a constant tittering among the girls. Mr. Rhythm began by saying, 'We will sing Old Hundred. I want you all to sing, whether you can sing right or not.' He snapped his tuning-fork, and began. The school followed, each one singing,—putting in sharps, flats, naturals, notes, and rests, just as they pleased. 'Very well. Good volume of sound. Only I don't think Old Hundred ever was sung so before, or ever will be again,' said the master, smiling.

Michael Murphy was confident that he sang gloriously, though he never varied his tone up or down. He was ciphering in fractions at school, and what most puzzled him were the figures set to the bass. He wondered if $\frac{2}{3}$ was a vulgar fraction, and if so, he thought it would be better to express it as a mixed number, $1\frac{2}{3}$.

During the evening, Mr. Rhythm, noticing that Michael sang without any variation of tone, said, 'Now, Master Murphy, please sing *la* with me;'—and Michael sang bravely, not frightened in the least.

'Very well. Now please sing it a little higher.'

'*La*,' sang Michael on the same pitch, but louder.

'Not louder, but higher.'

'*La!*' responded Michael, still louder, but with the pitch unchanged.

There was tittering among the girls.

'Not so, but thus,'—and Mr. Rhythm gave an example, first low, then high. 'Now once more.'

'*LA!*' bellowed Michael on the same pitch.

Daphne Dare giggled aloud, and the laughter, like a train of powder, ran through the girls' seats over to the boys' side of the house, where it exploded in a loud haw! haw! Michael laughed with the others, but he did not know what for.

Recess came. 'Halloo, Grandfather! How are you, Old Pensioner? Your coat puckers under the arms, and there is a wrinkle in the back,' said Philip Funk to Paul. His sister Fanny pointed her finger at him; and Paul heard her whisper to one of the girls, 'Did you ever see such a monkey?'

It nettled him, and so, losing his temper, he said to Philip, 'Mind your business.'

'Just hear Granddaddy Parker, the old gentleman in the bob-tailed coat,' said Philip.

'You are a puppy,' said Paul. But he was vexed with himself for having said it. If he had held his tongue, and kept his temper, and braved the sneers of Philip in silence, he might have won a victory; for he remembered a Sunday-school lesson upon the text, 'He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.' As it was, he had suffered a defeat, and went home that night disgusted with himself.

Pleasant were those singing school evenings. Under Mr. Rhythm's instructions the young people made rapid progress. Then what fine times they had at recess, eating nuts, apples, and confectionery, picking out the love-rhymes from the sugar-cockles!

'I cannot tell the love
I feel for you, my dove'

was Philip's gift to Azalia. Paul had no money to purchase sweet things at the store; his presents were nuts which he had gathered in the autumn. In the kindness of his heart he gave a double-handful to Philip's sister, Fanny; but she turned up her nose, and let them drop upon the floor.

Society in New Hope was mixed. Judge Adams, Colonel Dare, and Mr. Funk, were rich men. Colonel Dare was said to be worth a hundred thousand dollars. No one knew what Mr. Funk was worth; but he had a store, and a distillery, which kept smoking day and night and Sunday, without cessation, grinding up corn, and distilling it into whiskey. There was always a great black smoke rising from the distillery chimney. The fires were always roaring, and the great vats steaming. Colonel Dare made his money by buying and selling land, wool, corn, and cattle. Judge Adams was an able lawyer, known far and near as honest, upright, and learned. He had a large practice; but though the Judge and the Colonel were so wealthy, and lived in fine houses, they did not feel that they were better than their neighbours, so that there was no aristocracy in the place, but the rich and the poor were alike respected and esteemed.

The New Year was at hand, and Daphne Dare was to give a party. She was Colonel Dare's only child,—a laughing, blue-eyed, sensible girl, who attended the village school, and was in the same class with Paul.

'Whom shall I invite to my party, father?' she asked.

'Just whom you please, my dear,' said the Colonel. 'I don't know what to do about inviting Paul Parker. Fanny Funk says she don't want to associate with a fellow who is so poor that he wears his grandfather's old clothes,' said Daphne.

'Poverty is not a crime, my daughter. I was poor once,—poor as Paul is. Money is not virtue, my dear. It is a good thing to have; but persons are not necessarily bad because they are poor, neither are they good because they are rich,' said the Colonel.

'Should you invite him, father, if you were in my place?'

'I do not wish to say, my child, for I want you to decide the matter yourself.'

'Azalia says that she would invite him; but Faunty says that if I invite him she shall not come.'

'Aha!' The Colonel opened his eyes wide. 'Well, my dear, you are not to be influenced wholly by what Azalia says, and you are to pay no attention to what Fanny threatens. You make the party. You have a perfect right to invite whom you please; and if Fanny don't choose to come, she has the privilege of staying away. I think, however, that she will not be likely to stay at home even if you give Paul an invitation. Be guided by your own sense of right, my darling. That is the best guide.'

'I wish you would give Paul a coat, father. You can afford to, can't you?'

'Yes; but he can't afford to receive it,' Daphne looked at her father in amazement. 'He can't afford to receive such a gift from me, because it is better for him to fight the battle of life without any help from me or anybody else at present. A good man offered to help me when I was a poor boy; but I thanked him, and said, "No, sir." I had made up my mind to cut my own way, and I guess Paul has made up his mind to do the same thing,' said the Colonel.

'I shall invite him. I'll let Fanny know that I have a mind of my own,' said Daphne, with determination in her voice.

Her father kissed her, but kept his thoughts to himself. He appeared to be pleased, and Daphne thought that he approved of her decision.

The day before New Year Paul received a neatly folded note, addressed to Mr. Paul Parker. How funny it looked! It was the first time in his life that he had seen 'Mr.' prefixed to his name. He opened it, and read that Miss Daphne Dare would receive her friends on New-year's Eve at seven o'clock. A great many thoughts passed through his mind. How could he go and wear his grandfather's coat? At school he was on equal footing with all; but to be one of a party in a richly furnished parlour, where Philip, Fanny, and Azalia, and other boys and girls whose fathers had money, could turn their backs on him and snub him, was very different. It was very kind in Daphne to invite him, and ought he not to accept her invitation? Would she not think it a slight if he did not go? What excuse could he offer if he stayed away? None, except that he had no good clothes. But she knew that, yet she had invited him. She was a true-hearted girl, and would not have asked him if she had not wanted him. Thus he turned the matter over, and decided to go.

But when the time came, Paul was in no haste to be there. Two or three times his heart failed him while on his way; but looking across the square, and seeing Colonel Dare's house all aglow,—lights in the parlours and chambers, he pushed on resolutely, determined to be manly, notwithstanding his poverty. He reached the house, rang the bell, and was welcomed by Daphne in the hall.

'Good evening, Paul. You are very late. I was afraid you were not coming. All the others are here,' she said, her face beaming with happiness and excitement. She was elegantly dressed, for she was her father's pet, and he bought everything for her which he thought would make her happy.

'Better late than never, isn't it?' said Paul, not knowing what else to say.

(To be continued.)



TEN YEARS OLD.

THIS is my birthday—did you know?

Once I was four—long, long ago;
Once I was three, and two, and one:
Only a baby that could not run.

Now I am ten I am old and strong,
I could run races the whole day long;
But, of course, I do lessons every day,
Only the little ones always play.

My long curls are cut, mother kept one curl;
I am so glad *not* to look like a girl.
Mother was sorry, I cannot think why;
I do not care for my curls, not I.

I mean to grow bigger, and older and older:
Some day perhaps I shall be a brave soldier.
Now I think I may be classed among men,
Shouldn't you like to be me now I'm ten?

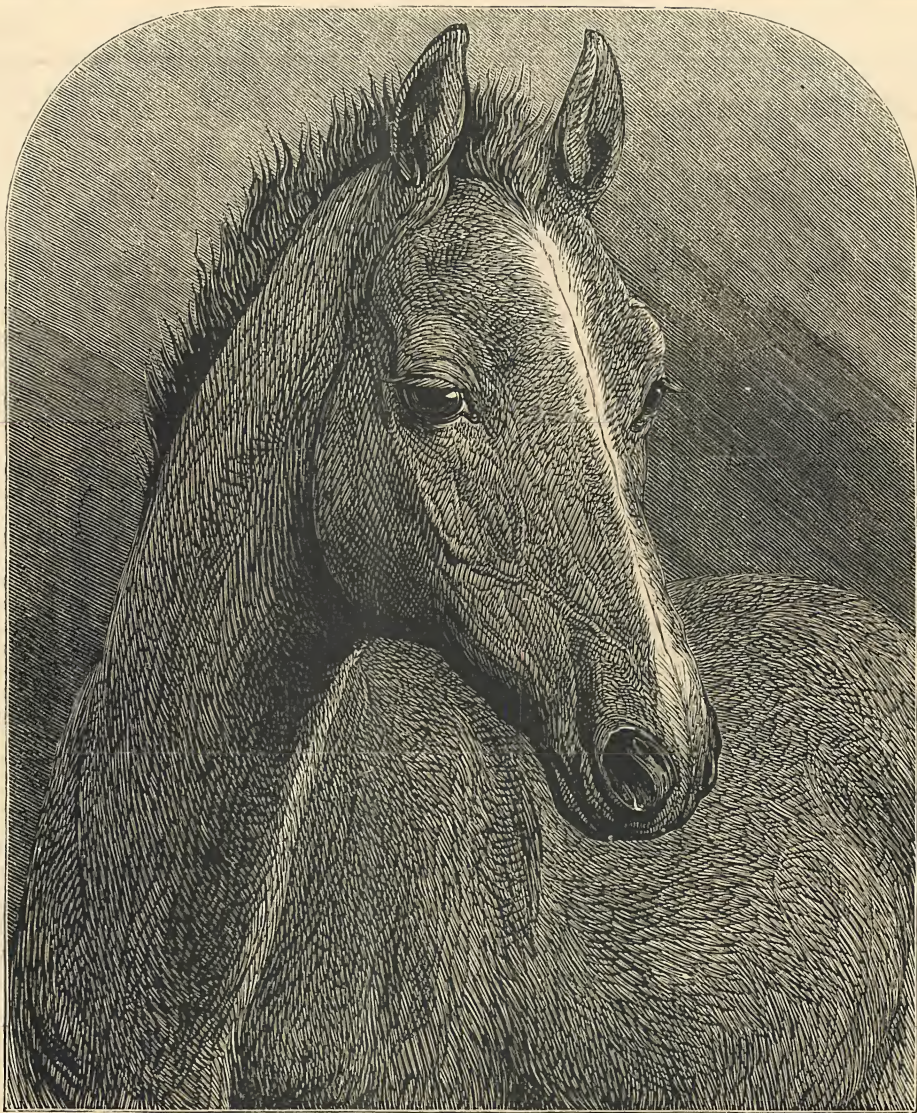
A*.

THE HORSE.



HE intelligence and sense of the horse are very little inferior to those of the dog. We have seen horses do a great variety of amusing tricks, to which they had been trained, such as firing off a musket, feigning death, fear, and rage. Their attachment to their masters is often very strong. There is an instance recorded where,

when a rider broke his leg in a fall, and the limb became entangled in the stirrup, his horse seemed to assist him in getting it out. It is also told of an Arabian mare, that when her master, wounded and captured, and bound with cords, was lying on the



sand, awaiting the murderous knife of the foe, or, what was worse, the decision to carry him away into slavery, she seized an opportunity when the enemy were not on the alert, and lifted her helpless master with her teeth, placed him upon her back, and galloped away, before the captors could recover from their astonishment.

The attachment of horses to the home where they are kindly treated is well known, there being cases where they have swam broad and rapid rivers to return to it. The Arabs all declare that their horses or mares, when sleeping abroad in the open air, will wake them on the approach of an enemy or beast of prey. Their gentleness may be witnessed in the Bedouin tent, where the mare, foal, and children, all sleep and play together, without the least fear of accident.

The horse is very susceptible to kindness, and the

most vicious may be subdued by humane and gentle treatment. Colonel Smith relates an instance of the taming of a superb and beautiful charger which had been considered perfectly unmanageable. He had killed one or two grooms who had attempted to ride him, when he was purchased by an English officer of great firmness and courage, and equal gentleness, who soon reduced him to a state of complete obedience, so that he would follow his master like a dog, and even allow ladies to ride him.

Considering these noble traits of character, we cannot but denounce with indignation the ill-treatment and cruelties which the horse has too frequently to suffer. The animal ought to attain the age of thirty or thirty-five years, yet, through ignorant management, bad treatment, and over-work, few horses reach the age of fifteen or twenty years, and nearly all are really old at ten.

A JOURNEYMAN JEWELLER.

A TRUE STORY.



HERE, it has stopped again! I fear there is no help for it, but go it must to the watchmaker's; though I never feel happy when it is out of my own keeping, ever since my dear sister gave it to me. Well, I shall be going to V—next week and will take it myself to Smith's.

During the above words my friend had been looking with affectionate anxiety at a beautiful watch; but not being 'to the manner born,' no amount of opening and shutting the case, or looking at the works, would set them going again, or disclose to her what was amiss.

'There is no one in V—I could trust it to except Smith,' she continued, as she finally snapped the outer case of blue enamel surrounded with pearls, 'as not only is it perfectly unique as a watch, but it was specially left to me by my dear sister at her death.'

Some few days later the watch was placed in the hands of a leading jeweller in V—, who said the whole of the mischief lay in want of cleaning, and that it would be ready again for its owner in a week's time.

At the end of a fortnight, as my friend was unable to go herself, she sent a servant for it, and in return had a note from the jeweller saying, that much to his regret the watch was not ready, but would, he hoped, be so in a day or two. The same thing occurring a second time, determined my friend to go herself, when to her horror and dismay Smith told her that her watch was gone.

Taking her into his private room he said, 'I hung it on this hook, madam, among other watches needing repair, and labelled it myself, ready for a trusted journeyman the following day, and locking the door, as I always do, myself, I went home. On my return the next morning the watch was gone. Among all my men there is no one whose honesty I doubt in the least, neither have I missed anything else. I have mentioned my loss to the police, and if my efforts to recover it are unavailing I am quite prepared to make the watch good.'

With assurances from my friend that this would be perfectly impossible, and promises from the jeweller that he would spare nothing which could possibly lead to the recovery of the missing property, we departed. It certainly was most inexplicable, and notwithstanding Smith's high character, and that which he gave of his work-people, it was difficult to keep suspicions from rising in our minds.

A month passed without any further news, when my friend had a request from Smith, that if she was driving into V—the next day she would favour him with a call.

Of course we went, and were received with such a radiant face, that we felt at once good news must be in store for us.

Having safely ensconced us in his private room, Smith at once began,—

'I am delighted to say, madam, that not only can I explain the mystery of the disappearance of your

watch, but I also hope to give it to you before you leave my shop. About a fortnight since, a large old-fashioned silver watch of no special value was brought here for repairs and was hung, as yours had been, among several others which had been brought for a similar purpose. The following day when I came to look for it it had disappeared, as yours had done. Of the four or five others hanging near it, and most of them of far greater value, not one had been touched. I sent at once to the police office, and the detective who had up till then worked so fruitlessly for me came at once. To my surprise he began examining the skirting round the room and said,—

"Are you sure you have no rats here?"

"Rats!" I replied. "Yes, plenty at times; but as there is nothing here for them to take we do not trouble about them."

"I'm not so sure they do *not* find something to take," said the man; "so let's have a carpenter and have a look."

Firmly convinced in my own mind that such a proceeding would prove only labour in vain, I did the detective's bidding. A carpenter came at once, and was set to raise the boards of my room immediately below where the watches hung. To my amazement, when the first board was raised, there was the large old-fashioned silver watch, perfectly safe and as I had left it—no, *not* quite as I had left it, for the small parchment label containing the invoice number was missing from the handle.

The second board was raised, and there, madam, was your watch, perfectly safe, but also without its parchment label. After this, there was no more room left for doubt as to who had been the thief. Finding nothing to eat here more to their taste, and being very hard up, the rats had fixed on these parchment labels, and for greater convenience had removed the watches from the hooks to their haunts below the boards.

'Here, madam, is your watch, and had this curious incident been *told* to me, I should not have believed it. Now, having seen it for myself, I am able to vouch for its perfect truth.'

THE NEW FOREST.

ABOUT eight hundred years ago, William, duke of Normandy, aspired to become King of England, and to wear the crown whose rightful claimant was Edgar Atheling. He made Harold, another heir to the English crown, support his claim, and take an oath to be true to him. To make Harold feel how solemn was an oath, he obliged him to swear it over a chest full of dead men's bones.

But Harold disregarded the oath that he had taken over the chest of bones in Normandy; and when old Edward, who was called 'The Confessor,' died, he seized the crown and royal treasure for himself, being counselled to do so by an assembly of nobles called the Witenagemote.

Duke William was an ambitious and a fiery-minded man. He gathered an army of sixty thousand men, and a fleet of a thousand vessels and transports; and one September day he sailed from St. Valery with his army and fleet, the trumpets sounding and a thousand banners rising to the wind. His own ship had many coloured sails: from its mast floated

the banner of the three Norman lions; and a golden boy, pointing to England, glittered on the prow.

This fleet came into the harbour of Pevensey. He led his army to Hastings; and there, on a bright afternoon in October, he met the army of Harold.

Duke William reviewed his army, and caused his men to pray for victory ere they laid down beneath the moon and stars to rest. In the morning they sung an ode, called the War Song of Roland: then a battle was fought, and the three Norman Lions at night waved triumphantly over the field.

Harold was slain, and the monks wandered over the battle-ground to find his body. It was discovered at last, a despoiled and disrowned figure, by Edith Swansneck, a beautiful girl who loved Harold and whom the dead king had loved.

Then William returned to Normandy. Fécamp blazed in his honour, and all the cities received him with loud acclaim.

A hard king was Duke William. With his great army of Normans he marched over England, suppressing all who opposed him. The rivers were tinged with blood, the beautiful English towns were reduced to ash-heaps, the land was blackened with fire: he is said to have killed or maimed a hundred thousand people.

Having conquered England, he sought enjoyment, and turned his attention to field-sports and to hunting. He had sixty-eight royal forests, full of stags and deer; but he permitted no one but himself and the people of his court to hunt in them.

At Winchester, he thought it would be a fine thing to have a great hunting-park near his residence. There was a tract of country in the county of Hampshire, very picturesque and beautiful, that he determined to use for this purpose. But there were churches scattered among the hills; and thousands of peasants dwelt here, who had rude but happy homes.

William cared little for the churches and less for the homes of the peasants; so he sent soldiers to burn the former and to drive the people away from the latter.

Nothing was done by the ruthless king to supply the wants of the people, or to relieve their misery. They left their native hills with wailing and weeping and wringing of hands, uttering imprecations on the head of the Conqueror and upon his race.

The stags multiplied, and the deer increased; and delightful to the Norman was the New Forest, on the golden autumn days.

One day, one of the king's sons, a fair-haired youth, named Richard, went to hunt in this New Forest.

He encountered a stag. The animal, maddened by the attack, rushed upon the prince, and killed him.

As the dead body was borne from the forest, broken and stained with blood, the people said that this was a beginning of the reckoning God would make with William, and that the New Forest would prove an unquiet place to the Conqueror and to those of his blood.

Foolish and superstitious stories began to be circulated. The people said that the New Forest was haunted: that spirits were seen, by moonlight, gliding among the dusky trees; that demons revelled there when the tempest arose, and the lightnings flashed,

and the rain dashed on the great oaks. The old foresters did not wish to return to it now. They talked of it in low whispers, as of a place accursed.

At last William died. It was a bitter death. The Conqueror trembled before that CONQUEROR to whom the princes of the earth must yield.

It is said that, when he had reached the height of his fame, he declared that he would surrender his crowns and kingdom to know again 'peace of mind, the love of a true friend, or the innocent sleep of a child.'

When his last hour drew near the nobles fled from his bedside. His servants pillaged the apartment where he died, and rolled the dead body from the bed and left it lying on the floor. A good knight took it up, and carried it to St. Stephen's Church at Caen.

He left three sons, William Rufus, Robert, and Henry. To the first he bequeathed England, to the second Normandy, and to the last 5000*l*.

William Rufus now became King of England. He was called the 'Red King,' because he had a red face and red hair; and a red king he proved to be, in another sense.

The Red King, like his father, quarrelled with everybody, and, like him, sought and found enjoyment by hunting in the New Forest.

One pleasant day in May, when the leaves were tender, and the ferny hills were sunny and sprinkled with flowers, another Richard, the son of Robert of Normandy, went to hunt in the New Forest. After a merry time he was accidentally shot by an arrow. Again a mournful retinue came out of the forest, bearing the body of a prince, stained with blood.

August came, with its young deer and newly-fledged birds. The Red King, with his brother Henry and a great court-party, went to the New Forest, to spend some days in hunting and feasting. The first day sped merrily, and was followed by a banquet. It was held at a place called Malwood Keep, a famous lodge for royal hunting-parties.

The next night, a man with a coal-cart was riding in the New Forest, when he discovered a body lying by the way, pierced by an arrow in the breast. He laid it in his dirty cart, and jogged on. It was the Red King.

Many stories are told of the manner in which the king was killed. Some say that he was accidentally shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel, a famous hunter in those days.

It is said that the king and Sir Walter came upon a stag. The king drew his bow, and the string broke. 'Shoot, Walter!' said the king.

The arrow flew, struck a tree, glanced, and buried itself in the king's breast. He died where the poor peasants had foretold he would die, in the New Forest.

A BRIEF EPITAPH.

SOME writers have laboured to describe on the *S* tombs of deceased friends their many virtues in many words. The following epitaph upon a monument to the memory of Christine Boyer, the wife of Lucian Buonaparte, Napoleon's brother, says much, but in few words:—

'A daughter, wife, and mother, without reproach.'
A. R. B.



Death of William Rufus.

'THE PRIZE,' for Girls and Boys, price One Penny Monthly.

With 'The Prize' for January, 1882, is given a Coloured Picture, 'A SUMMER HOLIDAY.'

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Chatterbox.



Fox Hounds.

FOX AND HOUNDS.



FOR thousands of years the fox has been famous for the cleverness he shows in getting his food, and in running away from hunter and hounds: so that 'Clever as a fox' is a proverb. His eye is quick, his muzzle sharp and shrewd-looking, and his ears stand up as if they were always listening.

The fox digs out burrows, in which he lives. This hole is called his 'earth.' There he hides himself during the day, and only comes out at night to get food.

The fox soon finds out any trap set to catch him, and one has been known to lie hidden in his burrow for a fortnight rather than run the risk of being caught in the many traps which were set around it.

The fox has hard times of it in Great Britain, where he is hunted all through the winter by packs of fox-hounds, with large 'fields' of red-coated riders galloping after them. The hounds follow the scent of the fox, and many a mile he often leads them. Sometimes he gets overtaken, and the brave fellow is killed by the dogs, and the rider who is first 'in at the death' has the 'brush,' or great bushy tail, given him, if he cares for the trophy. At other times sly Reynard escapes by his cleverness.

One old fox was always lost when hunted at a particular spot. It was found afterwards that he managed to jump up on a wooden fence, to run along the top for a short distance, and then to take a wide leap into a hollow tree. The hounds when they came to the fence lost the scent, and the fox remained safe in his hiding-place till danger was over.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 35.)

ALTHOUGH the party had been assembled nearly an hour, there had been no games. The girls were huddled in groups on one side of the room, and the boys on the other, all shy, timid, and waiting for somebody to break the ice. Azalia was playing the piano, while Philip stood by her side. He was dressed in a new suit of broadcloth, and wore an eye-glass. Fanny was present, though she had said she would not attend if Paul was invited. She had changed her mind. She thought it would be better to attend and make the place too hot for Paul; she would get up such a laugh upon him that he would be glad to take his hat and sneak away, and never show himself in respectable society again. Philip was in the secret, and so were a dozen others who looked up to Philip and Fanny. Daphne entered the parlour, followed by Paul. There was a sudden tittering, snickering, and laughing. Paul stopped and bowed, then stood erect.

'I declare, if there isn't old Granddaddy!' said Philip, squinting through his eye-glass.

'O my! how funny!' said a girl from Fairview.

'Ridiculous! It is a shame!' said Fanny, turning up her nose.

'Who is he?' the Fairview girl asked.

'A poor fellow who lives on charity,—so poor that he wears his grandfather's old clothes. We don't associate with him,' was Fanny's reply.

Paul heard it. His cheek flushed, but he stood there, determined to brave it out. Azalia heard and saw it all. She stopped playing in the middle of a measure, rose from her seat with her cheeks all aflame, and walked towards Paul, extending her hand and welcoming him. 'I am glad you have come, Paul. We want you to wake us up. We have been half asleep,' she said.

The laughter ceased instantly, for Azalia was queen among them. Beautiful in form and feature, her chestnut hair falling in luxuriant curls upon her shoulders, her dark hazel eyes flashing indignantly, her cheeks like blush-roses, every feature of her countenance lighted up by the excitement of the moment, her bearing subdued the conspiracy at once, hushing the derisive laughter, and compelling respect, not only for herself, but for Paul. It required an effort on his part to keep back the tears from his eyes, so grateful was he for her kindness.

'Yes, Paul, we want you to be our general, and tell us what to do,' said Daphne.

'Very well, let us have Copenhagen to begin with,' he said.

The ice was broken. Daphne brought in her mother's clothes-line, the chairs were taken from the room, and in five minutes the parlour was humming like a beehive.

'I don't see what you can find to like in that disagreeable creature,' said Philip to Azalia.

'He is a good scholar, and kind to his mother, and you know how courageous he was when he killed that terrible dog,' was her reply.

'I think he is an impudent puppy. What right has he to thrust himself into good company, wearing his grandfather's old clothes?' Philip responded, dangling his eye-glass and running his hand through his hair.

'Paul is poor: but I never have heard anything against his character,' said Azalia.

'Poor folk ought to be kept out of good society,' said Philip.

'What do you say to that picture?' said Azalia, directing his attention towards a magnificent picture of Franklin crowned with laurel by the ladies of the court of France, which hung on the wall. 'Benjamin Franklin was a poor boy, and dipped candles for a living; but he became a great man.'

'Dipped candles! Why, I never heard of that before!' said Philip, looking at the engraving through his eye-glass.

'I don't think it is any disgrace to Paul to be poor. I am glad that Daphne invited him,' said Azalia, so resolutely that Philip remained silent. He was shallow-brained and ignorant, and thought it not best to hazard an exposure of his ignorance by pursuing the conversation.

After Copenhagen they had Fox and Geese, and Blind-man's-buff. They guessed riddles and conundrums, had magic writing, questions and answers, and made the parlour, the sitting-room, the spacious

halls, and the wide stairway, ring with their merry laughter. How pleasant the hours! Time flew on swiftest wings. They had a nice supper,—sandwiches, tongue, ham, cakes, custards, floating islands, apples, and nuts. After supper they had stories, serious and laughable, about ghosts and witches, till the clock in the dining-room held up both of its hands and pointed to the figure twelve, as if in amazement at their late staying. 'Twelve o'clock! Why, how short the evening has been!' said they, when they found how late it was. They had forgotten all about Paul's coat, for he had been the life of the party, suggesting something new when the games lagged. He was so gentlemanly, and laughed so heartily and pleasantly, and was so wide awake, and managed everything so well, that, notwithstanding the conspiracy to put him down, he had won the good will of all the party.

During the evening Colonel Dare and Mrs. Dare entered the room. The Colonel shook hands with Paul, and said, 'I am very happy to see you here to-night, Paul.' It was spoken so heartily and pleasantly that Paul knew the Colonel meant it.

The young gentlemen were to wait upon the young ladies home. Their hearts went pit-a-pat. They thought over whom to ask and what to say. They walked nervously about the hall, pulling on their gloves, while the girls were putting on their cloaks and hoods upstairs. They also were in a fever of expectation and excitement, whispering mysteriously, their hearts going like trip-hammers.

Daphne stood by the door to bid her guests good night. 'I am very glad that you came to-night, Paul,' she said: 'I don't know what we should have done without you.'

'I have passed a very pleasant evening,' he replied.

Azalia came tripping down the stairs. 'Shall I see you home, Azalia?' Paul asked.

'Miss Adams, shall I have the pleasure of being permitted to escort you to your residence?' said Philip, with his most gallant air, at the same time pushing by Paul with a contemptuous look.

'Thank you, Philip, but I have an escort,' said Azalia, accepting Paul's arm.

The night was frosty and cold, though it was clear and pleasant. The full moon was high in the heavens, the air was still, and there were no sounds to break the peaceful silence, except the water dashing over the dam by the mill, the footsteps of the departing guests upon the frozen ground, and the echoing of their voices. Now that he was with Azalia alone, Paul wanted to tell her how grateful he was for all she had done for him; but he could only say, 'I thank you, Azalia, for your kindness to me to-night.'

'Oh, don't mention it, Paul; I am glad if I have helped you. Good-night.'

How light-hearted he was! He went home, and climbed the creaking stairway to his chamber. The moon looked in upon him, and smiled. He could not sleep, so happy was he. How sweet those parting words! The water babbled them to the rocks, and beyond the river in the grand old forest, where the breezes were blowing, there was a pleasant murmuring of voices, as if the elms and oaks were having a party, and all were saying, 'We are glad if we have helped you.'

CHAPTER IV.—MUSIC AND PAINTING.

PHILIP went home alone from the party, out of sorts with himself, angry with Azalia, and boiling over with wrath toward Paul. He set his teeth together, and clenched his fist. He would like to blacken Paul's eyes and flatten his nose. The words of Azalia, 'I know nothing against Paul's character,' rang in his ears and vexed him. He thought upon them till his steps, falling upon the frozen ground, seemed to say, 'Character!—character!—character!' as if Paul had something which he had not.

'So because he has character, and I haven't, you give me the mitten, do you, Miss Azalia?' he said, as if he was addressing Azalia.

He knew that Paul had a good name. He was the best singer in the singing-school, and Mr. Rhythm often called upon him to sing in a duet with Azalia or Daphne. Sometimes he sang a solo so well, that the spectators whispered to one another, that, if Paul went on as he had begun, he would be ahead of Mr. Rhythm.

Philip had left the singing-school. It was dull music to him to sit through the evening, and say 'Down, left, right, up,' and be drilled, hour after hour. It was vastly more agreeable to lounge in the bar-room of the tavern, with a half-dozen fellows, smoking cigars, playing cards, taking a drink of whiskey, and, when it was time for the singing-school to break up, go home with the girls, then return to the tavern and carouse till midnight or later. To be cut out by Paul in his attentions to Azalia was intolerable.

'Character!—character!—character!' said his boots all the while as he walked. He stopped short, and ground his heels into the frozen earth. He was in front of Miss Dobb's house.

Miss Dobb was a middle-aged lady, who wore spectacles, had a sharp nose, a peaked chin, a pinched-up mouth, thin cheeks, and long, bony fingers. She kept the village school when Paul and Philip were small boys, and Paul used to think that she wanted to pick him to pieces, her fingers were so long and bony. She knew pretty much all that was going on in the village, for she visited somewhere every afternoon to find out what had happened. Captain Binnacle called her the Daily Advertiser.

'You are the cause of my being jilted, you tattling old maid! you have told that I was a good-for-nothing scapegrace, and I'll pay you for it!' said Philip, shaking his fist at the house; and walked on again, meditating how to do it, his boots at each successive step saying, 'Character!—character!—character!'

He went home and tossed all night in his bed, hardly getting a wink of sleep, planning how to pay Miss Dobb and upset Paul.

The next night Philip went to bed earlier than usual, saying, with a yawn, as he took the light to go upstairs, 'How sleepy I am!' But, instead of going to sleep, he never was more wide awake. He lay till all in the house were asleep, till he heard the clock strike twelve, then arose, went down stairs softly, carrying his boots, and, when outside the door, he put them on. He looked round to see if there was any one astir; but the village was still,—there was not a

MISS DOB LIES SCAND GOSSIP SALE AND RETAIL



Everybody was on a broad grin

light to be seen. He went to Mr. Chrome's shop, stopped, and looked round once more; but, seeing no one, raised a window and entered. The moon streamed through the windows, and fell upon the floor, making the shop so light that he had no difficulty in finding Mr. Chrome's paint buckets and brushes. Then, with a bucket in his hand, he climbed out, closed the window, and went to Miss Dobb's. He approached softly, listening and look-

ing to see if any one was about; but there were no footsteps to be heard except his own. He painted great letters on the side of the house, chuckling as he thought of what would happen in the morning.

'There, Miss Vinegar, you old liar! I won't charge anything for that sign,' he said, when he had finished. He left the bucket on the step, and went home, chuckling all the way.



In the morning Miss Dobb saw a crowd of people in front of her house, looking towards it and laughing. Mr. Leatherby had come out from his shop; Mr. Noggin, the cooper, was there, smoking his pipe; also, Mrs. Shelbarke, who lived across the street. Philip was there. 'That is a 'cute trick, I vow,' said he. Everybody was on a broad grin.

'What in the world is going on, I should like to know!' said Miss Dobb, greatly wondering. 'There must be something funny. Why, they are looking at my house, as true as I am alive!'

Miss Dobb was not a woman to be kept in the dark about anything a great while. She stepped to the front door, opened it, and with her pleasantest smile and softest tone of voice, said,—

'Good morning, neighbours; you seem to be very much pleased at something. May I ask what you see to laugh at?'

(To be continued.)

AN ALARM.

I'D been some time in bed
 (Save candle and fire if you can)
 When I heard—a sort of a noise.
 (Folk, why will they sit up late?
 To bed, say I, at seven for boys,
 For women and men at eight.)
 I heard a kind of a—well,
 A sort of a kind of a sound.
 What it was like I can hardly tell,
 But I thought it came from the ground.
 I sat up on end to listen,
 And scarce could I help squealing,
 For something seemed to flash and glisten
 Over the walls and ceiling.
 (I may as well say the blind was drawn,
 For I like to be up at early dawn.)

Then some one rattled the gate
 (My gate, just newly painted,
 I did it myself—a lavender slate),
 And I thought I should have fainted.
 But I had a leg to spare,
 And I thought I'd go and see.
 So I opened the window, and said, 'Who's there?'
 And, 'What can you want of me?'

And I heard a laugh in the dark;
 'Dear aunt, it's only a lark.'
 Then off they scuttled, those imps of ill;
 And had I the power, as well as the will,
 I'd give him it well, that lad of thine,
 My poor fond sister Caroline.

Now, just as I had these thoughts in my head,
 And was tucking afresh my rumpled bed,
 And thanking my stars I never was wed,
 The old church clock struck nine. G. S. O.

A STORY OF A WHALE.



EARLY thirty years ago, as a French vessel was going down the Thames, her captain saw a large object floundering on a sandbank near the Nore. It turned out to be a sperm whale, which was gradually being left high and dry as the tide went down. Thinking him to be almost dead, the sailors passed a rope from the ship and tied it tightly round his tail. As the tide rose the whale floated, and the ship set sail and towed the whale along, with the crew in high glee at the thought of taking their prize into Calais Harbour. Mistaken Frenchmen!

They had not proceeded far before the whale showed signs of returning life, by wriggling, twisting, and not following the ship in the orderly manner becoming a *dead* whale. At length the dragging through the water and the pulling at his tail roused him up completely; he came *quite* to life, and threatened to damage the ship. The Frenchmen, finding they had caught a Tartar, cut the rope, and away went the whale back again to the mouth of the Thames, with a great, long, thick rope dragging behind him.

The whale was seen now and again for some days after this, still with the rope on his tail. At last he foolishly came into Whitstable Bay. The men in the oyster-boats, by shouting and splashing, soon forced him into shallow water, where the tide left him. They then wisely made sure of him by killing him outright: but no ordinary knives were big enough for the deed, so they fixed scythes on to poles, and with these pierced him till he died.

Then came the question, What was to be done with him? At last a deputation went up to some great dealers in whale-oil in the City, who gave the fishermen 80*l.* for their capture, and sent down men with blubber-knives, iron pots, &c., to boil him up. At the same time an offer was made to a London Society to send down and take what parts of the whale

were wanted for anatomical and scientific purposes. A naturalist went down immediately to the Bay, and there found this gigantic sperm whale, between seventy and eighty feet long, surrounded by workmen digging and cutting the blubber off his huge carcass, and filling the air with a most overpowering smell. Everything was on such a vast scale, that the dissection could not be carried on without the aid of horses; so when the blubber was all taken off the upper side, our friend the naturalist harnessed the horses to the ribs and hauled them out one by one, thus exposing all the contents of the body. He then carefully descended into the gigantic mass of anatomical horrors, and took out what parts he wished. This service, however, was not done without danger; for when dissecting the enormous heart his foot slipped, and he fell into one of the cavities of the heart, his feet passing down into the great artery, the aorta. Assistance was luckily at hand, or he would have slipped right down into this huge pipe and lost his life. To show the narrow escape he had, he afterwards cut rings out of this aorta, and found he could pass them, without stretching, over his head and shoulders down to his feet.

Nothing daunted by the smell, or other disagreeable circumstances, he continued his dissection till he had made a valuable collection of 'preparations.' But one morning a very official-looking personage came up, and in a haughty manner said: 'Leave off work, all of you, directly! I claim this *fish* (he was no naturalist, or he would have known that the whale is a warm-blooded animal, and no fish) in the name of the *Lord of the Manor*, and nothing more whatever must be touched or removed.'

'Well,' said the naturalist, who had just taken out the eye, and was offering it to the newcomer, 'I suppose the Lord of the Manor doesn't want the whale's eye?'

'You may keep that, sir,' said this disagreeable intruder, and departed.

While the dissectors, anatomical and commercial, were recovering themselves, lo! another Jack-in-office stalked into the crowd, and with a wave of his stick proclaimed: 'Touch nothing! move nothing! I claim all this in the name of the *Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports*.'

Vultures smell a carcass from afar; so too did it seem that the smell of this unfortunate whale had found its way to London, and even to the Crown authorities, for yet another human vulture arrived, and spreading his official papers over the putrid mess, pronounced: 'This is a royal fish, and I claim it in the name of the *Crown*.'

Here then was a pretty mess, both literal and physical; the three claimants set to work disputing with each other for possession; the fishermen wiped their oily hands, and adjourned to the public to drink out their 80*l.* and to talk over the matter. The naturalist packed up the whale's eye and went back to London in an oyster-boat, as he carried such an aroma about with him that they would not take him in the coach. The three vultures went to their respective nests, and transferred the cause to the lawyers, who managed to spin out their disputes for a whole year.

Meanwhile a fourth claimant appeared. Father

Neptune, seeing that mortals would not take advantage of his gifts, ordered his white-capped servants, the rolling sea-breakers, to remove his present; this they did, bit by bit, rolling back into the ocean blubber, oil, bones, and anatomical preparations, all except the huge jaws, which were saved, and are now, it is believed, in a garden at Canterbury. So that by the time the lawyers had finished their learned arguments there was nothing left of the sperm whale about which they had been so foolishly disputing.—*Slightly altered from F. Buckland's 'Curiosities of Natural History.'*

COCK ROBIN'S WOOING.

PART I.

ONE day—'twas in the early spring—
Quite tired of single life,
Cock Robin said within himself,
'I'll take to me a wife.'

He flew into an apple-tree,
And merrily did sing,
Till all the woodlands far around
With melody did ring.

The truth was, Robin's bright eye saw
Jenny was perched above,
And so he strained his little throat
To warble forth his love.

Jenny looked down on him askance,
Pretending to be shy;
But Robin only louder sang:
He thought that she was sly.

And so it proved; he pressed his suit,
And pressed it not in vain;
Jenny began to twitter too,
And answer back again.

So Robin and his little wife
Together flew away,
Carolling forth their notes of joy
Throughout the livelong day.

They were indeed a merry pair,
Never one word of strife;
No happier creatures dwelt on earth
Than Robin and his wife!

PART II.

Now in a smiling valley near,
A humble cottage stood;
A sparkling streamlet winding by,
From out a neighbouring wood;

And on the margin of the brook
A little rose-bush grew.
Said Robin, 'Where could better be
A home for me and you?'

Jenny agreed right willingly,
So there they built their nest;
They laboured hard from morn till eve,
And hardly stopped to rest.

Together here and there they flew
To gather moss and hay;

And when the nest was quite complete,
Three eggs within it lay.

Upon them, ever warm and snug,
Sat Jenny day and night,
While Robin always brought her food,
And sang with all his might.

And when the stars began to peep,
And evening shades came on,
Robin crept in by Jenny's side
To trill his evensong.

One day a storm began to rise,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
The swollen stream came rushing on
In torrents down the hill.

And louder still the tempest roared;
The waters rose so high,
They swept around and still around
The little rose-bush nigh.

They lashed and tore it from the bank,
No longer bright and green,
While Robin, fluttering overhead,
Still following was seen.

His home was gone—those pretty eggs!
What joy had he in life?
But more than all he sorrowed for
His loving little wife.

A WONDERFUL APPLE.

THE historian Josephus, and other writers of that period, tell us of a curious kind of fruit said to grow upon trees among the ashes of the ruined cities around the Dead Sea. They describe it as like a beautiful apple in appearance; but, on being taken into the hand or placed to the lips, it fell away to dust and ashes. Milton mentions it in *Paradise Lost*, Book X. Modern science discards the theory of its being an apple, and says that it was probably a kind of gall. A. R. B.

MY BABY.

ANOTHER little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save
Amid the toil and strife.

Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands,
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes;
Another little will.

Another heart to love,
Receiving love again;
All babies are the same,
Charges of joy and pain.



My Baby.

'THE PRIZE,' for Girls and Boys, price One Penny Monthly.

With 'The Prize' for January, 1882, is given a Coloured Picture, 'A SUMMER HOLIDAY.'

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Chatterbox.



Neptune's Trust.

NEPTUNE'S TRUST.



YOUNG farmer, whom we will call Mr. Smith, had a fine Newfoundland dog, of whose intelligence he often boasted. Some friends were staying with him; they had made arrangements for a day's fishing, and as the young men were going out, shortly after breakfast, they had to pass through the kitchen.

Neptune was there, and seeing him at once set Mr. Smith off on his constant topic—the merits of his dog.

'He is as sensible a fellow as ever lived,' he said, patting the great head which was thrust into his hand. 'If I tell him to take care of a thing for me, he won't let anybody else touch it till I give him leave. I will prove this to you. There is a leg of mutton. Here, Neptune, mind this, and don't let any one touch it till I come back. Mind it, old fellow, and don't let anybody touch it till I come back.'

Neptune stretched himself by the table, on which lay the joint for that day's dinner, wagging his tail at the same time, as if to say that he accepted the trust, and would hold himself responsible.

The young men left the kitchen; they had some preparations to make, which detained them for a few minutes, and then they set out on their excursion, forgetting all about Neptune and his charge.

The cook had been in the kitchen while the young men were there, and she went on with her work, without paying much attention to them; and now the potatoes were washed, and the turnips sliced, and it was time to put the leg of mutton down to boil. She went over to the table by which Neptune was lying, but as soon as she put out her hand to take the mutton he growled fiercely at her.

'What *can* be the matter with the dog?' she thought: 'he isn't used to be so cross with me.'

'Neptune! poor Neptune!' she said, coaxingly, patting the dog's head at the same time.

He received these caresses quietly, but as soon as she went near the joint of meat he showed her very plainly that she must not touch it.

'The mutton won't be boiled by dinner-time!' she exclaimed. 'I'll go ask the mistress what I'm to do.'

Mr. Smith's mother lived with him, and kept house for him; she was seated at work in her parlour, when the door opened and the cook came in, looking rather out of sorts.

'What am I to do, ma'am?' she said. 'I think I heard the master telling Neptune, when he was going out, not to let any one touch the mutton till he came back; and now, when I wants to get it, to put it down to boil, he growls at me, and looks as if he was going to fly at me, and I'm afraid to take it from him.'

'Nonsense, Betty!' said her mistress. 'I didn't think you were so foolish as to be afraid of Neptune.'

'Well, indeed, ma'am,' said Betty, in rather an

injured tone, 'he'd bite me in a minute, and it would be no joke to have his big teeth stuck in one.'

'But, you know, we must get it from him; it's all the meat we have in the house. I'll go down myself, and I'll soon set things to rights.'

When Mrs. Smith went into the kitchen, the brave guardian of the mutton was still in the same spot beside the table.

'Poor Nep!' said his mistress, going up to him, and patting him in the most soothing manner. 'Poor old Nep!'

Neptune took these caresses in very good part, but as soon as she attempted to touch the bone of contention he gave a fierce growl, that caused her to draw back just as quickly as Betty had done.

'I'll tell you what you'll do, Betty,' she said; 'go into the dairy, and bring me a saucer of milk.'

The milk was brought, and when it was placed near the dog he lapped it readily enough—still keeping an eye on the joint; but when it was moved over to the far end of the kitchen, nothing would tempt him to go to it. Bribes and caresses failed to move him, so Mrs. Smith resolved to try stronger measures, and she menaced Neptune with a stick; but although he had often submitted very meekly when she drove him out of the parlour, he seemed to consider himself in a post of honour now, and he showed very plainly that he would not permit any indignities. After nearly an hour spent in vain efforts to get possession of her dinner, Mrs. Smith left the kitchen, feeling a little irritated at her want of success, whilst Betty secretly chuckled at the way in which her mistress had 'set things to rights.'

Meanwhile the young men had a pleasant day at the river, although they could not boast of much success in fishing, and as time went on they began to feel tired and hungry. Most of the party had a few perch or pike to produce, but one of them complained that he had not even got a bite.

'Well,' said Smith, 'I believe the best way to secure that will be to go home to dinner. I know I am as hungry as a hunter.'

'And so am I,' said another. 'I hope your mother has a good dinner for us: I intend to astonish her.'

'I think I heard something about a boiled leg of mutton.'

'Capital!' exclaimed another. 'There's nothing I like so well as a boiled leg, with caper sauce and plenty of turnips round it.'

When the party reached the farm, they went into the room where Mrs. Smith was sitting.

'Mother,' said Smith, 'is dinner nearly ready? We're all starved, and we've been having visions of a boiled leg of mutton.'

'It's all you're likely to have of it, then,' said his mother. 'It seems you told Neptune not to let anybody touch the mutton while you were away, and it would have been as much as one's life was worth to go near it ever since.' And Mrs. Smith gave a full account of her adventure—or, rather, misadventure—with the dog.

The young men looked rather disappointed for a moment, and then the absurdity of the whole affair struck them, and there was a general laugh.

The party repaired to the kitchen, where they found the grim sentinel still at his post.

'And so you wouldn't let them touch the mutton, Nep!' said his master. 'That's a good dog! a very good dog! and you may go now. There, Betty, take your leg.'

'And what am I to do with it now, ma'am? it would be over two hours before it would be boiled.'

'You must just cut it into slices, and broil it for us; if the gentlemen are as hungry as they say, they won't quarrel with it.'

Dinner was soon ready, and by the time the young men had appeased their appetites with a few slices of the broiled mutton they were ready to declare that the whole thing was a capital joke, and that Neptune was the best dog in the world. But I think, ever afterwards, Mr. Smith was more careful what orders he gave his dumb servant, when he found they were so faithfully carried out. M. L'E.

WISCONSIN'S FAMOUS WAR EAGLE.



THE war veterans of Wisconsin are now mourning for the death of 'Old Abe,' the historic eagle, which accompanied the Eighth Volunteer Infantry of the State throughout the rebellion, and which, since the close of the war, has been an honoured pensioner of the State in the Capitol at Madison. He was about nineteen years old. 'Old Abe' was one of the white-headed family of eagles, and was taken from the nest when only four months old, and sold to a farmer for a bushel of corn. He was a very intelligent bird, and attracted the attention of a gentleman, who purchased and presented him to the Eighth Regiment, then preparing to go to the front.

He was gladly received, and given a place next the regimental flag. For three years he followed the 'Live Eagle Regiment,' being near its flag in thirty battles. Two years ago a gentleman thus described him in one of the Boston papers.

This majestic bird is always moved and most demonstrative at the sound of martial music. He shared all the battles of the regiment. Vainly did rebel sharp-shooters aim at his dark figure conspicuously 'painted on the crimson sky;' he seemed to bear a charmed life; and his loyal comrades almost looked up to him as their leader, and with pride believed in him as a bird of good omen.

He was named 'Old Abe,' sworn into the service, and proved to be every inch a soldier, listening to and obeying orders, noting time most accurately, always after the first year giving heed to 'attention,' insisting upon being in the thickest of the fight; and when his comrades, exposed to great danger from the terrible fire of the enemy, were ordered to lie down, he would flatten himself upon the ground with them, rising when they did, and with outspread pinions soar aloft over the carnage and smoke of the battle.

When the cannons were pouring forth destruction and death, above the roar and thunder of the artillery rose his wild, shrill battle-cry of freedom. He was always restless before the march to the encounter;

but after the smoke of the battle-field had cleared away he would doff his soldier-like bearing and with wild screams of delight would manifest his joy at the victory; but if defeat was the result, his discomfiture and deep sorrow were manifested by every movement of his stately figure and drooping head.

H. A. F.

A CRUISE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

WE had been sailing about the entrance of Baffin's Bay for fourteen days, in fearful storms. The rigging was stiff with ice, the sides of the vessel were covered with great shining plates. The sailors were half-frozen, and we could not move a rope through a block without pouring hot water upon it. We had but little daylight on account of the thick fog, and the long nights were still more dreadful when the ship rose over the huge black waves and sank down again into the abyss, so that every moment we expected to be shattered to pieces on the masses of ice which the storm drove over the roaring sea, and which seemed to be sent for our destruction.

One morning, near the end of the storm, after a fresh fall of snow, an iceberg, 500 feet high, approached us with fearful rapidity. Already it was close to us when the cry arose, 'It turns!' On it came, its tottering top bending over our ship. Our fate seemed settled! We are lost! The whole of the gigantic mass was falling over us and must shatter us to pieces. We all fell upon our knees and prayed in silence, thinking every moment would be our last. The iceberg was already half-way over us, when, to our joy and thankfulness, it turned aside, and a moment after fell into the sea a few yards behind the stern of our ship, hurling the water over the tops of the masts, and blinding us for a time with the icy drops which splashed over our faces. For a minute the waves were checked in their course; the sea seemed to boil, the ship rocked and plunged, the sails flapped against the masts, and scattered about, the ice with which they had been covered. Then the sun broke suddenly through the clouds, and with its rosy tint shed on the snow we saw to our delight, within a short distance from the ship, the land spread out before us, which promised rest and safety to the weary mariners.

THE SNOWFLAKES.

SOFTLY the snowflakes drop, drop;
When are they going to stop, stop?
Mother, they've fallen all night!
Oh, how I wish I could play, dear,
Just as I did in the hay, dear,
Tossing the snow so white!

Falling so feathery light, light,
Shining so diamond bright, bright,—
Mother, do let me go!
Don't say I'm sure to take cold, dear,
Now I am really quite old, dear—
Soon I'll be six, you know.

Once, to be sure, I was wee, wee,
Then I could easily see, see,
Babies can't go in the snow;

THE SNOW-FLAKES.

Written and composed by ELLA METHLEY.

VOICE. *Allegretto moderato.* *p*

Soft-ly the snow-flakes drop, drop;

PIANO. *Allegretto moderato.* *p*

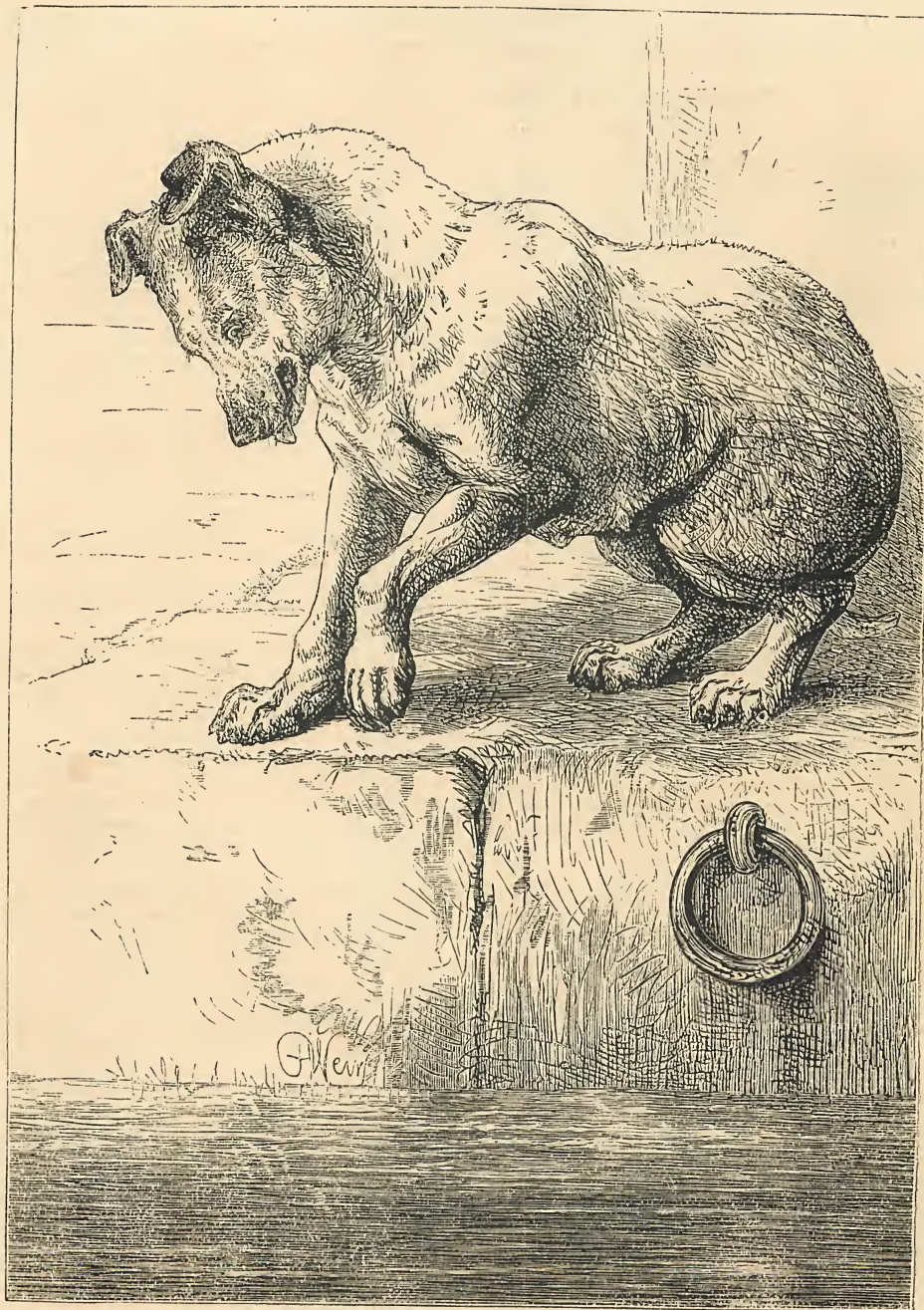
When are they go-ing to stop, stop? Moth-er, they've fall-en all night!

Oh, how I wish I could play, dear, Just as I did in the hay, dear,

f

p Toss-ing the snow so white!

p



But when I'm big and so strong, dear,
Let me; the days are so long, dear,
Shut in the house, you know!

Ah! if you do not say, No, no;
I'll make a man all of snow, snow—
Never was man half so high!
Think of his nose and his eyes, dear;
Don't shake your head and look wise, dear:
Mother, you'll make me cry!

WATCHING AND WAITING.

ONE thick foggy morning a foreman in the Docks was missing. Many hours were spent in searching for him, until at length attention was directed to a little terrier, shivering and whining close to the brink of one of the docks. It was recognised, after a time, as the dog belonging to the missing man; and the water below was immediately dragged. The poor fellow's body was soon drawn out, with his bunch of keys tightly grasped in his hand.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 45.)



E-HE-HE-HE!' snickered a little boy, who pointed to the side of the house, and the bystanders followed his lead, with a loud chorus of guffaws.

Miss Dobb looked upon the wall, and saw in red letters, as if she had gone into business, opened a store, and put out a sign,—
'MISS DOBB, LIES,

SCANDAL, GOSSIP, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.'

She threw up her hands in horror. Her eyes flashed; she gasped for breath. There was a paint-bucket and brush on the door-step; on one side of the bucket she saw the word Chrome.

'The villain! I'll make him smart for this!' she said, running in, snatching her bonnet, and out again, making all haste towards Squire Capias's office, to have Mr. Chrome arrested.

The Squire heard her story. There was a merry twinkling of his eye, but he kept his countenance till she was through.

'I do not think that Mr. Chrome did it; he is not such a fool as to leave his bucket and brush there as evidence against him. You had better let it rest awhile,' said he.

Mr. Chrome laughed when he saw the sign. 'I didn't do it; I was a-bed and asleep, as my wife will testify. Somebody stole my bucket and brush. But it is a good joke on Dobb,' said he.

Who did it? That was the question.

'I will give fifty dollars to know,' said Miss Dobb, her lips quivering with anger.

Philip heard her and said, 'Isn't there a fellow who sometimes helps Mr. Chrome paint waggons?'

'Yes; I didn't think of him. It is just like him. There he comes now; I'll make him confess it.'

Miss Dobb's eyes flashed, her lips trembled, she was so angry. She remembered that one of the pigs which Paul painted, when he was a boy, was hers; she also remembered how he sent Mr. Smith's old white horse on a tramp after a bundle of hay.

Paul was on his way to Mr. Chrome's shop to begin work for the day. He wondered at the crowd. He saw the sign, and laughed with the rest.

'You did that, sir!' said Miss Dobb, coming up to him, reaching out her long hand and clutching at him with her bony fingers, as if she would like to tear him to pieces. 'You did it, you villain! Now you needn't deny it; you painted my pig once, and now you have done this. You are a mean, good-for-nothing scoundrel!' she said, working herself into a terrible passion.

'I did not do it,' said Paul, nettled at the charge, and growing red in the face.

'I do not believe you! you show your guilt in your countenance!' said Miss Dobb.

Paul's face was on fire. Never till then had he been called a liar. He was about to tell her loudly, that she was a meddler, tattler, and hypocrite, but he

remembered that he had read somewhere that 'He who loses his temper loses his cause,' and did not speak the words. He looked her steadily in the face, and said calmly, 'I did not do it,' and went on to his work.

Weeks went by. The singing-school was drawing to a close. Paul had made rapid progress. His voice was round, rich, full, and clear. He no longer appeared at school wearing his grandfather's coat, for he had worked for Mr. Chrome, painting waggons, till he had earned enough to purchase a new suit of clothes. Besides, it was discovered that he could survey land, and several of the farmers employed him to run the lines between their farms. Mr. Rhythm took especial pains to help him on in singing, and before winter was through he could master the crookedest anthem in the book.

Daphne Dare was the best alto, Hans Middlekauf the best bass, and Azalia the best treble. Sometimes Mr. Rhythm had the four sing a quartette, or Azalia and Paul sang a duet. At times the school sang while he listened. 'I want you to learn to depend upon yourselves,' said he. Then it was that Paul's voice was heard above all others, so clear and distinct, and each note so exact in time, that they felt he was their leader.

One evening Mr. Rhythm called Paul into the floor, and gave him the rattan with which he beat time, saying, 'I wish you to be leader in this time; I resign the command to you, and you are to do just as if I were not here.' The blood rushed to Paul's face, his knees trembled; but he felt that it was better to try and fail than be a coward. He sounded the key, but his voice was husky and trembling. Fanny Funk, who had turned up her nose at Mr. Rhythm's proposition, giggled aloud, and there was laughing around the room. It nerved him in an instant. He opened his lips to shout out, Silence! then he thought that they would not respect his authority, and would only laugh louder, which would make him appear ridiculous. He stood quietly and said, not in a husky voice, but calmly, pleasantly, and deliberately, 'When the ladies have finished their laughter we will commence.' The laughter ceased. He waited till the room was so still that they could hear the clock tick. 'Now we will try it,' said he. They did not sing it right, and he made them go over it again and again, drilling them till they sang it so well that Mr. Rhythm and the audience clapped their hands.

'You will have a competent leader after I leave you,' said Mr. Rhythm. Paul had gained this success by practice hour after hour, day after day, week after week, at home, till he was master of what he had undertaken.

The question came up in parish meeting, whether the school should join the choir? Mr. Quaver and the old members opposed it, but they were voted down. Nothing was said about having a new chorister, for no one wished to hurt Mr. Quaver's feelings by appointing Paul in his place; but the school did not relish the idea of being led by Mr. Quaver, while, on the other hand, the old singers did not mean to be overshadowed by the young upstarts.

It was an eventful Sunday in New Hope when the singing-school joined the choir. The church was crowded. Fathers and mothers who seldom went

there were present to see their children in the singers' seats. Mr. Quaver and the old choir were early in their places. Mr. Quaver's red nose was redder than ever, and he had a stern look. He took no notice of the new singers, who stood in the back-ground, not daring to take their seats, and not knowing what to do till Paul arrived.

'Where shall we sit, sir?' Paul asked, respectfully.

'Anywhere back there,' said Mr. Quaver.

'We would like you to assign us seats,' said Paul.

'I have nothing to do about it; you may sit anywhere, and sing when you are a mind to, or hold your tongues,' said Mr. Quaver, sharply.

'Very well; we will do so,' said Paul, a little touched, telling the school to occupy the back seats. He was their acknowledged leader. He took his place behind Mr. Quaver, with Hans, Azalia, and Daphne near him. Mr. Quaver did not look round, neither did Miss Gamut, nor any of the old choir. They felt that the new-comers were intruders, who had no right there.

The bell ceased its ringing, and the Rev. Mr. Surplice came from the vestry to his place. He was a venerable man, and his long, white hair, falling upon his shoulders, seemed to crown him with a saintly glory. The people, old and young, honoured, respected, and loved him; for he had grave counsel for the old, kind words for the young, and pleasant stories for the little ones. He rejoiced when he looked up into the gallery and saw such a goodly array of young people. Then, bowing his head in prayer, and looking onward to the eternal years, he seemed to see them members of a heavenly choir, clothed in white, and singing, 'Alleluia! salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God!'

After prayer he read a hymn,—

'Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.'

There was a smile of satisfaction on Mr. Quaver's countenance while selecting the tune, as if he had already won a victory. There was a clearing of throats; then Mr. Fiddleman gave the key on the bass-viol. As Mr. Quaver had told Paul that the school might sing when they pleased, or hold their tongues, he determined to act independently of Mr. Quaver.

'After one measure,' whispered Paul. He knew they would watch his hand, and commence in 'exact time. The old choir was accustomed to sing without regard to time.

Mr. Quaver commenced louder than usual,—twisting, turning, drawing, and flattening the first word as if it was spelled n-e-a-w. Miss Gamut and Mr. Cleff and the others dropped in one by one. Not a sound as yet from the school. All stood eagerly watching Paul. He cast a quick glance right and left. His hand moved,—down—left—right—up. They burst into the tune, fifty voices together. It was like the broadside of a fifty-gun frigate. The old choir was confounded. Miss Gamut stopped short. Captain Binnacle, who once was skipper of a schooner on the Lakes, and who had a seat in front of the pulpit, said afterwards, that she was thrown on her

beam-ends as if struck by a nor'-wester and all her main-sail blown into ribbons in a jiffy. Mr. Quaver, though confused for a moment, recovered; Miss Gamut also righted herself. Though confounded, they were not yet defeated. Mr. Quaver stamped upon the floor, which brought Mr. Cleff to his senses. Mr. Quaver looked as if he would say, 'Put down the upstarts!' Mr. Fiddleman played with all his might; Miss Gamut screamed at the top of her voice; while Mr. Cleff puffed out his fat cheeks and became red in the face, doing his utmost to drown them.

The people looked and listened in amazement. Mr. Surplice stood reverently in his place.

It was a strange medley; but each held on to the end of the verse, the young folk getting out ahead of Mr. Quaver and his flock, and having a breathing spell before commencing the second stanza. So they went through the hymn.

Then Mr. Surplice read from the Bible: 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded his blessing for evermore.'

Turning to the choir, he said,—

'My dear friends, I perceive that there is a want of unity in your services, as singers of the sanctuary; therefore, that the peace and harmony of the place may not be broken, I propose that, when the next psalm is given, the old members of the choir sing the first stanza, and the new members the second, and so through the hymn. By thus doing there will be no disagreement.'

Each one—old and young—resolved to do his best, for comparisons would be made. It would be the struggle for victory.

'I will give them a tune which will break them down,' Mr. Quaver whispered to Miss Gamut, as he selected one with a tenor and treble duet, which he and Miss Gamut had sung together a great many times. Louder and stronger sang Mr. Quaver. Miss Gamut cleared her throat, with the determination to sing as she never sang before, and to show the people what a great difference there was between her voice and Azalia Adams's. But the excitement of the moment set her heart in a flutter when she came to the duet, which ran up out of the scale. She aimed at high G, but instead of striking it in a round full tone, as she intended and expected, she only made a faint squeak on F, which sounded so funny that the people downstairs smiled, in spite of their efforts to keep grave. Her breath was gone. She sank upon her seat, covered her face with her hands, mortified and ashamed. Poor Miss Gamut! But there was a sweet girl behind her who pitied her very much, and who felt like crying, so quick was her sympathy for all in trouble and sorrow.

Mr. Quaver was provoked. Never was his nose so red and fiery. Determined not to be broken down, he carried the verse through, ending with a roar, as if to say, 'I am not defeated.'

(To be continued.)





Mr. Surplice — "he had kind words for the young, and pleasant stories for the little ones."

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Chatterbox.



Mr. Leatherby at work in his little shop.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 55.)

AUL and the young folk now had their turn. There was a measure of time, the exact moment, the clear chord, swelling into full chorus, then becoming fainter, till it seemed like the murmuring of voices far away. How charming the duet! Where Mr. Quaver blared like a trumpet, Paul sang in clear, melodious notes; and where Miss Gamut broke down Azalia glided so smoothly and sweetly that every heart was thrilled. Then, when all

joined in the closing strain, the music rolled in majesty along the roof, swept along the aisles, and delighted the congregation.

Miss Gamut still continued to sit with her hands over her face. Mr. Quaver nudged her to try another verse, but she shook her head. Paul waited for Mr. Quaver, who was very red in the face, and who felt that it was of no use to try again without Miss Gamut. He waved his hand to Paul as a signal to go on. The victory was won. Through the sermon Mr. Quaver thought the matter over. He felt very uncomfortable, but at noon he shook hands with Paul, and said, 'I resign my place to you. I have been choir-master for thirty years, and have had my day.' He made the best of his defeat, and in the afternoon, with all the old singers, sat downstairs.

Judge Adams bowed to Paul very cordially at the close of the service. Colonel Dare shook hands with him, and the Rev. Mr. Surplice, with a pleasant smile, said, 'May the Lord be with you!' It was spoken so kindly and heartily, and was so like a benediction, that the tears came to Paul's eyes: for he felt that he was unworthy of such kindness.

There was one person in the congregation who looked savagely at him—Miss Dobb. 'It is a shame,' she said, when the people came out of church, speaking loud enough to be heard by all, 'that such a young upstart and hypocrite should be allowed to worm himself into Mr. Quaver's seat!' She hated Paul, and determined to put him down if possible.

Paul went home from church pleased that the school had done so well, and grateful for all the kind words he heard; but as he retired for the night, and thought over what had taken place—when he realised that he was the leader of the choir, and that singing was a part of Divine worship—when he considered that he had fifty young folk to direct,—and that it would require a steady hand to keep them straight, he felt very serious.

As these thoughts, one by one, came crowding upon him, he felt that he could not bear so great a responsibility. Then he reflected that life is made up of responsibilities, and that it was his duty to meet them manfully. If he shrank from them, and gave them the go-by, he would be a coward,

and never would accomplish anything. No one would respect him, and he would not even have any respect for himself. 'I won't back out!' he said, resolving to do the best he could.

Very pleasant were the days. Spring had come with its sunshine and flowers. The birds were in their old haunts—the larks in the meadows, the partridges in the woods, the quails in the fields. Paul was as happy as they, singing from morning till night the tunes he had learned; and when his day's work was over he was never too wearied to call upon Daphne with Azalia, and sing till the last glimmer of daylight faded from the west—Azalia playing the piano, and their voices mingling in perfect harmony. How pleasant the still hours with Azalia beneath the old elms—the moonlight smiling around them—the dews perfuming the air with the sweet odours of roses and apple-blossoms—the cricket chirping his love-song to his mate—the river for ever flowing, and sweetly chanting its endless melody!

Sometimes they lingered by the way, and laughed to hear the grand chorus of bull-frogs croaking among the rushes of the river, and the echoes of their own voices dying away in the distant forest. And then, standing in the gravelled walk before the door of Azalia's home, where the flowers bloomed around them, they looked up to the stars, shining so far away, and talked of choirs of angels, and of those who had gone from earth to Heaven, and were singing the song of the Redeemed. How bright the days! how blissful the nights!

CHAPTER V.—THE NIGHT-HAWKS.

MR. SHELL was proprietor of the New Hope Oyster Saloon. He got up nice game suppers, and treated his customers to ale, whiskey, and brandy. Philip loved good living, and often ate an oyster-stew and a broiled quail, and washed it down with a glass of ale, late at night in Mr. Shell's rooms, in company with three or four other lads. After supper they had cigars and a game of cards, till midnight, when Mr. Shell put out his lights and closed his doors, often interrupting them in the middle of a game. That was not agreeable, and so the young gentlemen hired a room over the saloon, fitted it up with tables and chairs, and organized a club, calling themselves 'Night-Hawks.' Philip was the chief hawk. They met nearly every evening. No one could get into their room without giving a signal to those within, and they had a secret sign by which they knew each other in the dark.

At first they enjoyed themselves, playing cards, smoking cigars, drinking ale, and telling stories; but in a short time the stories were not worth laughing at, the games of cards were the same thing over and over, and they wanted something more exciting.

It was the fall of the year. There was rich fruit in the orchards and gardens of New Hope, russet and crimson-cheeked apples, golden-hued pears, luscious grapes purpling in the October sun, and juicy melons. The bee-hives were heavy with honey, and the bees were still at work, gathering new sweets from the late-blooming flowers. Many baskets of ripe apples and choicest pears, many a bunch of grapes, with melons, found their way up the narrow stairs to the room of the Night-Hawks. There was a pleasing

excitement in gathering the apples and pears under the windows of the unsuspecting people fast asleep, or in plucking the grapes from garden trellises at midnight. But people began to keep watch.

'We must throw them off our track. I'll make them think that Paul does it,' said Philip to himself one day. He had not forgotten the night of Daphne's party—how Paul had won a victory, and he had suffered defeat. Paul was respected; he was the leader of the choir, and was getting on in the world. 'I'll fix him!' said he.

The next morning, when Mr. Leatherby kindled the fire in his shoe-shop, he found that the stove would not draw. The smoke, instead of going up the funnel, poured into the room, and the fire, instead of roaring and blazing, smouldered a few moments, and finally died out. He kindled it again, opened the windows to let in the air, but it would not burn. He got down on his knees and blew till he was out of breath, got his eyes filled with smoke, which made the tears roll down his cheeks. The shop was a mere box of a building, with a low roof; so he climbed up and looked into the chimney, and found it stuffed with newspapers. Pulling them out, he saw amongst them a crumpled piece of writing-paper. He smoothed it out. 'Ah! what is this?' said he; and, putting on his spectacles, he read, 'North 69° East, 140 rods to a stake; South 87° West, 50 rods to an oak-tree.'

'That is Paul Parker's figuring, I reckon. I always knew that Paul loved fun, but I didn't think he would do this!' said Mr. Leatherby to himself, more in sorrow than in anger.

'Good morning, Mr. Leatherby,' said Philip, coming up at that moment. What is the matter with your chimney?'

'Some of you boys have been playing a trick upon me.'

'Who, I should like to know, is there in New Hope mean enough to do that?' Philip asked.

'Whose figuring do you call that?' Mr. Leatherby asked, presenting the paper.

'Paul Parker's, as sure as I'm alive! You ought to expose him, Mr. Leatherby.'

'I don't like to say anything against him. I always liked him; but I didn't think he would cut up such a shine as this,' Mr. Leatherby replied.

'Appearances are deceptive. It won't do for me to say anything against Paul, for people might say I was envious; but if I were you, Mr. Leatherby, I would put him over the road,' said Philip, walking on.

Mr. Leatherby thought the matter over all day as he sat in his dingy shop, which was only a few rods from Mr. Chrome's, where Paul was painting waggons, singing snatches of songs, and psalms and hymns. Mr. Leatherby loved to hear him. It made the days seem shorter. It rested him when he was tired, cheered him when he was discouraged. It was like sunshine in his soul, for it made him happy. Thinking it over, and hearing Paul's voice so round, clear, full, and sweet, he couldn't make up his mind to tell anybody of the little joke. 'After all, he didn't mean anything in particular, only to have a little fun with me. Boys will be boys,'—and so Mr. Leatherby, kind old man that he was, determined to keep it all to himself.

When Paul passed by the shop on his way home at night, he said, 'Good evening, Mr. Leatherby,' so pleasantly and kindly, that Mr. Leatherby half made up his mind that it wasn't Paul who did it, after all, but some of the other boys—Bob Swift, perhaps, a sly, cunning, crafty fellow, who was one of Philip's cronies. 'It would be just like Bob, but not at all like Paul, and so I won't say anything to anybody,' said the mild old man to himself.

Miss Dobb's shaggy little poodle came out, barking furiously at Paul as he passed down the street. Paul gave him a kick which sent him howling towards the house, saying, 'Get out, you ugly puppy!' Miss Dobb heard him. She came to the door and clasped the poodle to her bosom, saying, 'Poor dear Trippee! Did the bad fellow hurt the dear little Trippee?' Then she looked savagely at Paul, and as she put out her hand to close the door, she seemed to clutch at Paul with her long, bony fingers, as if to get hold of him and give him a shaking.

Trip wasn't hurt much, for he was out again in a few minutes, snapping and snarling at all passers-by. Just at dark he was missing. Miss Dobb went to the door and called, 'Trip! Trip! Trip!' but he did not come at her call. She looked up and down the street, but could not see him. The evening passed away. She went to the door many times and called; she went to Mr. Shelbarke's and to Mr. Noggin's, but no one had seen Trip. She went to bed wondering what had become of him, and fearing that somebody had killed or stolen him.

But in the night she heard him whining at the door. She opened it joyfully. 'Where have you been, you dear little, good-for-nothing, darling Trip?' she said, kissing him, finding, as she did so, that all his hair had been sheared off, except a tuft on the end of his tail. She was so angry that she could not refrain from shedding tears. The puppy shivered, trembled, and whined in the cold, and Miss Dobb was obliged to sew him up in flannel. He looked so funny in his coat, with the tuft of hair waving on the end of his tail, that Miss Dobb laughed, notwithstanding her anger. In the morning she went out to tell her neighbours what had happened, and met Philip.

'Good morning. I hope you are well, Miss Dobb,' he said politely.

'Yes, I am well, only I am so vexed that I don't know what to do.'

'Indeed! What has happened?'

'Why, somebody has sheared all Trip's hair off, except a tuft on the end of his tail, which looks like a swab. It is an outrageous insult, for Trip had a beautiful tail. I would pull every hair out of the villain's head, if I knew who did it.'

'Who was it that kicked your dog last night, and called him an ugly puppy?' Philip asked.

Miss Dobb remembered who, and her eyes flashed. Philip walked on, and came across Bob Swift, who had been standing round the corner of Mr. Noggin's shop, listening to all that was said. They laughed at something, then stopped and looked at Mr. Noggin's bees, which were buzzing and humming merrily in the bright October sun.

That night Mr. Noggin heard a noise in his yard. Springing out of bed and going to the window, he



The path across the Piano del Lago, amidst snow, lava blocks, and ashes.

saw that a thief was taking the boxes of honey from his patent hives. He opened the door and shouted, 'Thief! Thief!' The robber ran. In the morning Mr. Noggin found that the thief had dropped his hat in his haste. He picked it up. 'Aha! 'Pears to me I have seen this hat before. Paul Parker's, as sure as I'm alive!' he said. It was the hat which Paul wore in Mr. Chrome's paint-shop. Everybody knew it, because it was daubed and spattered with paint.

Mr. Noggin went to his work. He was a well-meaning man, but shallow-brained. He knew how to make good barrels, tubs, and buckets, but had no mind of his own. He put on his leather apron, and began driving the hoops upon a barrel, pounding with his adze, singing, and making the barrel ring with—

'Cooper ding, cooper ding, cooper ding, ding, ding!
Cooper ding, cooper ding, cooper ding, ding, ding!
Cooper ding, job, job,
Cooper ding, bob, bob,
Heigh ho,—ding, ding, ding!

Mr. Noggin was rattling on in that fashion when Miss Dobb, followed by Trip, entered the shop.

'Well, I declare! That is the first time I ever saw a pup with a shirt on,' said Mr. Noggin, stopping and looking at the poodle served up in flannel. 'That is Paul Parker's doings—I mean the shearing,' said Miss Dobb, her eyes flashing indignantly.

'Paul's work! Oh, ho; Then he shears pups

besides robbing beehives, does he?' said Mr. Noggin. He told Miss Dobb what had happened.

'It is your duty, Mr. Noggin, to have him arrested at once. You are under imperative obligations to the community, as a law-and-order abiding citizen, to put the sheriff upon his track. He is a hypocrite. He ought to be pitched out of the singing-seats head first.' So Miss Dobb wound Mr. Noggin round her finger, and induced him to enter a complaint against Paul.

(To be continued.)

MOUNT ETNA.

—o:—



ETNA is a well-known word to most boys and girls. In the schoolroom you have learnt that Etna is a volcano, or burning mountain; but if you are of an inquiring mind you will like to know a little more about it. Well, I will try to give you some idea of what is to be seen there. But first let me tell you that Etna rises to the height of 11,800 feet above the sea, and has been an active volcano since the dawn

of history, its huge mass seeming to be entirely com-



Dinner-time.

posed of volcanic matter, which now and again streams out of the 'crater' at the top, and is called 'lava.'

Around the base of the mountain the soil consists mainly of this lava, which in different eruptions has poured down from the top; here are fruit-trees in abundance, rich corn-fields, mixed with vineyards, olive-groves, and orange-trees, and now and then lovely flower-gardens, producing such a variety of foliage as, perhaps, cannot be seen in any other part of Europe. But when you begin to ascend the scene changes, and you pass through vast fields of black cinders and lava blocks, where the only beautiful object is the broom, which grows most luxuriantly, its brilliant masses of yellow flower contrasting brightly with the black lava. On all sides are cones of ashes and lava, the remains of former eruptions, the largest of which is Monte Rossi, 3110 feet high, called the Red mountain, from the colour of its ashes. This enormous cone was formed in the great eruption of 1669, when 27,000 persons were driven out of their homes by the burning lava, which reached the town of Catania, and even flowed into the sea. As you advance you come to a so-called forest, consisting chiefly of horse-chestnut trees; but these soon cease. Everything green now disappears, the prospect becomes more and more dreary and the ascent becomes more steep, while the path is difficult to trace among the lava, black sand, and ashes; for part of the way it lies entirely through dusty cinders. The sharply-peaked mountain, Montagnuolo, some 9000 feet high, here rises before you. If the evening hour finds you at this point, how lovely are the rosy tints diffused around by the sinking sun, while the intense blue of the sky contrasts strangely with the black smoke which often issues from the crater!

You must know that there is scarcely any twilight in these regions, and so it becomes dark almost immediately after sunset, and the stars shine out with wonderful brightness.

Before the final ascent you cross the Piano del Lago, a tolerably level space, but very rough walking, over snow, lava blocks, and ashes. And then comes the climb up the sulphur cone, which seems to rise perpendicular. This last pull is very hard work, for the loose soil, composed of sandy ashes, sinks down at every step, only varied now and then by a block of lava or a large piece of sulphur. But at last the summit is reached, and if it is a clear day the magnificent view repays you for all your trouble. Sometimes, however, a dense mass of smoke issues from the crater, and makes it impossible to see anything. The top of the crater is above two miles in circumference, and it is several hundred feet deep.

It has been said that to ascend Etna one must pass through the torrid, temperate, and frigid zones; and certainly in June, for instance, while the heat is overpowering at first, it becomes bitterly cold before you reach the top.

Ancient poets will tell you that the flames of Etna proceed from the breath of Enceladus, a mighty giant who fought against Jupiter, and as a punishment for his boldness was overwhelmed under the mountain. They will also tell you that the rumblings which are heard before an eruption are poor Enceladus turning on his weary side.

M. H. F. DONNE.

DINNER-TIME.



INNER-TIME has usually seemed, to all honest people in good health, one of the pleasantest half-hours in the round of the clock. The simplest food is thoroughly enjoyable then, if eaten with hunger, which has been well termed 'the best sauce.' With that sauce, the bread and cheese, or bread and fat bacon, of the hard-working

man or boy, has a flavour which the turtle soup or pheasant of the high-born do not possess.

The boys you see at their dinner are Italian boys. Their country, compared with ours, is a hot and thirsty land. You see their legs and heads are bare, and their clothing is of the slightest sort. They are reposing, most likely, under the shadow of some wall, out of the reach of the noon-day sun; and they are making their chief meal off fruit. That melon, and those grapes, will afford them an excellent repast. If they were English boys they would hardly be satisfied with fruit alone. The keener air of this Northern isle would make them hunger after something with more substance in it than grape or melon. No dinner would seem worthy the name without a lump of wheaten bread, and a bit of meat or of cheese. And if we were to travel yet higher up on the globe, to Northern Russia, or Greenland, we should find the inhabitants craving for a yet stronger diet. The man who lives among the snows requires more fuel than one who dwells in the tropics. The body has a fire within, and that fire must be kept burning at a certain rate of heat, or mischief will ensue. In a warm climate very light food will suffice to keep this fire going as it ought; but, in a colder climate the food must be more solid, to supply the waste. Give the Esquimaux grapes and melons, and they would not keep him warm enough—he would pine away. On the other hand, feed the Hindoo or Ethiopian with a Greenlander's dish of greasy blubber, and he will be thrown most likely into a high fever.

The grape, however, is wholesome and nourishing. It contains sugar and gluten, in separate cells. Perhaps you do not know what gluten is. If you would know what it is like, take some wheaten flour, and knead it into a paste with a little water, until it is a soft mass. If you now keep washing this soft mass under a jet of water, kneading it all the time, you will find at length the water run off without carrying anything away. Something will be left sticking to your fingers, and this is gluten. It is of a gray colour, and it may be drawn out to twenty times its length.

Gluten is very nutritious. It is found largely in cabbage, and this is why that plant is so useful and nourishing. Its presence in the grape also makes that fruit valuable. It is a curious fact, that when the grape is crushed, and the sugar and the gluten get mixed, they begin to ferment; and a wasp settling on a crushed grape or greengage is liable to break the pledge and be a drunken wasp, and lose his way home.

Perhaps the melon which that Italian boy is nursing on his knee is one of the kind which long ago was brought to his country from Armenia by the successful Roman general Lucullus, who subdued the famous King Mithridates. In Armenia and in Persia melons are very plentiful. The water-melons, which flourish in Egypt, are said to increase sometimes as much as 24 inches in girth during the day and night.

The melon family is a very large one. It appears in our gardens under the names of pumpkin and vegetable marrow.

It is quite an invaluable boon in tropical countries, for it hoards up the precious moisture as in a bottle, and keeps it cool within its rind, even in the sandy wastes and burning deserts.

Dr. Livingstone mentions the vast crops of melons which grow in the Kalahari desert. He says that animals of every sort and name, from the elephant, the king of the forest, to the little mouse, rejoice in the rich supply. The melon is, in fact, meat and drink at the same time, and we feel disposed to envy the brothers their delicious meal. None but rich men in England could place such splendid fruits on the table.

G. S. O.

THE SAGACITY OF ELEPHANTS.

THE following incident is translated from Cuvier's great work entitled the *Animal Kingdom*.—

During the siege of Bhurtpore, in the year 1805, at one of the wells near the camp, from which the army fetched water, two elephants, one large and strong, the other weak and small, had been driven up by their respective drivers.

The smaller elephant had been provided for the occasion with a pail, which he carried on the tip of his trunk. The other one, who for some reason had not been furnished with a pail, either of his own accord or at his keeper's desire, seized the bucket, and easily wrenched it away from his fellow-servant. The latter was too sensible of his weakness openly to resent the insult, though it was obvious he felt it.

After a time the weaker animal, watching his chance when the other was standing with his back to the well, retired backwards a few paces, and then rushing forward with all his might, drove his head against the side of the other, and fairly pushed him into the well. As the surface of the water was nearly twenty feet below the level of the ground, there did not appear any chance of getting the animal out by main force—at least, without injuring him.

There was a good depth of water below the elephant, who floated with ease on the surface, and, enjoying his cool retreat, did not exert himself to escape.

A vast number of fascines—bundles of fagots—had been employed by the army during the siege, and it occurred to the elephant keeper that a sufficient number of these might be lowered into the well to make a pile and reach the top, if the elephant could be instructed to lay them in regular succession under his feet.

The keeper taught the animal this lesson, and the elephant quickly began to place each fagot as it was lowered to him under his feet, until at length he was able to stand upon them.

By this time, however, the cunning animal, enjoying

the cool situation, after the heat and partial scarcity of water to which he had lately been exposed, was unwilling to work any more, and all the threats of his keeper, could not get him to place another fagot.

The man thereupon opposed cunning to cunning, and began to coax and praise the animal; and at last the elephant set to work again, and raised himself so high, that by the removal of the masonry at the top of the well he was enabled to step out on to the ground.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

WHILE father sits calmly at rest in his chair,
His day's work all finished and over,

He thinks to himself with a satisfied air,

'I certainly do feel in clover:

I've nothing to do but to rest at my ease,

To read my newspaper, or sleep if I please.'

'Hullo! what's the matter? who's knocking like that?

Can I not get a moment of leisure?

'Come in, and be quick, then. Oh, dear! what a hat!'

(And really it seems to give pleasure!)

His two chubby fists have the broom in embrace,
While conscious importance is writ on his face.

And what kind of plume has he got on his hat?

A goose quill, I declare, is his feather!

He really might frighten the French with all that;

'Tis a martial turn-out altogether.'

'I'd have you to know,' says the brave little man,

'I'll fight for the Queen—that's to say, *if I can*.'

And sweet sister Lucy kneels down by his side

To help her young hero's adorning;

With deft little fingers the bright sash is tied,

While the soldier, all gratitude scorning,

Looks round on them all, with a glance of the eye,
Which says, 'For my country I'm ready to die.'

While mother! dear mother! just longs to embrace

And fondle her dear little Freddy;

She says, as she looks at his bright little face,

'God bless him! and may he be ready

To come to the front when he grows to a man,

And Fight for the Right, just as well as he can.'

D. B. McKEAN.

A WIT'S DEVICE.

RABELAIS went upon a journey, and, when some distance from Paris, he found himself without money for his return. How was he to get back?

This is how he contrived to be brought home to Paris at the public expense. He procured a quantity of brick-dust, and made it up into parcels. These he labelled 'Poison for the king,' and 'Poison for the Dauphin,' and then hid them where it was certain they would be found.

The landlord came upon them, and was filled with horror. Without a moment's delay he sent word to the authorities. Down came a special messenger and guards, and Rabelais was borne off to Paris at the public expense.

Arrived at court, he was at once recognised, and as the chemists found no poison lurking in the packages he was set at liberty.

A. R. B.



The Little Soldier.

Chatterbox.



"Paul heard a step upon the bridge, and looking up, beheld Azalia."

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 60.)

CHAPTER VI.—PAUL'S FRIENDS.



FOR five months Paul had been leader of the choir, and so faithfully were his duties performed, so excellent his drill, and so good his taste, and so completely were the choir under his control, that the ministers from the surrounding parishes, when they exchanged with the Rev. Mr. Surplice, said, 'What glorious singing they have at New Hope!' It was so good, that people who never had been in the habit of attending church came there—not that they cared to hear Mr. Surplice preach and pray, but it was worth while to hear Azalia Adams and Daphne Dare sing a quartette with Paul and Hans, and the whole choir joining in perfect time and in sweetest harmony.

Paul believed that a thing worth doing at all was worth doing well. His heart was in his work. It was a pleasure to sing. He loved music because it made him happy, and he felt also that he and Azalia and Daphne and all the choir were a power for good in the community to make men better. Farmer Harrow, who used to work at haying on Sunday, said it was worth a bushel of turnips any time to hear such sweet singing. So his hired man and horses had rest one day in seven, and he became a better man.

In the calm moonlight nights Paul often lay awake, hour after hour, listening with rapture to the sweet music which came to him from the distant woods, from the waterfall, from the crickets chirping the last songs of the dying year, and from the robins and sparrows still hovering around their summer haunts. It was sweet to think of the pleasant hours he had passed with Azalia and Daphne, and with all the choir; and then it was very pleasant to look into the future, and imagine what bliss there might be in store for him;—a better home for his mother in her declining years,—a better life for himself. He would be a good citizen, respected and beloved. He would be kind to all. He wished that all the world might be good and happy. When he became a man he would try and make people good.

If everybody was as good as Azalia, what a happy world it would be! She was always good, always cheerful. She had a smile for everybody. Her life was as warm and sunny and golden as the October days, and as calm and peaceful as the moonlight streaming across his chamber. Sweet it was to think of her,—sweeter to see her; sweetest of all to stand by her side and unite his voice to hers, and feel in his soul the charm of her presence. In his dreams he sometimes heard her and sat by her side.

Sometimes, while thus lying awake, watching the stars as they went sailing down the western sky, his thoughts went beyond the present into the unseen world, whither his father and grandfather had gone. They sang when on earth, and he thought of them as

singing in Heaven. Sometimes he gazed so long and steadily toward the heavenly land, that his eyes became dim with tears, so sweet and yet so sad the sounds he seemed to hear,—so near and yet so far away that land.

So the days went by, and the calm and peaceful nights, bringing him to October—the glorious harvest month.

And now suddenly people looked shyly at him. There were mysterious whisperings and averted faces. He met Squire Capias one morning in the street. 'Good morning,' said Paul; but the lawyer walked on without reply. He passed Miss Dobb's house. She sat by the front window, and glared at him savagely; and yet she seemed to smile, but her countenance was so thin, wrinkled, and sharp, and her eyes so fierce, that it put him in mind of a picture he once saw in a horrible story-book, which told of a witch that carried off little children and ate them for breakfast. Paul thought that Miss Dobb would like to pick his bones. But he went on to his work, rejoicing that there were not many Miss Dobb's in the world.

While hard at work with his paint-brush, Mr. Ketchum entered. He was a tall, stout man, with large, black, bushy whiskers. He was a sheriff. The rowdies who fell into his hands said it was no use to try to resist Mr. Ketchum, for he once seized a stubborn fellow by the heels, and swung him round as he would a cat by the tail, till the fellow lost his breath, and was frightened half out of his wits.

'I have called in to ask you to walk up to Judge Adams's office on a matter of business,' said Mr. Ketchum.

'With pleasure, sir,' said Paul, who, now that he had become a surveyor of land, had been called upon repeatedly to give his testimony in court.

They entered Judge Adams's office, which was crowded with people. Mr. Noggin, Miss Dobb, Philip, and Bob Swift, were there. A buzz ran round the room. They all looked upon Paul.

'You have been arrested, Paul, and are charged with stealing honey from Mr. Noggin's beehives. Are you guilty or not guilty?' said Judge Adams.

'Arrested!—arrested for stealing!'—Paul exclaimed, stupefied and astounded at the words of the judge. It was like a lightning-stroke. His knees became weak. He felt sick at heart. Great drops of cold and clammy sweat stood upon his forehead. Arrested! What would his mother say? Her son accused of stealing! What would everybody say? What would Azalia think? What would Mr. Surplice say? What would his class of boys in the Sunday school say, not about him, but about truth, and honour and religion, when they heard that their teacher was arrested for stealing?

His throat became dry, his tongue was parched. His voice suddenly grew husky. His brain reeled. His heart one moment stood still, then leaped in angry throbs, as if ready to burst. He trembled as if attacked by sudden ague, then a hot flash went over him, burning up his brain, scorching his heart, and withering his life.

'What say you, are you guilty or not guilty?'

'I am innocent,' said Paul, gasping for breath, and

sinking into his seat, taking no notice of what was going on around him. He was busy with the future. He saw all his hopes of life dead in an instant—killed by one flash. He knew that he was innocent, but he was accused of crime, arrested, and a prisoner. The world would have it that he was guilty. His good name was gone for ever. His hopes were blighted, his dreams of future joy—all had passed away. His mother would die of a broken heart. Henceforth those with whom he had associated would shun him. For him there was no more peace, joy, or comfort—nothing but darkness and agony in the future. So overwhelmed was he, that he took no notice of Mr. Noggin's testimony, or of what was done, till he heard Judge Adams say, 'There are some circumstances against the accused, but the testimony is not sufficient to warrant my binding him over for trial. He is discharged.'

Paul went out into the fresh air, like one just waking from sleep, numbed and stupefied. The words of the judge rang in his ears, 'Circumstances against the accused.' The accused! The prisoner! He had been a prisoner. All the world would know of it, but would not know that he was innocent. How could he bear it? It was a crushing agony. Then there came to him the words of the psalm sung on Sunday,—

'My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.'

So he was comforted in the thought that it was for his good; but he couldn't see how. He resolved to bear it manfully, conscious of his innocence, and trusting in God that He would vindicate his honour.

He went home and told his mother all that had happened. He was surprised to find that it did not shock her, as he supposed it would.

'I know you are innocent, Paul,' she said, kissing him. 'I am not surprised at what has happened. You are the victim of a conspiracy. I have been expecting that something would befall you, for you have been highly prospered, and prosperity brings enemies. It will all come out right in the end.' Thus his mother soothed him, and tried to lift the great weight from his heart.

He was innocent, but half of the community thought him guilty. 'He did it! he did it!' said Miss Dobb to all her neighbours. What should he do? How could he establish his innocence? How remove all suspicion? Ought he to resign his position as leader of the choir? or should he retain it? But the committee of the society settled that. 'After what has happened, you will see the propriety of giving up your position as leader of the choir,' said they. 'Also your class in the Sunday school,' said the superintendent.

Oh how crushing it was! He was an outcast,—a vile, miserable wretch,—a hypocrite,—a mean, good-for-nothing fellow,—a scoundrel,—a thief,—a robber,—in the estimation of those who had respected him. They did not speak to him in the street. Colonel Dare, who usually had a pleasant word, did not notice him. He met Daphne Dare, but she crossed the street to avoid him. How ter-

rrible the days! How horrible the nights! He tossed and tumbled, and turned upon his bed. There was a fire in his bones. His brain was like a smouldering furnace. If he dropped off to sleep, it was but for a moment, and he awoke with a start, to feel the heat burning up his soul with its slow, consuming flame.

At evening twilight he wandered by the river-side to cool his fever, dipping his hand into the stream and bathing his brow. He stood upon the bridge and looked over the railing into the surging waters. A horrible thought came over him. Why not jump in and let the swollen current bear him away? What use was it to live, with his good name gone and all the future a blank? He banished the thought. He would live on and trust in God.

He heard a step upon the bridge, and looking up, beheld Azalia. She had been out gathering the faded leaves of autumn, and late-blossoming flowers, in the woods beyond the river. 'Will she speak to me?' was the question which rose in his mind. His heart stood still in that moment of suspense. She came towards him, held out her hand, and said, 'Good evening, Paul.'

'Then you do not turn away from me?'

'No, Paul: I don't believe that you are a thief.'

Tears came to his eyes as he took her proffered hand,—tears which welled up from his heart and which saved it from bursting. 'O Azalia, if you had turned from me I should have died! I have suffered terrible agony, but I can live now. I am innocent.'

'I believe you, Paul, and I shall still be as I have been, your friend. There is my pledge,' she said, setting down her basket, and putting a frost-flower into a button-hole of his threadbare coat. Then, to make him forget that the world was looking coldly upon him, she showed him the flowers she had gathered, and the gorgeous maple-leaves,—scarlet, orange, purple, and crimson, and talked of their marvellous beauty. And when, with a smile, she said 'Good night,' and went tripping homeward, his heart was so full of gratitude that he could not utter his thanks. He could only say in his heart, 'God bless her!' It was as if he had met an angel in the way, and had been blessed. He stood there while the twilight deepened, and felt his heart grow strong again. He went home. His mother saw by the deep-settled determination on his face, by his calmness, and by his sad smile, that he was not utterly broken down and overwhelmed by the trouble which, like a wave of the sea, had rolled upon him.

'There is one who does not pass me by; Azalia is still a friend,' he said.

'There are several whom you may count upon as being still your friends,' she replied.

'Who are they, mother?'

'God and the angels, my son.'

So she comforted him, telling him that the best way to put down a lie was to live it down, and that the time would surely come when his honour and integrity would be vindicated.

When they kneeled together to offer their evening prayer, and when his mother asked that the affliction might work out for him an eternal weight of glory, he resolved that he would, with God's help, live down the lie, and wait patiently, bearing the igno-



Charlie's return home.

miny and shame and the cold looks of those who had been his friends, till his character for truth and honesty was re-established. He was calm and peaceful now. Once more he heard sweet music as he lay upon his bed. Through the night the winds, the waterfall, the crickets, seemed to be saying with Azalia, 'We are still your friends,—still your friends—your friends—your friends!'

(To be continued.)

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

WHEN about four months old, I gave Charlie to a friend at Greenwich. He was carried to the station and taken there by train. Shortly afterwards I was informed that Charlie had one evening disap-

peared from his new home, upon which I had bills circulated offering a reward for his recovery. My friends thought the dog was dead. However, about ten or eleven days after his disappearance, I was one night awakened by piteous cries, and my servant, opening the house-door, called 'Charlie! Charlie! is that you?' The garden gate was then shaken violently, and a few minutes after Charlie was by my side, licking my hands and face, and expressing great joy. How the dog found his way from Greenwich into the Brixton Road is a mystery. He had never been to Greenwich until he was taken there in the train. I think he must have travelled by night and hidden himself in the day, but the instinct which enabled him to find his way was certainly very wonderful.



ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA.

BEAUTIFUL exceedingly, with Oriental eyes, teeth like pearls, and a voice of wondrous sweetness, Septima Zenobia was the daughter of an Arab chief, Amrou, the son of Dharb. Nothing is known of her early years till, as a very young widow, she is spoken of as making a second match with Odenathus, a prince of great valour, and chief of several Arab tribes near Palmyra. As a wife of this prince, who was an able and successful ally of the Romans in their wars against Sapor, king of Persia, Zenobia began her public career, and won by her courageous

following of her husband in his warlike and hunting expeditions, as well as by her prudence, enlightened mind, and superior understanding, the admiration of the Roman people. For revenging the fate of Valerian, who had been captured and put to death by the Persian king, Odenathus received from the Romans the titles of Augustus and General of the East; but he only enjoyed these honours for a short time, as he was assassinated while out hunting by his nephew Moronius.

From this point Zenobia's name shone alone. She

avenged her husband's murder, assumed in the name of her infant sons the chief power in the State, and finally the diadem and title of Augusta, queen of the East. This assumption on the part of a woman the Roman Emperor, Gallienus, refused to acknowledge, till Zenobia, taking the field against his general, Heraclinus, totally defeated him, carried her arms into Egypt, where she again was victorious, and added it, together with some parts of Asia, to her own dominions.

Passing over Jerusalem, Antioch, and Damascus, all of which were included in her dominions, she fixed on Palmyra as her capital, and as during the rest of the reign of Gallienus and his successor, Claudius, she was not molested by the Romans, she devoted herself to the embellishment of her beautiful capital, to the cultivation of letters, and to friendship with learned men, one of whom, Longinus, she invited to her court, and made her secretary and minister. With the accession of Aurelian came a change to Zenobia. Pierce, active, and ambitious, he could not brook opposition of any sort from a woman: so, having subdued his enemies in the west, he turned his arms against the Queen of Palmyra. Placing herself at the head of her troops the Queen encountered the Emperor at Antioch, where the first of several severe defeats befell her. Falling back on her capital she again defied her enemies, only after some slight successes to be again undone.

Conscious that Palmyra could not hold out much longer, the Queen resolved herself to seek succour from without, and mounted on a fleet dromedary, and eluding the vigilance of the Romans, she took the road to the Euphrates. Here her flight having been discovered, she was pursued by the enemy, and brought back as a captive to Aurelian, who, after destroying her splendid capital, carried her and her children to grace his triumph at Rome. There, amid the gorgeous display of treasure and the long train of captives, every eye sought for 'the beautiful and majestic figure of the Syrian queen, who walked in the procession before her own sumptuous chariot, attired in her diadem and royal robes, blazing with jewels, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her delicate form drooping under the weight of her golden fetters, which were so heavy that two slaves were obliged to assist in supporting them on either side.'

Of her subsequent fate tradition says that, refusing to survive her own and her country's disgrace, she starved herself to death.

K. W.

ABOUT RINGS.

RINGS are now usually regarded only as ornaments. But we see that the marriage-ring is more than this. It is worn as a badge, and this was of old the chief use of rings. Many of the ancients used to wear them on the fourth finger as a sign of authority. The senators, knights, and magistrates wore them at Rome in its ancient days. One of the later emperors allowed all citizens to wear a gold ring. Before that the Roman ambassadors had carried rings as signs of their office. The custom of having a seal or signet engraved upon a ring is very ancient, and continues to the present day.

A. R. B.

RARENESS OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

From the Italian of Gozzi (*Oriental Tales*).



ARICH merchant had an only son, whom he fondly loved, and whom he educated with the greatest care. When his education was almost finished, one day the father said to him, 'My son, know this: that amongst the many wants of life the greatest is that of a sincere friend. Spendthrift habits quickly diminish our riches, misfortunes crush us at first if we do not look to the All-Powerful, but death alone can deprive one of a true friend. This is the only happiness which no human power can withdraw. Find one true and sincere friend in the whole course of your life, and you will have found the best of all blessings. I wish you, my son, to see the world: travels give true experience; the more people one sees the better one knows how to live amongst them. The world is a book which teaches all who know how to read it. My son, receive my blessing before you depart, and in your travels try to gain one real friend.'

The son took leave of his father, travelled to a distant country, but soon returned.

I did not expect you back so soon, my son,' said the father, astonished at his speedy return.

'You wished me,' answered the son, 'to go in search of a friend. I have brought you back fifty, who are all models of true friendship.'

'My son,' replied the merchant, 'do not give them this sacred title thus thoughtlessly. Have you forgotten what the Persian poet said,—"Do not praise a friend until you have proved him?" It is rare to find one. Many will pretend to be friends; but they act towards their friends as the drunkard does towards a bottle of wine—embracing it tenderly whilst there is anything in it, but casting it away directly they have got all out of it that they can. Think carefully, my son, and see if those friends with whom you are so content are not like those of whom I have just told you.'

'Oh, father,' replied the son, 'your suspicions are unjust. All those of whom I have spoken would be as sincere friends to me if I fell into adversity as they are now.'

'I have already lived sixty years,' the merchant answered, 'and have proved how contrary fortune is. I have known and tried many men, and hardly in that long course of years can I safely say I have found one true friend. How, then, can you, in your youth, have found fifty? Learn from me to know men.'

The merchant then took a sheep, killed it, put it in a sack, smeared his son's clothes with some of its blood, and having arranged everything waited for night to come. When it was dark he took the sack, slung it over his son's shoulders, and having instructed him what to do, he went out with him.

The youth knocked at the door of one of his fifty friends, who came hurriedly to open it, to see what he wanted. 'In disgrace,' said the merchant's son,

'one can prove the sincerity of one's friends. You have often heard me speak of an enmity that existed between my family and a courtier. It happened that I met him in a lonely place. We came to words, then blows, and I struck him a blow which killed him. Fearing to be pursued by justice, I took the body and put it into this sack, which you see on my shoulders. I come now to beg you to keep the corpse hidden in your house until the affair has blown over.'

'My house is so very small,' answered the friend, 'that it can really hardly hold those who are alive in it. How, then, can I find room for a dead body? Every one knows the hatred that existed between you and the courtier. You will soon be accused of the murder, and if our friendship is made known they will begin to search my house; and then I should not be able to hide you from disgrace. I cannot do you any better service than to keep your secret.'

The youth prayed and entreated afresh, but his friend was deaf to his prayers; and at last, seeing that he could do no good by remaining there, he went round to all the other friends by turns, and fifty times he received refusals.

'You see at last, my son,' said the merchant, 'how little reliance you can place on men. Where is now the fervour of those whom you praised and admired? All have abandoned you in your supposed disgrace. All of these are like painted walls, clouds without rain, trees which bear no fruit. Now I intend to show you the difference between the one friend I possess and the fifty whom you thought you possessed.'

Thus talking they walked towards the house of the man who had been represented to the youth as a model of perfect friendship.

They told their tale, and the man exclaimed:—

'Oh, blessed be this day, that the All-Powerful has given me the opportunity of proving my affection for you! You had faith in me, and did me justice. My house is so large that it could hide a hundred corpses, not alone one; and although I may place myself in some peril by hiding the body, I will willingly risk any peril for your sake. Go with your son to my country-house. There you can live quietly and secure from all inquiries of the law.'

The merchant thanked his friend, and then told him that all they had said was only a tale, invented to show his son the difference between real and pretended friendships.

CARLO VITI.

MOURNING COLOURS.

TO show sorrow for the dead by wearing some distinctive clothing is a custom as old as it is widespread. Amongst Europeans the colour chosen to represent the sorrow and solemnity of death is black. To us it at first seems strange that any other tint should be selected for this purpose; and yet almost every other colour has been chosen by one nation or another as the most suitable to the occasion. Modern Europe chooses black; but the Romans and Spartans of old preferred white; and so do the Chinese. Some African nations use brown; but the Egyptians adopt yellow. The Turks show their sorrow by wearing robes of violet; and some Pacific Islanders express the same by wearing gray.

A. R. B.

TALES OF TROY.

No. I.—SULKY ACHILLES.

ONCE on a time there was a city named Troy. Paris, a son of Priam its king, had run away with a beautiful Greek lady, named Helen, the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. This wicked deed was the cause of Troy's fall, for Menelaus gathered all his Greek friends together, and they set sail for Troy, and took it after a siege of ten years.

The ten long years were nearly ended when a quarrel between Agamemnon the leader, and Achilles the first soldier, of the Greeks, seemed likely enough to give Troy another ten years' lease of life. The quarrel arose in this way. A town had been sacked in the neighbourhood, and two beautiful captives had been taken. One, named Chryseis, was given to Agamemnon; and the other, Briseis, to Achilles.

The captive girl Chryseis was very dear to her father, a priest of Apollo. The priest came to Agamemnon and offered a ransom for his child; but Agamemnon refused him, and said his prayers and tears and bribes were all in vain. The story goes that the old man prayed to Apollo for vengeance, and his prayer was answered by a plague, which smote first the dogs and mules, and afterwards the men.

When several wretched days had passed, and none knew who would be the next to sicken and die, Achilles accused Agamemnon of being the cause of the plague; that is, he got Chalcas the priest to do it.

Chalcas said, if Agamemnon would send back his captive to her aged father, the plague might cease, but it would never leave the Greek army as long as Chryseis was detained in the camp. This advice made the king very wrathful, but, after thinking it well over, he said he was willing to give up his captive; only, if he did so much, Achilles must also resign Briseis. This condition roused the anger of Achilles, and there was a stormy debate, which Nestor, the oldest and most prudent of the Greek leaders, strove to allay, by his fatherly advice.

Nestor bade Agamemnon give up his captive, and told Achilles to be submissive to the chosen leader of the host. He was not very successful, however, for Achilles left the meeting in a great heat, and went to his tent, accompanied by his friend Patroclus.


Meanwhile Agamemnon, anxious to save the Greeks any further suffering, sent his fair captive back to her father; but he was resolved that Achilles should not retain Briseis. He therefore despatched two heralds to Achilles' tent to fetch her away.

They went unwillingly: Achilles, however, treated the heralds with respect, and resigned Briseis to them.

At the same time he vowed he would give no further help to the Greeks. 'I will be as still as death itself,' said he, 'even if all the Greeks die.' He then went to the sea-shore, and vented the passionate thoughts of his heart to the waves. He even shed tears of vexation, and heaped curses on Agamemnon's head. While this was going on, the wise Ulysses took the other captive, Chryseis, home to her father; and he, having embraced his restored daughter tenderly, prayed Apollo to stay the plague. The god heard his prayer, and the plague came to an end.



Sulky Achilles.

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Chatterbox.



Robin perched on the ink-stand.

OUR ROBIN FRIEND.



MADE Robin's acquaintance when he was a half-fledged, ragged-looking little fellow, with barely the promise of a future red breast. At that time he used to appear regularly every morning at the back-door, when the cook (who was 'sure he was an orphan') went out to feed the poultry and to scatter a few crumbs for him.

This was in the spring; later on in the season, when my sister and I were busy gardening, 'Bobby,' was our constant companion, venturing quite close, to pounce on any turned-up worms, or to share in the strawberries we might be gathering. A call of 'Bobby, Bobby,' was sufficient, at any time, to bring him flying across the lawn to us; and the opening of a window always brought him quickly to the sill. He grew bold enough to enter the room, and was soon as much at home at the breakfast and dinner-table as any of the party seated around it. He would hop about between the dishes, tasting the pudding and sugar; but generally showing a preference for butter and cheese. He would eat out of our hands, and even out of my mouth.

So great a pet did he become with my mother, that she often sat with the window open in cold weather, that Bobby might not feel himself shut out. Many a time, while busy writing, was she roused by a sweet little song close beside her; and on looking up, saw her tiny friend perched on the ink-stand. As soon as he had gained her attention he would hop on to her writing-paper, and stay there while she fetched the expected bit of cake or sugar. His love for music was very marked; the first notes touched on the piano were sure to bring him to the window, pecking for admittance, if it happened to be shut. He would then perch near the instrument, and sing his sweet accompaniment to the music. Thus our dear little friend lived with us, in and out of the house, perfectly free and perfectly at home, for four years. Then he disappeared. What became of him we never knew; we could only hope that his happy little life had a quiet, natural ending. I have had other tame robins, and tame bullfinches; but none were like Bobby, nor ever grew to love us as he did.

SUSAN E. MATCHETT.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 68.)

CHAPTER VII.—IN A TRAP.

A KIND word, a look, a smile, a warm grasp of the hand by a friend in time of trouble,—how they remain in memory! Sometimes they are like ropes thrown to drowning men. The meeting between Paul and Azalia upon the bridge was a turning-point in his life. He felt, when he saw her approaching, that, if she passed him by, looking upon him as a vile outcast from society, he might as well give up a contest where everything was against him. He loved truth and honour for their own sake. He remembered the words of his grandfather, that truth and honour

are better than anything else in the world. Many a night he had heard the winds repeating those words as they whistled through the cracks and crevices of his chamber, rattling the shingles upon the roof, saying over and over and over again, 'Truth and honour, Truth and honour.' He had tried to be true, honest, and manly, not only to make himself better, but to help everybody else who had a hard time in life; but if Mr. Surplice, Judge Adams, Colonel Dare, and all the good folk looked upon him as a thief, what was the use of trying to rise? There was one who was still his friend. Her sweet, sad smile followed him. He saw it all the time, by day and by night, while awake and while asleep. He felt the warm, soft touch of her hand, and heard her words. He remembered that God is always on the side of truth, and so he resolved to go right on as if nothing had happened, and live down the accusation.

But he couldn't go on. 'After what has happened, it is expedient that you should leave the choir till your innocence is established,' said Deacon Hardhack, who was chairman of the singing committee,—a good, well-meaning man, who was very zealous for maintaining what he considered to be the faith once delivered to the saints. He carried on an iron foundry, and people sometimes called him a cast-iron man. He believed that it was the duty of everybody to do exactly right: if they did wrong, or if they were suspected of doing wrong, they must take the consequences. Miss Dobb told him that Paul ought to be pitched out of the choir. 'I think so too, Miss Dobb,' said the Deacon, and it was done.

It required a great bracing of Paul's nerves, on Sunday morning, to go to church, and take a seat downstairs, with every eye upon him; but he did it manfully.

The bell ceased tolling. It was time for service to commence, but there was no choir. The singers' seats were empty. Azalia, Daphne, Hans, and all the others, were downstairs. Mr. Surplice waited awhile, then read the hymn; but there was a dead silence,—no turning of leaves, no blending of sweet voices, no soul-thrilling strains, such as had reformed Farmer Harrow and given rest to his horses one day in seven. People looked at the singers' seats, then at Paul, then at each other. The silence became awkward. Deacon Hardhack was much exercised in mind. He had been very zealous in committee meeting for having Paul sent downstairs, but he had not looked forward to see what effect it would have upon the choir. Mr. Cannel, who owned a coal-mine, sat in front of Paul. He was not on good terms with Deacon Hardhack, for they once had a falling out on business matters, and so whatever the Deacon attempted to do in society affairs was opposed by Mr. Cannel. They were both members of the singing committee, and had a stormy time on Saturday evening. Mr. Cannel did what he could to keep Paul in the choir, but the Deacon had carried the day.

'I'll triumph yet,' was the thought which flashed through Mr. Cannel's mind, when he saw how matters stood. He turned and nodded to Paul to strike up a tune, but Paul took no notice of him. Mr. Cannel half rose from his seat, and whispered hoarsely, 'Strike up a tune, Paul.' All the congregation saw him. Paul made no movement, but sat perfectly still,

not even looking towards Mr. Cannel. Deacon Hardhack saw what Mr. Cannel was up to, and resolved to head him off. He rose from his seat, and said aloud, 'Brother Quaver, will you pitch a tune?'

Again, as in other days, Mr. Quaver rubbed his great red nose, as trumpeters wipe their instruments before giving a blast. Then, after a loud 'ahem!' which made the church ring, he began to sing. It was so strange a sound, so queer, so unlike the sweet music which had charmed the congregation through the summer, that there was smiling all over the church. His voice trembled and rattled, and sounded so funny that a little boy laughed aloud, which disconcerted him, and he came near breaking down. Miss Gamut sat in one corner of the church, some distance from Mr. Quaver. She attempted to join, but was so far away that she felt, as she afterwards remarked, like a cat in a strange garret. Paul did not sing. He thought that, if it was an offence for him to sing in the choir, it would be equally offensive to sing in the congregation. Azalia, Daphne, Hans, and all the members of the choir, who were sitting with their parents, were silent. They had talked the matter over before church.

'Paul is innocent; he has only been accused. It isn't right to condemn him, or turn from him, till we know he is not worthy of our confidence. I met him on the bridge last night, and he looked as if he hadn't a friend in the world. I shall stand by him,' said Azalia.

'Deacon Hardhack and Miss Dobb mean to break down the choir. It is a conspiracy,' said Hans, who felt that Paul's case was his own.

Daphne began to look at the matter in a new light, and felt ashamed of herself for having passed by Paul without noticing him.

After service there was a great deal of loud talking.

'If that is the kind of singing you are going to have, I'll stay at home,' said Farmer Harrow.

'It would be a desecration of the sanctuary, and we should be the aiders and abettors of sin and iniquity, if we allowed a fellow who has been accused of stealing to lead the singing,' said Deacon Hardhack to Mr. Cannel.

'Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone,' was Mr. Cannel's reply, and he felt that he had given the Deacon a good hit.

'Paul hasn't had his deserts by a long chalk,' said Miss Dobb.

'He has been treated shamefully,' said Azalia, indignantly.

All took sides, some for Paul, and some against him. Old things, which had no connexion with the matter, were raked up. Mr. Cannel twitted Deacon Hardhack of cheating him, while on the other hand the Deacon accused Mr. Cannel of giving false weight in selling coal. The peace and harmony of the church and society were disturbed.

Mr. Quaver felt very sore over that laugh which the little boy had started. He knew his voice was cracked, and that his singing days were over. 'I am not going to make a fool of myself, to be laughed at,' he said, and he made up his mind that he wouldn't sing another note to please the Deacon or anybody else.

In the afternoon Mr. Quaver's seat was empty. Mr. Surplice read a hymn and waited for some one

to begin. Mr. Cannel once more nodded to Paul, but Paul took no notice of it, and so there was no singing. A very dull service it was. After the benediction, Mr. Cannel, Colonel Dare, and Judge Adams, said to Paul, 'We hope you will lead the singing next Sunday.'

'Gentlemen, I have been requested by the chairman of the committee to leave the choir. When he invites me to return I will take the matter into consideration; till then I shall take no part in the singing,' he replied, calmly and decidedly.

Through the week Paul went on with his business, working and studying, bringing all his will and energy into action; for he resolved that he would not let what had taken place break him down.

Mr. Noggin believed him guilty. 'He will steal your grapes, Mr. Leatherby, if you don't look out,' he said to the shoemaker, who had a luxuriant vine in his garden, which was so full of ripe clusters that people's mouths watered when they saw them purpling in the October sun.

Mr. Leatherby concluded to keep his eyes open,—also to set a trap. He waited till evening, that no one might see what he was about. His garden was a warm, sunny spot, upon a hillside. A large butter-nut-tree, with wide-spreading branches, gave support to the vine. Mr. Leatherby filled a hogshead with stones, headed it up, rolled it to the spot, and tilted it so nicely that a slight jar would send it rolling down the hill. Then fastening one end of a rope to the hogshead, he threw the other end over a branch of the tree, brought it down to the ground, and made a noose. Then, taking a board, he put one end upon the hogshead and rested the other end on the ground, where he had placed the noose. He expected that whoever came after the grapes would walk up the board to reach the great clusters which hung overhead, that the hogshead would begin to roll, the board would drop, the noose draw, and the thief would find himself dangling by the heels. It was admirably contrived. About midnight Mr. Leatherby heard the board drop. 'I've got him!' he shouted, springing out of bed, alarming Mrs. Leatherby, who thought he was crazy. He had not told her of the trap.

'Got whom? Got what?' she exclaimed, wondering what he meant.

'Paul Parker, who has come to steal the grapes,' he said, as he put on his clothes.

He went out, and found that it was not Paul, but Bob Swift, who was dangling, head downwards. The noose had caught him by one leg. A very laughable appearance he made, as he kicked and swung his arms, and swayed to and fro, vainly struggling to get away.

'So you are the thief, are you? How do you like being hung up by the heels? Are the grapes sweet or sour?' Mr. Leatherby asked, not offering to relieve him.

'Please let me go, sir. I won't do so again,' said Bob, whining.

'It won't hurt you to hang awhile, I reckon,' Mr. Leatherby replied, going into the house and telling Mrs. Leatherby what had happened, then calling up Mr. Shelbarke, who lived near by, and also Mr. Noggin.

(To be continued.)



TORQUAY.

IN Devonshire, on the northern shore of Torbay, a beautiful bay formed by the waters of the English Channel, lies the town of Torquay. This lovely spot is surrounded by hills, and so warm and sheltered, that invalids often go there when they cannot live in a colder climate. The bay itself is large enough to shelter a navy, and the Channel fleet is sometimes seen there.

But Torquay was not always what it is now. There are some caves not far from the town, the largest of which is called Kent's Hole, and on the floor of this great gloomy cavern have been found quantities of fossils and bones which are known to

have belonged to hyenas, wolves, elephants, rhinoceri, bears, lions, and tigers.

Knives and spear-heads made of flint have also been found there, which must have been fashioned by the barbarous people who very likely made their homes in those desolate caves, and hunted the wild beasts hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Even at the beginning of this century Torquay was only a village, and the houses were little better than huts, inhabited chiefly by fishermen. Now Torquay is a large place, with handsome crescents and charming villas on its wooded slopes, and its population now is about 20,000.

M. H. F. DONNE.



THE BEAR.



ONE of the most remarkable traits in the character of the bear is its propensity for climbing, and the ease with which it accomplishes the feat. It seems almost incredible that an animal so bulky, and apparently so clumsy, should be able to perform such acts. Trees, ladders, and scaffolding it ascends with the ease of the monkey, although not with the monkey's agility.

In 1825 a tame bear took a notion of climbing up the scaffolding placed round a brick-stalk, erecting by Mr. G. Johnstone, at St. Rollox.

He began to ascend very steadily, cautiously examining as he went along the various joists, to see if they were secure. He at length, to the infinite

amusement and astonishment of the workmen, reached the summit of the scaffolding, one hundred and twenty feet high. Bruin had no sooner attained the object of his wishes than he looked about him with great complacency, and inspected the building operations going on. The workmen were much amused with their novel visitor, and every mark of civility was shown him, which he returned by good-humouredly presenting them with a shake of his paw. A lime-bucket was now hoisted, in order to lower him down, and the workmen, with all due courtesy, were going to assist him into it; but he declined their attentions, and preferred returning in the manner he had gone up. He afterwards repeated his adventurous visit.

Not less curious is the manner in which the bear receives and punishes its enemies. Standing erect like a man, with its fore paws extended, it advances fearlessly on its foe, first administering stunning blows with its paws, then, seizing the enemy in a

close embrace, seeks to destroy him by suffocation. Man, however, has little to fear from the common bear; but there are species with which he would find an encounter, even if well armed, a terrible affair, as the following incident will show:—

A young man named Vance, son of Mr. John Vance, of Bear Creek, Colorado, came across a grizzly bear. Upon approaching within a few yards he fired, when the bear fell. Not being well acquainted with the nature of bears, young Vance advanced for the purpose of despatching him; but the bear, quietly awaiting his approach, arose on his hind legs, and struck the gun from his hands at the moment he was about to fire. The bear immediately gave another blow, and tore open the flesh above Vance's right eye, cutting two severe gashes, and tearing the flesh from the bone. One nail of the bear at the same time caught the nasal bone at its root, and tore a portion of it away, and passing along, tore out the left eye. The bear then commenced hugging, at the same time chewing and lacerating him in a fearful manner. He dislocated his wrist, broke his forearm, and tore the flesh from both hands. He also bit his left knee severely, and cut a frightful gash across the fleshy portion of the limb above, bit through the fleshy part below the knee, and tore both limbs from the knee down to the ankle, and lay down on the young man. After lying quiet for some time, the bear moved off, and then the poor maimed man managed to crawl off and make his escape.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

THERE is but one method,' said Sydney Smith, 'and that is *hard labour*.' Your easy-going person, who is willing always to remain as he is, and your lazy lad, who does no more than he is obliged to do, need not build castles in the air. They will soon tumble.

Take the famous men in any profession you like, and see how they rose.

Are you thinking of becoming a doctor? Then remember how Hunter rose from being a cabinet-maker to be the first anatomist of his age. Would you be a scholar? Do not forget how two men rose from weavers to be professors at Oxford and Cambridge; how Heyne, the commentator, was also the son of a weaver; and Beattie, a schoolmaster.

Should any think of ordination, let them not forget that Jeremy Taylor was a barber's son; and Bishop Prideau rose from a kitchen-servant's place. We know half the secret of their success when we find that Jewel and Burnet began work at four in the morning.

Indeed, on every hand—from soldiers, like Napoleon and Wellington; men of art, as Canova and Michael Angelo; lawyers, as Saunders, the errand boy who became Chief Justice; orators, as Demosthenes; to poets and philosophers, like Milton, Falconer, Akenside, and Burke—from all their lives comes the same testimony to the value of honest *hard labour*.

A. R. B.

THE STORY OF THE GENEROUS NATHAN.

From Boccaccio.



IN the country of Cattaio,* as the Genoese, and others who have been there relate, there lived a man of noble origin and great wealth, whose name was Nathan. His estate adjoined the great road which led from the east to the west; and being of a generous spirit, he caused one of the most beautiful palaces that was ever seen to be built, and furnished it with everything necessary for the honourable reception of persons of distinction. He had a great number of servants, and kept open house for all comers, so that both the East and the West resounded with his fame.

When he was grown old, and his hospitality no way abated, it happened that his renown reached the ears of a young gentleman named Mithridanes, who lived in a country not far off; and he, thinking himself quite as wealthy as Nathan, began to envy his fame and virtue, and resolved to exceed him by still greater generosity. So he built a palace exactly like Nathan's, and was so lavish and liberal to everybody, that it is needless to say how famous he soon became.

Now one day, as he was alone in his palace-court, a woman came to one of the gates, and asked alms, which she received. She then came in at a second gate, and was again relieved, and so on for twelve times in succession; but when Mithridanes saw her return the thirteenth time, he said,—

'Good woman, you grow troublesome,' but yet he gave to her.

'The prodigious generosity of Nathan! exclaimed the old woman. 'O how greatly is it to be admired! I went in at all the thirty-two gates that are in his palace, as well as at this, and received an alms at every one, without being known all the time, as it seemed to me; and here I come but thirteen times, and am known and flouted.' And she went away, and never came there more.

Mithridanes was extremely angry, as he thought that any praise of Nathan was a diminution of his own fame.

'Alas!' cried he, 'when shall I come up to Nathan in great things, far less exceed him as I wished, when I fall short even in the smallest matters? It is all labour in vain, unless I send him from the world; and as old age fails to do so, I must do it with my own hand.' So rising up in a passion, without making his design known to any one, he mounted his horse, and taking but few attendants with him, he set out for Nathan's palace. Arriving there on the third day, he ordered his people not to seem to belong to him, but to provide themselves with lodgings, and wait till they heard further from him.

Towards evening, as he was riding forward by

* Cattaio was the Italian name for Cathay, or Northern China. Boccaccio may have heard this tale from the Genoese merchants, who brought it from the far east; but the names of the personages in it are certainly not Chinese; for Mithridanes is an ancient Persian name, and Nathan is Hebrew.

himself, he found Nathan, clad in a very plain dress, walking alone near the palace; and not knowing who he was, desired that he would show him the way to Nathan's dwelling.

'Son,' replied Nathan, 'there is no one in this country can show you better than myself: so if you please, I will conduct you thither.'

'I am obliged to you,' said Mithridanes; 'but I would wish, if it were possible, neither to be seen nor known by Nathan.'

'That also I can do for you, if it be your desire,' returned Nathan.

So Mithridanes dismounted, and walked along with him, conversing agreeably till they came to the palace; when Nathan, bidding one of the servants to take the horse, whispered to him to tell all the people of the house that they were not to let the gentleman know he was Nathan. Entering the palace, he took Mithridanes into a fine room, where no one should see him but those appointed to wait on him, keeping him company all the time, and treating him with the greatest respect; and when his guest asked him with much reverence who he was, he replied,—

'I am an inferior servant of Nathan's, who has grown old in his service, and yet he has never promoted me to anything more than you see me; therefore, whilst other people commend him, I have little reason to do so.'

Now when Mithridanes heard these words, he thought he could accomplish his base purpose with more ease and security; and when Nathan inquired, very courteously, what he was, and the occasion of his coming thither, offering him his best advice and assistance, he hesitated, but at length resolved to let him into his design. So after a long preamble requesting secrecy and help, he declared who he was, and his intention to kill Nathan, and what moved him to do so.

When Nathan heard his detestable resolution, he changed within himself: but without any appearance of emotion he replied,—

'Mithridanes, your father was truly a noble person, nor are you willing to disgrace him, since you have undertaken so great an enterprise as is that of being liberal to all people. Your design I shall assuredly keep secret, and can further it more by my advice than by any other help I am able to give you. About half a mile hence there is a grove, where Nathan generally walks every morning; there you may meet him, and easily effect your purpose. If you kill him, do not return the way you came, but take a path which leads out of the grove to the left; as it is not much frequented, and is the shortest way to your country, you may thus reach your own home in safety.'

When Mithridanes had received these instructions he departed, and let his attendants know where they were to wait for him the next day.

Early in the morning Nathan arose and went to the grove, thinking to meet with his death. And Mithridanes, taking his sword and his bow, rode to the same place, and saw Nathan walking alone. Seizing him by the turban, he cried out,—

'Old dotard, thou art a dead man!'

'Then I have deserved it,' said Nathan.

And when Mithridanes heard his voice, and looked in his face, he found it was the same person who had received him so kindly, kept him company, and faithfully advised him. And his rage and malice were turned into shame and remorse. Throwing away the sword he had drawn to stab him, and dismounting from his horse, he fell at his feet in tears.

'My dearest father,' cried he, 'I am now convinced of your generosity; for what pains you have taken to bestow your life on me, who so basely wished to take it away! But God, more careful of my doing my duty than I was myself, has opened my eyes which envy had closed. The more ready you were to oblige me, so much the greater is my remorse. Take that revenge which you think befits the nature of my crime.'

Nathan, raising him up and embracing him, said,—
'Son, your design, call it wicked or what you will, needs neither your asking forgiveness nor my granting it; because it was only through a desire to excel, and out of no hatred to me. There is no one who regards you more than I do, on account of the greatness of your soul, which was given to you, not to amass wealth like a miser, but to distribute it.'

Mithridanes was far from excusing his evil intentions, notwithstanding that Nathan did so; and asked him, wonderingly, how he could be so ready to die, and even lend his aid to it?

'Wonder not,' replied Nathan; 'for ever since I have been my own master, nobody ever came to my house whom I did not content to the utmost of my power. Now it was your fortune to come for my life; and that you might not be the only person who went away ungratified, I resolved to give it, advising you so that you might be secure of it, without losing your own. Eighty years have I had full enjoyment of it; and as in the course of nature I can keep it but very little longer, I hold it better to part with it of my own accord, as I have done my wealth and estate. Take it then, if it will be any pleasure to you: I do not know how I can better bestow it.'

Mithridanes, covered with confusion, exclaimed,—
'God forbid, that so far from touching anything so precious as your life, I should even desire it as I did but now. Instead of lessening your years, I would willingly add to them from my own if it were possible.'

'I should then be doing,' replied Nathan, 'what I have yet done to no one, robbing you to enrich myself. But you shall come here, and be called Nathan, and I will go and live at your house, and take the name of Mithridanes.'

'If I knew how to act as you do,' said Mithridanes, 'I should readily embrace your offer; but I know I shall lessen the fame of Nathan, and will never seek to impair that in another which I cannot increase in myself.'

With these words they returned to the palace, where Nathan showed great respect to Mithridanes, who shortly after went to his own home, fully convinced that he could never equal Nathan in generosity.

A. R.





"Mithridanes dismounted from his horse. He fell at Nathan's feet in tears."

Chatterbox.



The boys snow-balling Mr. Thrasher.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 75.)



THIS isn't your first trick, Bob, I reckon,' said Mr. Leatherby, when he returned with his neighbours. He liked Paul, and had been loth to believe that he was guilty of stealing. 'It is you who have been playing tricks all along! Come now, own up,' he added.

'It isn't me, it is Philip, —he told me to come,' said

Bob, who was thoroughly cowed by the appearance of Mr. Noggin and the others, and who feared that he would be harshly dealt with.

'Oh, ho! Philip Funk is at the bottom, is he?' Mr. Leatherby exclaimed, remembering how Philip suggested that it was Paul who had stuffed his chimney with old paper.

'If you will let me down, I will tell you all,' said Bob, groaning with pain from the cord cutting into his ankle.

'We will hear your confession before we let you down,' said Mr. Leatherby.

Bob begged, and whined, but to no purpose, till he told them all about the Night-Hawks,—that Philip set them on, and that Paul did not take Mr. Noggin's honey, nor smoke out Mr. Leatherby. It was Philip who sheared Miss Dobb's puppy, who took Mr. Shelbarke's water-melons, and robbed Deacon Hardhack's hen-roost. When Bob had told all they let him go. He went off limping, but very glad that he was free.

In the morning Mr. Leatherby and Mr. Noggin reported what had happened; but Philip put on a bold face, and said that there wasn't a word of truth in what Bob had said. The fact that he was caught stealing Mr. Leatherby's grapes showed that he was a fellow not to be believed; for if he was mean enough to steal, he would not hesitate to tell lies.

Deacon Hardhack called upon Paul.

'I have been requested by the committee to call and see you. They wish you to take charge of the singing again,' he said, with some confusion of manner; and added, 'Perhaps we were hasty in the matter when we asked you to sit downstairs, but we are willing to let bygones be bygones.'

'Am I to understand that there is no suspicion against me?' Paul asked.

'Yes—sir—I suppose so,' said the Deacon, slowly and hesitatingly.

'Then you may say to the committee that I will do what I can to make the singing acceptable as a part of the service,' Paul replied.

There was a hearty shaking of hands with Paul, by all the choir, at the rehearsal on Saturday night. They were glad to meet him once more, and when they looked upon his frank, open countenance, those who for a moment had distrusted him felt that they had done him a great wrong. And on Sunday morning how sweet the music! It thrilled the hearts of the people, and they too were ashamed when they

reflected that they had condemned Paul without cause. They were glad he was in his place once more. Mr. Surplice in his prayer gave thanks that the peace and harmony of the congregation was restored, and that the wicked one had not been permitted to rule. When he said that, Mr. Cannel wondered if he had reference to Deacon Hardhack. Everybody rejoiced that the matter was settled,—even Miss Dobb, who did not care to have all the old things brought up.

When the service was over, when Paul sat once more by his mother's side in their humble home, before the old fireplace, when he listened to her words, reminding him of all God's goodness,—how He had carried him through the trial,—Paul could not keep back his tears, and he resolved that he would always put his trust in God.

CHAPTER VIII.—KEEPING SCHOOL.

THE teacher of the New Hope school, engaged for the winter, proved to be a poor stick. He allowed the scholars to eat candy, pull each other's hair, and have fine frolics. Paul wished very much to attend school, to study Latin, and fit himself for College; but when he saw how forceless a fellow Mr. Supple was, he concluded that it would be lost time to attend such a school. He knew that knowledge is power, and he longed to obtain a thorough education. Sometimes, when he thought how much Judge Adams knew, and when he read books written by learned men, he felt that he knew next to nothing. But whenever he felt like giving up the contest with adverse circumstances, a walk in the fresh, cool, bracing air, or a night's sleep, revived his flagging spirit. The thought often came, 'What would Daphne or Azalia say if they knew how chicken-hearted I am?' So his pride gave him strength. Though he did not attend school, he made rapid progress studying at home.

Matters came to a crisis in the school, for one day the big boys—Bob Swift among the others—carried Mr. Supple out of the school-house, dug a hole in a snow-drift, and stuck him into it with his head down and his heels up. Then they took possession of the school-house and played tag over the benches for the rest of the day. Mr. Supple did not attempt to enter the school-house again, but picked up his hat, went to his boarding-house, packed his trunk, and left town.

After a week's vacation, Mr. Cannel, who was the school-agent, obtained another teacher,—a thin, pale-faced, quick-tempered young man,—Mr. Thrasher. 'I'll bring them to their senses,' he said, when Mr. Cannel engaged him.

'I intend to have order in this school. I shall lick the first boy who does anything contrary to the rules of the school,' said Mr. Thrasher, flourishing a raw hide, on the first morning. He read a long list of rules, numbered from one up to eighteen. Before he finished his rules a little boy laughed and caught a whipping. Before noon half a dozen were hauled up. There was a council of war at noon among the big boys, who, having had their own way, were determined to keep it. They agreed to give Mr. Thrasher a pitched battle. They had it in the afternoon: a half-dozen pounced upon the master at once, and

after a short struggle put him out doors. They gave a grand hurrah, and pelted him with snowballs, and drove him up the street.

There was great commotion in the town. Those who loved law and order were alarmed for the welfare of their children.

'We must have a master who can rule them, or they will grow up to be lawless citizens,' said Judge Adams.

Mr. Cannel could find no one who was willing to teach the school.

'I don't see why anybody who is competent to teach should be afraid to undertake the task,' said Paul to Mr. Chrome, one day, as they talked the matter over.

Mr. Chrome met Mr. Cannel that evening in the street.

'If there is anybody who is competent to keep the school, it is Paul Parker,' said Mr. Chrome, who had exalted ideas of Paul's ability to overcome difficulties.

'I believe you,' Mr. Cannel replied, and he started at once to see Paul.

'I will think of it, and let you know in the morning whether I will teach or not,' was Paul's reply, after hearing what Mr. Cannel had to say.

He talked the matter over with his mother.

'It is a great undertaking, Paul; I cannot advise you,' she said.

When he offered his evening prayer, he asked that God would direct him. He thought upon the subject during the night. Could he carry it through? The scholars all knew him,—had been to school with him,—were his old friends and playmates. Bob Swift was a ringleader; and outside, not in the school, was Philip, who would make all the trouble he could. There was Miss Dobb, who would like to have picked him to pieces. There were others who would rejoice to see him fail. But would it not be glorious to succeed,—to triumph over Miss Dobb? But that was an unworthy motive, and he put the thought out of his mind. He resolved to undertake the task, and try to do good,—to guide and mould the minds of the scholars,—those who were to be men and women, who were to act an important part in life, and who were to live not only here, but in another world,—who, he hoped, would be companions of the angels. Would it not be worth while to aid in overcoming evil, in establishing law and order,—to inculcate a love of virtue, truth, and honour?

It would require nerve, energy, patience, and wisdom. 'I'll try it,' he said to himself, after looking at all sides.

When it was known that Paul was going to try his hand at school-keeping the big boys chuckled.

'We'll sweeten him,' said Bob, rubbing his hands, and anticipating the glorious fun they would have.

Conscious that he had a task before him which would try him severely, Paul yet went bravely to his work, locking the door as he entered the school-room, and putting the key in his pocket. The big boys looked at each other, somewhat amazed, each anxious to see what the others thought of it. He walked deliberately to his desk.

'It is always best to begin an undertaking rightly,' said Paul, standing erect and looking calmly round

the room. 'There is no better way than to ask our Heavenly Father to direct us, and so we will all repeat the Lord's Prayer,' he said, and waited till the room was so still that the scholars could almost hear the beating of their hearts. The stillness filled them with awe. After prayer he addressed them,—not alluding to anything which had taken place, but simply saying that he had been employed to teach them, and should do what he could to make the school-room a pleasant place to all. He expected that they would obey whatever rules were necessary for the good of the school, but he did not threaten them with punishment.

It was so unlike what they had expected that the big boys did not know what to make of it, or how to take it. Bob could not decide whether it was best to begin a war or wait till something happened, and then have a grand battle. So the forenoon passed without any disturbance.

Philip saw Bob at noon.

'You are a coward, Bob, or you would have pitched Paul heels over head out of the door. I would if I were there, and so would you if you had as much gumption as an old sitting hen. I thought you were going to "sweeten him,"' he said with a sneer.

'So I am,' said Bob, nettled at the taunt, and resolving to drive Paul out in the afternoon.

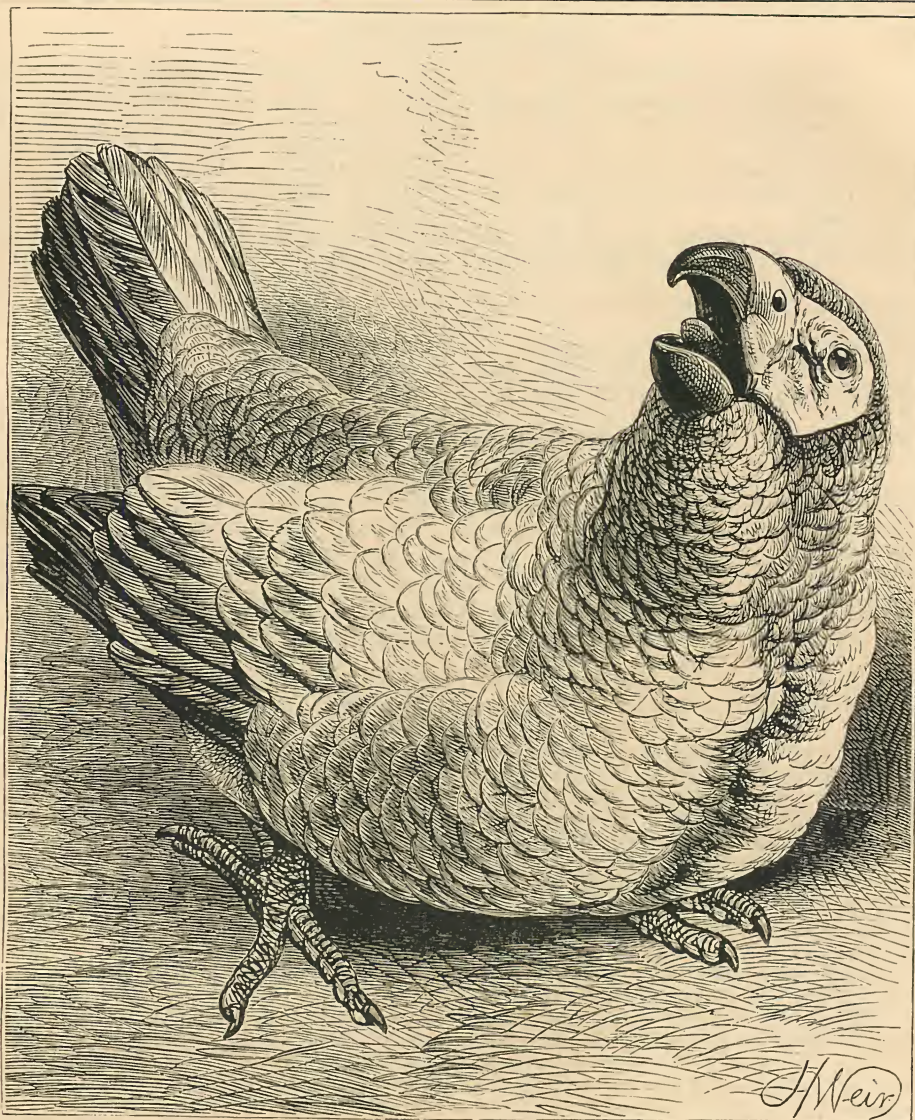
When Paul entered the school-room after dinner he saw at a glance that there was mischief ahead. The whole school was on tip-toe. He locked the door, and again put the key in his pocket. Bob was standing in the middle of the floor with his hat on.

'Take off your hat, Master Swift, and go to your seat,' said Paul.

'I shan't do it!' said Bob, who the next instant went spinning round the room, tumbling over a chair, falling upon the floor, finding himself picked up and thrown against a desk, and then set to whirling so fast that the room seemed all windows. He was cuffed backward and forward, to the right and the left so suddenly, that he lost his breath. He was like a little child in the hands of a giant. He was utterly powerless. One of the other boys sprang to help him, but a box on the ears knocked him to the floor. A second started, but when he saw what had happened he sat down. Bob's brain was in a whirl. His ears were tingling. He saw stars, and it seemed as if all his hair had been torn out by the roots. He heard Paul say, once more, calmly, as at first, 'Take your seat, Master Swift.' He hesitated a moment, but when, through the blinking stars, he saw how cool and decided Paul was, standing there as if nothing had happened,—when he saw the boy who had started to aid him sprawling on the floor, and the others who had promised to help put Paul out of doors sitting in their seats,—he knew that it was of no use to resist. He took his seat and sat all the afternoon wondering at Paul's strength. Paul was surprised to find himself so powerful; but then he remembered that he had right on his side, which always helps a man.

The victory was won. The school felt that he was their master. Yet he had a pleasant smile.

(To be continued.)



'ONLY GOING DOWN TO TATE'S.'

MY father was an old gentleman who was very regular in his habits, and every evening it was his custom to take a stroll after tea to visit some very old friends of the name of Tate, who lived close by in the next street; and before leaving the house he would open the door of the dining-room, where we used to sit, and would say aloud, 'Only going down to Tate's,' and then we knew he would be absent for an hour or two, chatting with his old friend Mr. Tate.

Now it happened one evening that Polly's cage-door was left open. We sometimes let him walk about the room when he was very good, as a great treat. And this evening, of which I speak, we suddenly missed him from the room, and could not think

where he had gone; and as we were very fond of him, we all set to work and searched the house high and low, looking into every corner and cranny, and calling 'Polly, Polly,' everywhere. But no Polly answered our repeated cries, and no Polly could we find. So at last my father left, as usual, to pay his visit to our neighbours, leaving us still looking for our pet. But what was his surprise upon turning the corner of the street to see Polly quietly waddling down the middle of the road.

'Why, Polly,' said he, 'where are you going?'

Upon which Master Poll cocked his impudent little head on one side, and looked up and said, '*Only going down to Tate's.*'

How my father laughed when he brought him home perched on his hand! for the curious thing was that Poll was actually going in the direction of the Tates' house, which made it all the more amusing.

After that we took better care to shut his cage-door.



Rochester Castle.

THE FALSE OATHS.

A Story of Rochester Castle.

THERE it stands, the four-square keep of Rochester, built by a Bishop who bore the name of Gundulph—a Saxon name by its sound; but the Bishop was a friend of William the Norman, and one who could build as well as preach. William was helped in his invasion by the Church, for the Pope sent him a banner he had blessed. Harold having sworn a great oath to aid William in obtaining England peaceably, and then, having broken his promise, was regarded as a false man. Harold, it is true, had

sworn because he dared not refuse the terrible William; and no doubt he was doing wrong when he broke his oath, though it had been wrongfully squeezed out of him.

After William was dead, his second son, William Rufus, grasped the crown and the royal treasures. He had no right to do so, for the crown belonged to the eldest son, the good-natured Robert. Now Robert was out of England, and his friends did what they could for him by keeping certain castles until he could hurry back. Among these strongholds of Robert were Pevensey and Rochester Castles. Odo,

the fighting Bishop, held Pevensey, and Eustace, Count of Boulogne, kept Rochester.

Rufus stormed Pevensey, but he promised his uncle Odo life and liberty if he would swear to give up Rochester. Odo took the oath, but did not mean to keep it. When he went with an escort to Rochester to demand its surrender to his nephew William, he winked his eye at Eustace as much as to say, 'Take me prisoner; I don't mean what I ask.' Eustace entered into the plot, and pretending to be in a great fury, he ordered his soldiers to take Odo prisoner and disarm his guard. Thus William Rufus was deceived by his uncle the Bishop, as William the Conqueror had been cheated by Harold the Earl; and both Odo and Harold may have quieted their consciences by the thought that an oath wrung out of a man by force is no oath at all; or that one wrong may be justly met by another wrong; or that what you promise an enemy is not binding.

But in the cases of Harold and Odo the perjury was worse than useless. Like an overcharged gun, it recoiled on the false swearer; and while Harold found a bloody grave at Hastings, Odo suffered a life-long banishment from England, and carried about with him a dishonoured name. When Rochester Castle was taken, and he had to leave it and England for ever, the blunt, honest Englishmen, shouted out, 'O for a halter to hang this perjured, murderous Bishop!' The moral of the story is, 'Never promise anything you cannot do, or don't mean to do, under the influence of fear; and never think anything can make a lie blameless.'

G. S. O.

HOW THE GARDEN WAS SPOILED.

SHUT the gate, Roger.'

'Yes, mother;' and Roger swung his bundle of books over his shoulder, and ran down the garden walk whistling 'Bonnie Dundee.'

An hour later mother came again to the front of the house, and, looking out of the parlour window, what do you think she saw? A flock of sheep wandering about her pretty garden feasting on the geraniums, and other summer plants with which the beds had been filled a day or two before!

'Oh, dear!' cried poor mother. 'Here, Sallie, come quickly, and help me to drive these creatures out!'

Sallie came at once, and, running down to the gate, met the man who had charge of the flock. He had left the sheep on the roadside while he called in at Farmer Ratcliff's with a letter from his master.

'They kept me waiting for the answer, and I suppose the poor beasts strayed on; but, excuse me, ma'am, you should keep your gate shut.'

Roger was much astonished when he came home to see all the trim beds trampled over, and the gay flowers broken and destroyed.

'Whatever has happened, mother?' he cried.

'Somebody left the gate open,' said mother, 'and a flock of sheep came in.'

Oh, how sorry Roger felt! He knew the latch of the gate had not caught when he closed it after him; but what did it matter? It would be such a bother to turn back. And now the cottage garden was laid waste all through his carelessness. Was not that a pity?

H. L. T.

FIRE!

I DO not suppose that any boys or girls who read this paper have ever walked the streets of London all night. But if you were to do so you would be certain, before morning came, to see some signs of a fire. Very strange it seems to hear the engine dash up the silent streets, whilst from quiet corners and courts a crowd soon gathers to follow in its wake. One sees, too, the tall fire-escape being wheeled along the street, and it is consoling to reflect that the firemen are well drilled in all the ways of rescuing persons from burning houses.

Great fires have been rather numerous in the history of London.

A large part of the city was twice burnt down about the time of the Norman Conquest. Another terrible fire, which resulted in more than 3000 people being drowned in the Thames, took place in the year 1212. The great fire of 1666, the ruins of which covered nearly 500 acres, and which caused about 200,000 to find shelter by camping in the fields, is not likely to be forgotten.

Just at the end of the last century, a fire, which resulted in the loss of property worth 1,000,000*l.*, took place at Wapping. But this was far exceeded by the great fire at Tooley Street in 1861. Here several wharves were burned, and oil was stored there in such quantities that the fire continued burning for a month. The property destroyed was worth 2,000,000*l.*, and Mr. James Braidwood, the Superintendent of the Fire-brigade, was killed.

Fires in London have to some extent lost their greatest terrors since the establishment of the Metropolitan Fire-brigade. This took place in the year 1865; but the Sun Fire Office had a brigade as early as 1832.

A. R. B.

THE NORWEGIAN FIDDLER.

THREE SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF OLE BULL.

From the German.



A YOUNG violin-player, a Norwegian by birth, was living in an almost destitute condition at Bologna, in Italy, after having in vain tried to find some chance of bringing his talents before the public. He must give lessons for a franc an hour, and as he had only two lessons in the week he was well-nigh starved. He passed one day through the

Florence gate to his wretched lodging. It was already dark, and he had had nothing to eat all day. He opened the cupboard to see if he could find a dry crust in any corner of it. But not a morsel was there; only a few crumbs reminded him of better days. He gathered them up, and put them into his mouth with a sigh; then he took up his old fiddle, sat down on the sofa, and began to draw from it wild and pathetic tones, in which he expressed all his sorrow. Thus he would play every evening, and the whole neighbourhood listened to his singular fan-

tasies. Often people assembled in the street below, entranced by the magic power of the tones, and they asked each other who the wonderful artist was who knew how to play thus. Now, as often before, he had to satisfy himself with the tones of his instrument alone, and after he had thus gone on for a while he sank back exhausted on his bed, and fell into a deep sleep. Suddenly he awoke; three men had entered his room.

'Excuse us, sir,' said one of them, who seemed to be the leader; 'excuse us for disturbing your sleep: only the most pressing necessity has driven us to force ourselves upon you. Would you be ready at once to play a few scores in the concert at the Philharmonic Academy?'

The hungry young man, who was scarcely able to collect his thoughts, stared at the strangers, as if he took them for angels sent from Heaven in order to give him the chance of earning a few francs.

'I—play this evening in a concert!' he interrupted them in amazement; 'where Madame Malibran and Beriot...'

'Yes, that is just the difficulty,' continued the other, eagerly: 'both have withdrawn. Beriot thinks himself insulted, and will not play, and Madame Malibran has given out that she is ill and cannot sing, thus to hold the concert seemed impossible. But after we had gone all over the city we remembered that Madame Colibrani Rossini was here. We hastened to her, and persuaded her to sing the airs announced for Malibran. But where could we find a violin-player? But in this Madame Rossini gave us advice. She told us that in the opposite house to her lived a young man who played the violin as she had never heard it played before. "If he had only the courage to appear in public," she added, "I would be answerable for the results." So we have come to ask you to do us this great service, and to take part in this evening's concert. We offer you the same remuneration as was promised to Malibran and Beriot, and that is a considerable sum. And now, sir, if you will consent to our request, we must beg you to make haste, for we have not a moment to lose.'

The young violin-player took up his instrument and followed the men as if he were in a dream. They were the Directors of the Academy.

The large theatre was quite full. The concert had already begun. Signora Rossini had come forward and been received with a storm of applause, for she was not only an eminent artiste but also a native of Bologna. Her song was to be followed by a solo on the violin, with which the first part of the concert was to conclude. Just at the very moment when the house was trembling with the burst of applause with which Signora Rossini was rewarded for her song, the directors arrived with the unknown performer, who was at once led upon the stage. There he stood, unable to collect his thoughts, scarcely knowing whether he was awake or in a dream. The large assembly, the brilliant lights, the strange surroundings, seemed almost to take away his senses. But the artist was accustomed to express everything that he felt on his instrument, and thus he began to produce in tones the overpowering sentiments which rushed upon him at that moment. He did not heed that the public, instead of welcoming him, had begun to hiss on seeing

the pitiable figure in the threadbare clothes. He fancied himself in a fairy palace, before the owners of which he ventured to express the pain which filled his soul. Therefore flowed from his bow a stream of tones of grief, such, perhaps, as no instrument had ever produced before, ending in the threatening, sharp, and cold despair of helplessness.

The listeners sat as if enchanted by some supernatural power, and scarcely ventured to breathe. They seemed to be touched by a sorrowful sentiment, which changed the pleasure of harmony into a really painful feeling. But at last the wild grief of the player subsided, merging into a quiet sadness which animated all hearts like a refreshing dew. The artist had hardly finished when a storm of applause burst upon him, which seemed as if it would never end. The director ordered the curtain to fall, and the musician tottered out, and then sank into the arms of those who had hastened out to congratulate him.

'Bread!' was the only word which proceeded from his pale lips, and whilst they were leading the exhausted artist into an adjoining room to supply him with food and drink, the house still resounded with the shouts of applause of the audience.

During the second part of the concert the artist had so far recovered that he had regained his self-control. The unaccustomed enjoyment of a good meal, of which he had so long been deprived, had an invigorating effect on his weakened nerves.

Now the conclusion of the concert, which was again to consist of a solo on the violin, approached. The directors consulted together in his presence as to whether they should allow him to appear again. But he said with determination, 'Yes, I will play—I must play,' and he hastened a second time upon the scene of his triumph. Even now he did not understand the endless applause which greeted him. He seized the bow, and spoke again to his audience, but this time with quite different tones. In light, lyrical, joyous notes, he seemed to relate reminiscences of his youth: he described the peace of his home, round which blew the fresh breezes of the North. He rejoiced that he had found the object of his life; he expressed his gratitude that his efforts had been appreciated: and all this he told in the most thrilling tones which ever proceeded from a bow. It seemed to him as if the star of his future had risen with that evening, and he told them so with joy.

For the second time the curtain fell, separating him from the public, which was beside itself with delight, and again he heard nothing of the boundless applause. For once more he had sunk down unconscious, this time not from exhaustion, but from joy at his triumph. A deep, healthful sleep refreshed him.

Next day nothing else was talked about in Bologna but of the marvellous talent of the young musician. The Directors of the Academy appeared at his lodging with the remuneration they had promised him. The first musicians of the city offered him their services, and to help him out of his pitiable condition another concert was arranged for him.

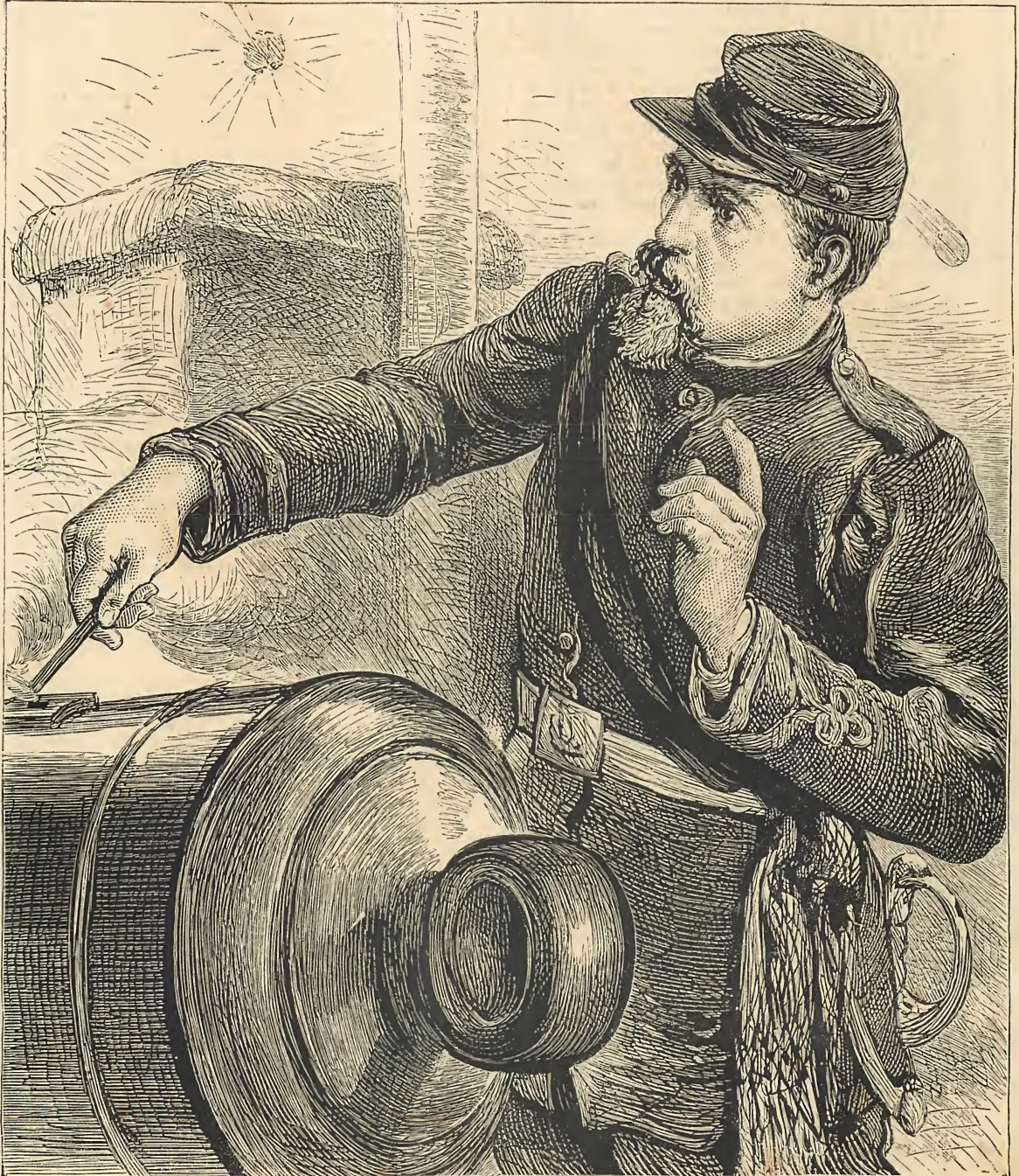
Since that time this artist has given concerts everywhere, and at each place Ole Bull has found warm admirers. His name is now equally well known on both sides of the Atlantic.

(To be continued.)



The Norwegian Fiddler.

Chatterbox.



Captain Doubleday firing the first Gun.



WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 83.)

WHEN they were tired of study he said,—

'I see that you are getting dull and need stirring up. Then he told them a story which set them all laughing, and so made them forget that they were tired and sleepy.

At night he had a talk with Bob all alone, telling him that he ought to be a good boy for his poor old mother's sake.

That touched Bob in a tender place, for he loved his mother, and was a good-hearted fellow, but he had allowed Philip to twist him round his little finger.

'For her sake, Bob, I want you to be good; I will help you all I can,' said Paul. It was spoken so kindly and frankly that Bob knew Paul meant it. 'Cut loose from those who advise you to do wrong, and tell them that you are going to do right,' said Paul, as they parted for the night.

'I will,' said Bob, who, as he thought it all over that night, and recalled the kind words, felt that Paul would be his best friend if he did right.

'I must get Azalia and Daphne to help me make a man of Bob,' said Paul to himself,—'they can do what I can't.

He called upon Azalia. There was a bright fire on the hearth in the sitting-room, but the smile on her face, he thought, was more pleasant to see.

'I am glad you have conquered,' she said.

'I don't know that I have done so yet; when I can feel that they all love me, then I may begin to think that it is a victory. I have had a talk with Bob. He is a good fellow, but under bad influences. I want you to help me. If we can make him respect himself, we shall make a man of him.'

'I will do what I can,' said Azalia.

When Paul went away she sat down by the window and watched him till he was out of sight.

'How thoughtful he is for the welfare of others!' was the thought which passed through her mind. Then she gazed upon the red and purple clouds with gold and silver linings, and upon the clear sunset sky beyond, till the twilight faded away, and the stars came out in the heavens. Paul's words were ringing in her ears,—'I want you to help me.' Yes, she would help him, for he was trying to make the world better.

CHAPTER IX.—RALLYING ROUND THE FLAG.

THERE came a gloomy day to the people of New Hope,—that gloomiest of the year, of all the years,—that on which they received the astounding intelligence that Fort Sumter had been attacked by the people of South Carolina, and that Major Anderson commanding it, with his little company, had been compelled to surrender. News so startling brought all the people into the streets. They assembled around the telegraph office, where Mr. Magnet read the despatch; how the attack had been made at daybreak on Friday, the 12th of April, all the batteries which

General Beauregard had erected opening fire upon the half-starved garrison: how shot and shell were rained upon the fort, from Moultrie, from the guns on Morris Island, and from the floating battery which the Rebels had built; how Major Anderson coolly ate his breakfast; how Captain Doubleday fired the first gun in reply; how the cannonade went on all day, the great guns roaring and jumping; how the fight began again next morning; how the barracks were set on fire by the shells from the Rebel guns; how manfully the garrison fought against the flames, rolling kegs of powder into the sea to prevent their exploding; how the soldiers were scorched by the heat and almost suffocated by the smoke; how the flag-staff was shot away; how the flag was nailed to the broken mast; how the brave little band held out till their powder was almost exhausted, and till there was nothing to eat but raw salt pork; how at last, after thirty-six hours' fighting, Major Anderson surrendered the fort, saluting his flag as he hauled it down, carrying it away with him, being permitted to sail with his company to New York; and how the President had called for seventy-five thousand men to suppress the rebellion. The people held their breath while Mr. Magnet was reading, and when he had finished looked at one another in mournful silence. The flag of their country was trailed in the dust, and dishonoured in the sight of the nations. They could not have felt worse if they had lost a dear friend by death.

'The country is gone, gone, gone!' said Judge Adams, wiping the tears from his eyes.

'I reckon not, Judge,' said Colonel Dare; 'the people will have something to say about this insult to the flag. They will wipe out the disgrace by sweeping those scoundrels into the sea.' The Colonel usually looked on the bright side of things. He recalled the trainings of other days, when his regiment paraded on the green and had a sham-fight. He wished that he were once more in command; he would march to Charleston, burn the city, and sow it with salt.

'The question is, whether a sovereign State has not a right to secede if she chooses?' said Mr. Funk,—for he and Philip were the only persons in New Hope who were not sorrowful over the intelligence. Mr. Funk was a native of Virginia, and had much to say about the superiority of Southern gentlemen over all other men,—how noble and chivalric they were.

'I am glad that the President has called for seventy-five thousand men to crush the vipers,' said the Colonel.

'He can't do it. It won't be constitutional. You can't coerce a sovereign State,' said Mr. Funk.

'We will do it. Let me tell you, Mr. Funk, that this is a government of the people,—the whole people,—and that the old flag which has been stricken from the walls of Sumter shall go up there, if it takes a million of men to put it there!'

'You can't do it. One Southerner can whip five Yankees any day,' said Philip.

Colonel Dare took no notice of what Philip said. And he was too much depressed by the news to enter into an argument with Mr. Funk upon the right of a State to secede from the Union.

One by one the people went to their homes, medi-

tating upon what they had heard, and wondering what next would happen. They could not work; they could only think of the terrible event.

What a gloomy day it was to Paul Parker! He went home, sat down before the fire, and looked into the glowing coals. The gun which his grandfather carried at Bunker Hill, and which in his hands had brought down many a squirrel from the highest trees, was hanging in its usual place. He felt like shouldering it and marching for Charleston. He recalled the stories which his grandfather had told him there upon the hearth, of Bunker Hill and Saratoga. Many times he had wished that he had lived in those glorious days, to be a patriot, and assist in securing the independence of America. But now the work which his grandfather and the Revolutionary sires had accomplished seemed to be all lost. It made him sick at heart to think of it. Would the people resent the insult which South Carolina had given to the flag? What would the President do? What if he did nothing? What would become of the country? What would become of liberty, justice, truth, and right? Oh, how hard it was to see them all stricken down—to think that the world was turning backward! He looked into the coals till he could see great armies meeting in battle—houses in flames, and the country drenched in blood. He sat motionless, forgetful of everything but the terrible intelligence and the gloomy future. What part should he take in the contest? What could he do? The President had called for men to help raise the flag once more upon the walls of Sumter; could he leave his home, his mother, his friends? These were trying questions; but he felt that he could go wherever duty called him.

Colonel Dare, as he reflected upon what had happened, saw that the people needed stirring up to sustain the President; that the Rebellion must be put down, or there would be an end of all government. He resolved to get up a public meeting. 'We will have it this evening, and you must be chairman,' he said to Judge Adams.

He called upon the Rev. Mr. Surplice. 'I want you to open the meeting by prayer,' he said, 'for these are sober days. We need God's help. If we ask Him, He will help us. And you must make a speech. Come down on the rebels,' he added, with sudden indignation. You, who are a watchman on the walls of Zion, must lead off, and the people will follow. Their hearts are burning within them; the kindlings are laid; strike the match now, and there will be such a flame of patriotism as the world never saw.

'We shall need singing,' he said to Paul. 'You must get that up.'

He engaged Mr. Tooter to be there with his fife, and Mr. Noggin with his drum. These two were old companions on training days. They had drank many glasses of cider together, and had played 'Yankee Doodle,' and 'The Campbells are coming,' and 'Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning,' on many occasions.

'We shall expect some resolutions and a speech from you,' he said to Squire Capias.

Thus he laid out the work, and entered upon it with so much zeal that all hands caught his spirit. Judge Adams, who had been very much depressed,

became more cheerful, and thought over what he should say upon the occasion. Mr. Surplice looked through the Psalms, and Isaiah, and the New Testament, to find the Scripture most appropriate to read. Squire Capias sat down by his round table in his dingy office, ran his fingers through his long black hair, and thought over his speech. Paul and Azalia, with Hans, went to Colonel Dare's, and, with Daphne, rehearsed the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' and 'America,' while Mr. Noggin put a new cord into his drum, which had been lying for months in his garret, and was covered with dust.

Evening came. The sexton rang the bell of the church—not soberly and steadily, but he tugged with all his might at the rope, throwing the bell over and over—ringing as if the whole town was in a blaze. The farmers out on the hills heard it, and came driving furiously into the village to see what was the matter.

Mr. Tooter and Mr. Noggin, with Mr. Chrome, who had a new flag, walked out upon the parade-ground. The musicians struck up 'Yankee Doodle.' How it stirred the hearts of everybody—the sharp, shrill notes of the fife—the roll, the rattle, and the rat-a-tat-tat of the drum, and the clanging of the bell, and the sight of that flag, its crimson folds and its stars waving in the evening breeze! Never had it looked so beautiful! The little boys swung their caps and cheered, the women waved their handkerchiefs, and the men hurraed in an outburst of wild enthusiasm. Then they formed in procession with Colonel Dare for marshal—the music and the flag in advance, Mr. Surplice, Judge Adams, and Squire Capias next, and then all the citizens, marching round the public square to the church, filling the house, the pews, the aisles, the entry, and hanging like a swarm of bees around the windows.

Judge Adams forgot all his despondency, while Mr. Surplice, who was getting a little prosy as a preacher, was as full of fire as in his younger days. Mr. Capias was so eloquent that the people stamped till the house fairly shook with applause. He ended with resolutions, pledging the support of the people of New Hope to the government—their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour, towards suppressing the Rebellion. But more thrilling than all the eloquence of the evening was the singing of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' by Azalia, Daphne, Paul, and Hans. They stood on the platform in front of the pulpit, Azalia and Daphne with flags in their hands. How sweet their voices! How inspiring the moment when they sang—

'And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!'

Men threw up their hats, women waved their handkerchiefs, and all cheered and shouted, while many shed tears, as they looked upon the banner of their country, which had been so insulted and despised. There, in the place where they met on the Sunday to worship God, they resolved that, let it cost what it might of money, of sacrifice, or of life, the old flag should once more wave in triumph upon the walls of Fort Sumter—that the Rebellion should be subdued and the traitors punished.

(To be continued.)



THE SHEPHERD DOG.



N English farmer, by the name of Hawkes, returning from market one night intoxicated, accompanied by his dog, fell amongst the snow. The night was one of the coldest ever known, and the snow, falling thickly, and whirled by the wind, was piling itself up in heaps. The drunken man lay on his back, unconscious. Now

it is well known that a covering of snow will ward off the cold as well as a quilt or blanket. The dog was equal to the emergency, and acted with more intelligence than two thirds of mankind would have done. He carefully gathered the snow up around

and over his master, and coiled himself up on his breast, thus protecting his vital parts. They lay thus the whole night, the snow meanwhile falling fast. In the morning a gentleman passing near, seeing this remarkable mound of snow, drew near it, when the dog jumped from the body, and discharged the blanket of snow from his back and sides by a vigorous shaking. The gentleman immediately recognised the prostrate man, who was taken to the nearest house, and soon recovered the use of his benumbed faculties.

His gratitude to his dog was unbounded, and as a token of it he procured a silver collar for him to wear, which bore the following inscription:—

'In man true friendship long I strove to find,
But missed my aim;
At length I found it in my dog, most kind.
Man! blush for shame.'



"He fell sobbing with joy on his landlady's neck."

THE NORWEGIAN FIDDLER.

(Concluded from page 87.)

IT was at a time when the cholera was raging in Paris, and terror had seized all the inhabitants. One evening there was a knock at the door of a house in the Rue St. Martyr, where it was announced that a room was to be let. The owner of the lodging was an old lady, who a few days before had lost her only son, the support of her

old age. When the widow opened the door, a young man of about twenty stood before her.

"Madame," he said, "excuse me for disturbing you; but I saw that there was a room to let here, and as I am searching for one I should like to look at it."

"Come in, please," answered the woman. "Here, on the right, is the room: it has a fire-place, and is well furnished. The rent is thirty francs the quarter, half of which must be paid in advance. If you agree to

these conditions the apartment is at your service, and you can take possession of it at once.'

While she was thus speaking she sharply scanned the stranger. Then it struck her that the young man bore a striking likeness to her late son. This circumstance excited her sympathy, and she remarked,—

'If the rent appears too high for you, I am ready to make a reduction.'

'Madame,' replied the stranger, 'I am quite content with the room and with your demands; but I must plainly confess to you, that at the present moment I am without money. I have come from my native town, Bergen in Norway, and have been residing for the last week in the Hôtel Grenoble. Yesterday, when I came home, I discovered with terror that I had been completely plundered. Everything has been stolen from me—my money, my clothes. The thieves have only left me an old fiddle, which was hanging on the wall. Perhaps they thought that I earned my bread with that instrument. If you will receive me under such conditions, I shall indeed be truly grateful to you. You will lose nothing, my good woman; in a week, I hope to give my first concert, and to take sufficient by it to be able to pay you, not the half only, but the whole rent, in advance if you wish it.'

'Very well,' said the woman, in a kindly tone. 'You please me; you have an honest face, and do not look as if you were likely to overreach a poor woman. Take the room, and pay for it as soon as you can; but let me, as an experienced woman, give you one piece of advice.—Give up your plan of the concert, and rather look out for a regular situation. Unless a man is really a great musician he can earn little money in Paris by concerts: it would be better for you to get an engagement in an orchestra. My cousin is a musician. I will ask him to help you to some post of the kind.'

'Thank you much for your kindness, my good woman. I know very well how hard it is to get on here; but let me play only once, and the Parisians will soon be contented with me. I am quite convinced that I shall be able to earn money enough to be able to reward you handsomely for your friendship. Why, madame, in my native town I have been conductor of the great orchestra! My name is not unknown in the musical world, even though Paris does not yet know me. You will, I trust, hear me spoken of ere long.'

The widow regarded the young man with amazement, not quite understanding his words. Without more ado he now took possession of the modest lodging. He remained several months in the woman's house. She treated him as a son, but still the much-talked-of concert did not come off. He had to contend with every kind of device to thwart his schemes. Meanwhile he received money from his home, so he could now purchase a few things and pay his rent without giving a concert.

Three months had thus passed away, when the young artist met one morning on the boulevard a gentleman of position, whom he had seen a few years before in Minden, and at a concert given for the poor, where he had created no little sensation. Astonished, he remained staring, while the gentleman too stared at him. He had recognised him. They now mutually

greeted one another; and after the former had praised the musician, he, with the greatest candour, told him of his ill-luck in Paris, and how many obstacles were placed in his way to prevent his giving a concert in the city.

'You shall be helped out of your trouble. Come with me. I will introduce you to my friend, the banker S——, who is a warm friend of your art. With his support you shall in a short time give a concert, which will surpass your most sanguine expectations. Rely upon me.'

Overjoyed, the young musician went with his patron to the banker, who received his guest with all the politeness of an educated Frenchman, and without any further demands undertook the arrangements of the concert.

A week after the announcement of the concert of the violin-player, 'Ole Bull' might be seen in gigantic letters on all the street-corners of Paris. The artist enjoyed a triumph which surpassed his boldest expectations. When he drove home after the concert, and entered his little apartment, he fell sobbing with joy on his landlady's neck, and handed her, regardless of all her protestations, twelve gold coins.

Henceforth he could no longer remain in this out-of-the-way quarter; he had to share the dwelling of the banker S——. The doors of palaces opened for the now celebrated musician. Newspapers praised his talents, and shop-people ticketed their goods with the name of 'Ole Bull.'

In three weeks' time the artist gave three brilliant concerts. When he left Paris he had made a large sum of money, and become quite the lion of the day. His last visit before his departure from the capital was to the honest widow, to whom he presented a full purse, that she might pass her old age free from care.

The old fiddle on which he had won such splendid triumphs in Paris never left the musician's possession.

In the year 1860 an elegant American steamer was sailing down the Mississippi. It was between Indianapolis and the mouth of the Ohio. Though the day was drawing to a close, the beams of the sun fell with burning heat on the gallery which encircled the lower saloon, upon which some of the passengers might now and then be seen walking up and down. Among those solitary wanderers was a figure whose appearance bore a striking contrast to those around him. He was a man of about fifty, whose weather-beaten features told of long journeys. It was difficult to decide whether the man was an artist, or whether he was one of those restless travellers whom love of gain or thirst for information urges from continent to continent.

Gradually the few passengers who are out on it leave the gallery. The foreigner at last retired too, and entered the gaudily-furnished and luxurious reading-saloon. Silence, as is usual in such places, reigned there; but now and then the quiet was interrupted by an exclamation, which did not accord with the tranquillity of a reading-room. The stranger raised his eyes and looked in the direction whence the sounds came. At the upper end of the room, over which a lamp was already burning, a group of eager people was standing round a table where cards were being publicly played.

He got up and went nearer to them. Several persons were sitting at the table, but only two were taking part in the game, the others appeared only to be looking on. One of the players was a dark-bearded fellow, whose gaze during the shifting of the cards turned from one to another of the bystanders with gloomy aversion. The second was a young man with pale features, whose whole manner had something attractive in it.

In America, the playing games of chance is common enough, but by the rapid raising of the stakes, in the course of a very short time they often become truly ruinous. It was in one of these games that the two figures at the table were eagerly engaged when the stranger approached the table. Scarcely had his eyes glanced upon the gamblers than he started. The pale face of the young man seemed familiar to him. Was it not the son of his friend from Boston, whom he had seen a few weeks before at Havana? While the stranger was standing by the game was becoming more serious, although the gamblers maintained an outward calm.

'How high?' said the gambler with the gloomy look.

'A hundred dollars, Jim.'

'Well, Georgy,' replied he addressed as Jim.

Jim drew the king, Georgy the queen. Again the cards flew upon the table.

'Two hundred, Jim?'

'Very well, two hundred.'

Georgy had lost again; but he seemed to be quite as well provided as his opponent. By the side of both, thousands of dollars in bank-notes lay on the table.

'Three hundred, friend?'

'Accepted!'

They played on quietly. Georgy lost every time. Their faces remained immovable.

'Six hundred?'

'Very well!'

'Twelve hundred?'

'All right, sir!'

'Two thousand?'

'Yes! yes!'

With eager suspense did the spectators follow the progress of the game. The stranger, meanwhile, seemed quite to have cleared up his memory. His features showed energy and determination; his gaze was riveted on the gamblers, who, as calmly as if they were cents, pushed gold pieces and bank-notes backwards and forwards.

'Four thousand?' said Georgy, now drawing out a fresh card, after the previous two thousand dollars had passed into his opponent's pocket-book.

'Very well, friend,' was the short answer.

Very quickly followed the next strokes—'eight thousand?' 'ten thousand?' 'twenty thousand?'

At last Jim, in a tone which, in spite of all his efforts, could not hide his excitement, called out, 'Fifty thousand? Do you accept?'

Without any hesitation came the stereotyped reply, 'Very well,' and one hundred thousand dollars lay in the middle of the table.

Georgy drew his card, Jim followed. The silence in the room increased to a painful degree—if during the last few moments any such increase was possible—while the stranger's eye, with calm determination,

followed the slightest movement of the two gamblers. Jim uncovered his card. It was nine of spades. Georgy followed and drew the ace of hearts! He had won the desperate game. He was calmly grasping the money, when Jim suddenly turned towards him.

'Wait a minute, my friend! not a cent of that money shall you touch!'

And in his uplifted right hand a dagger glittered.

'But I *shall* take it!' replied Georgy, coolly; and before Jim could look up, a revolver in his companion's hand was close to his forehead, which, threatening instant death, followed his slightest movement. Like a panther with convulsively contorted features did the outwitted Jim bow his head; and in an instant there followed a movement like a flash of lightning, and Georgy, in spite of his weapon, would have been lost, had not the stranger, who followed the whole proceeding with eager attention, at the decisive moment seized with Herculean strength the ruffian's wrist. A side-glance from Jim's grey eye fell on the stranger's figure, and from his tightly grasped throat came the words,—

'The fiddler of Nashville!'

'Yes, indeed, rogue! It is the fiddler, and he will play you a nice tune. Your little game does not please him at all. Now drop that weapon, or—'

Georgy now recognised his father's friend. He gave up his revolver, while the dagger fell from Jim's hand.

'Now, fellows, follow me on deck. I must request the other gentlemen to leave us alone.'

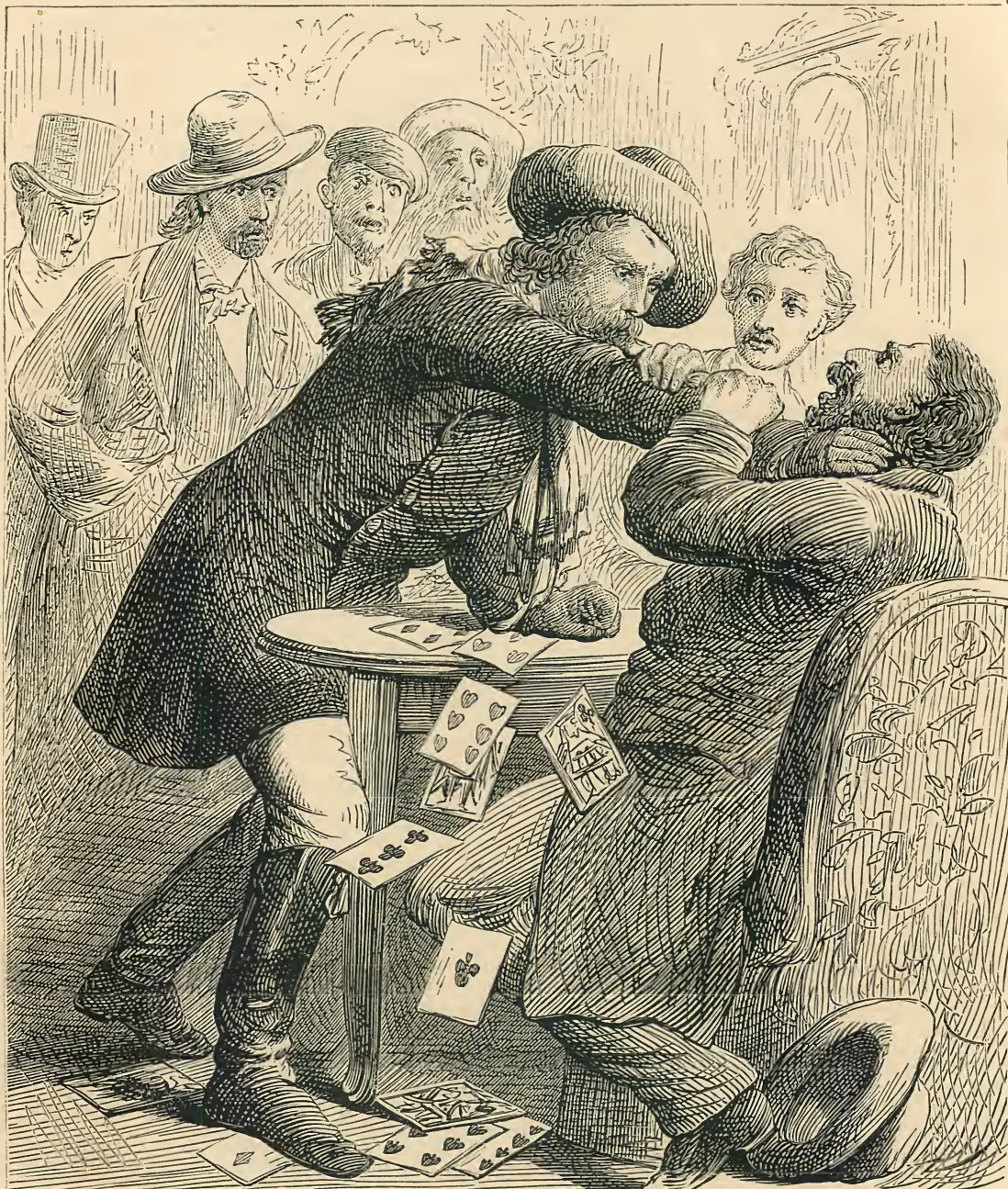
Without saying a word, both followed him. He led them to the captain's cabin.

'Friend,' he said to him, 'you have contraband goods on board; gamblers and card-sharpers,' he added, with a side-glance at Jim. 'Now take heed: you know who I am, and my word upon it, if you allow this kind of thing on board I shall be obliged to make a report to the proper authorities of what I have just witnessed. This man here,' pointing to Georgy, 'must be landed at the next station, and sent under surveillance to New York. Take care that from thence he reaches Boston in two days, and is given up to his father. As to this honourable gentleman, put him on shore at the first best place. I won't be the cause of his falling into the hands of the police, and wish to avoid the scandal which would be produced by the mention of his name in connexion with that of his foolish victim.'


The captain, who at the first glance took in the whole matter, acted entirely as the singular stranger directed. Jim was put on shore at the first halting-place, and Georgy, in the charge of a trusty member of the crew, was sent to his father at Boston, after all the money which he possessed at the commencement of the game had been handed to him out of the pocket-book of his opponent.

But who, the reader will ask, was the fiddler of Nashville—this strange man, to whose words everything seemed to yield with magic power. The fiddler of Nashville was none other than Ole Bull, the Musician of the North, who a few weeks before this incident had given a concert in Nashville, where Jim had seen him.

J. F. C.



"Yes, indeed, rogue! It is the fiddler."

 NOTICE.—Every Girl and Boy should take in 'THE PRIZE.' It is full of Pictures and Stories. Price One Penny Monthly.



Painted by F. G. Cotman.

THE LITTLE STUDENT.

Chatterbox.



The Drum-Call in New Hope.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 91.)



HAT was an ever-memorable night to Paul. Alone in his chamber, lying on his bed, whence he could look out, as in childhood, upon the stars, he thought upon what had happened at Fort Sumter, and of the meeting in the church at New Hope, and how he had pledged himself with the rest to stand by the flag of his country. The water by the mill was repeating the soul-stirring song which Azalia, Daphne, Hans, and himself had sung. The maples, elms, and all the forest-trees, like a multitudinous chorus of a great and mighty people, were saying, 'It shall wave—shall wave—over the home of the brave!'

But men were wanted. The President had called for them. Ought he not to be one of the seventy-five thousand? Would not his grandfather, if alive, point to the old gun, and say, 'Go, Paul; your country calls you?' Were not all who have died for liberty, justice, truth, and right, calling upon him to do his duty? Were not the oppressed everywhere looking to him? What answer could he give to the millions yet to be, if in his old age they were to question him as to what part he bore in the great struggle? Thus the voices of the ages propounded solemn questions—voices of earth and heaven—of his duty to his country and to God. But how could he leave his home, his mother, his friends, his school, the choir, Azalia, Daphne, Hans, and give up the dear associations of the place? What if he should fall in battle? Could he meet death face to face? But then he remembered that the path of duty, though it may lead through dangers, though it may lead to the death of the body, is the way by which peace comes to the soul. It was the most solemn moment of his life, for God was questioning him. He heard not only the voices of the past, and of the winds, the water, and of his country, calling him to do his duty as a patriot, but there was a still small voice talking of sins committed and duties neglected. He turned and tossed in agony, wishing that he could be made fit to dwell with the angels. But in his agony he heard another Voice saying, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.'

They were no longer tears of sorrow which wet his pillow, but of joy, for he saw that Jesus, having carried the cross up to Calvary, was able and willing also to bear his burden. What a Friend, to take away all his sin, and leave no scar, no pain, no sorrow! He would serve such a Friend with his whole soul. He would do his duty, whatever it might be. For such a Friend he could go through all dangers and win his way to victory. For Him he would live, and for Him he would die, if need be, to save his country.

'Go, my son,—your country calls you, and God

will take care of you,' said his mother in the morning, when he told her that he thought it his duty to enlist.

'I have decided to be a volunteer, and shall spend a half-hour with the school and then dismiss it, and this will be my last day as a teacher,' said Paul to the school committee, as he went for the last time to the school-house. It was hard to part with those who were dear to him. He had been so kind and gentle, and yet so firm and just, that all the scholars loved him.

'You may lay aside your books, I have not time to hear your lessons,' he said, and then he talked of what had happened,—said that the flag had been insulted, that justice, law, religious liberty, truth, and right, had been overthrown, and that, unless the Rebellion was put down, they would have no country, no home—that God and his country called him, and he must go. The issues at stake were not only worth living for, but they were worth dying for, if they could be secured in no other way. It was a duty to fight for them. How hard it was to say 'Good-bye!' They would meet again, but perhaps not in this world. His voice trembled; there was weeping around the room. When he dismissed them, they had no heart to play; they could only think how good and kind he was, and how great their loss; and in imagination, looking into the gloomy future, beheld him in the thickest of the fight upon the battlefield.

The whole country was aflame with patriotism. The drum-beat was heard not only in New Hope, but in every city and village of the land. There was a flag on almost every house. Farmers left their ploughs in the unfinished furrows; the fire of the blacksmith's forge went out; carpenters laid down their planes; lawyers put aside their cases in the courts—all to become citizen-soldiers and aid in saving the country—assembling in squads, companies, and regiments at the county seats.

He called upon the Rev. Mr. Surplice. 'The Lord be with you, to guide, protect, and bless you!' said the good man as he bade Paul farewell. It was a benediction which followed Paul all the day, which comforted and strengthened him, when he reflected that he might be bidding a last farewell to his friends.

He was surprised to find that everybody was his friend; that all bade him God speed—all, except Mr. Funk and Philip. It was evening when he called upon Azalia. He had shaken hands with Daphne and Hans, and others of his associates. The train would bear him away in the morning. Azalia came tripping down the path, holding out both hands to meet him at the gate. She greeted him with a sad smile.

'You are not going away to the war, are you?' she asked, with faltering voice.

'Yes, Azalia, and I have come to bid you good-bye!'

'Do you think it your duty to go and leave your mother? It will be hard for her to give you up; she will miss you very much, and we shall all miss you.'

'I know that the old house will be lonesome—that the days will be long and the nights dreary—to my mother—that she will listen to every ap-

proaching footstep, and think perhaps it is mine. I know, Azalia, that possibly I may never return; I feel that perhaps this is the last time I may ever take you by the hand; but I feel that God and my country both are calling me, and that I must go.

'But what if you are killed on the battle-field? Oh, Paul, it is dreadful to think of!'

'I would rather die there while doing what I feel to be my duty, than remain here shirking it. Last night I heard the voices of the Past calling me, and I seemed to see the myriads who are to come after us beckoning me. I know it is my duty to go. You would not have me falter, would you, Azalia?'

She could not reply. Her voice choked with emotion; she had not expected such a question. Tears came into her eyes, and she turned away to hide them.

'I could not go without coming to see you, to thank you for all your kindness to me; you have been always a faithful and true friend. God bless you for all you have done for me! I know your goodness of heart, and I hope that, when I am gone, you will sometimes go in and comfort my mother, and shorten the hours for her; for your smile is always like the sunshine, and it will cheer her.'

'I will do what I can to make her forget that you are gone.'

'And you will not wholly forget me?'

'I shall never forget you,' she replied; then, looking steadily upon him, with a strong effort to keep down her emotion, she said: 'Paul, I have heard that there are many dangers in camp; that soldiers sometimes forget home and old friends, and become callous and hardened to good influences; that they lose sight of Heaven and things holy and pure amid the new duties and strange excitements. But for the sake of those who respect and honour and love you, you will not give way to vice, will you? I know you will not, for my sake.'

'For your sake, Azalia, if for no other reason, I will resist evil, and I will try to serve God and my country faithfully in all things, so that if I come back, or if I fall in battle, you will not be ashamed of having once been my friend.'

She pressed her sweet lips to his forehead, saying, 'I have nothing else to give you for such a promise. Remember that it came from your old friend, Azalia.'

His heart was full. He had braved himself to say farewell to all his friends without shedding a tear, but his courage was faltering. How could he go, perhaps never to return? He wanted to say more. He wanted to sit down at her feet and worship such goodness; but he could only dash away the tears, look for a moment into her eyes, drink in the sad smile upon her face, leave a kiss upon her cheek, press her a moment to his heart, and say, 'God bless you, Azalia!'

He turned hastily away, and passed through the gate. He cast one glance behind, and beheld her standing in the gravelled walk, her chestnut hair falling upon her shoulders, and the setting sun throwing around her its golden light. She waved him an adieu and he passed on, thinking of her as his good angel. When far away, pacing his lonely beat at dead of night, he would think of her and behold her as in that parting hour.

CHAPTER X.—A SOLDIER.

He was a soldier in camp, wearing a blue uniform, sleeping in a tent, wrapped in a blanket, with a knapsack for a pillow. He had voluntarily given up the freedom of home, and was ready to yield obedience to military rule. He could not pass the guard without a permit. When the drum beat he must spring to his feet. He was obliged to wear a knapsack, a cartridge-box, and a bayonet scabbard, and carry a gun, not always as he would like to carry it, but as ordered by the officer in command. He was obliged to march hour after hour, and if he came to a brook or a muddy place, instead of turning aside and passing over on stepping-stones or upon a fallen tree, he must go through without breaking the ranks. His companions were not altogether such as he liked to associate with. Some were very profane, and used coarse language. There was one great, over-grown Dutchman, Gottlieb von Dunk, who smoked nearly all the time when awake, and who snored terribly when asleep. But he was a good-hearted fellow for all that, and had a great many pleasant stories to tell.

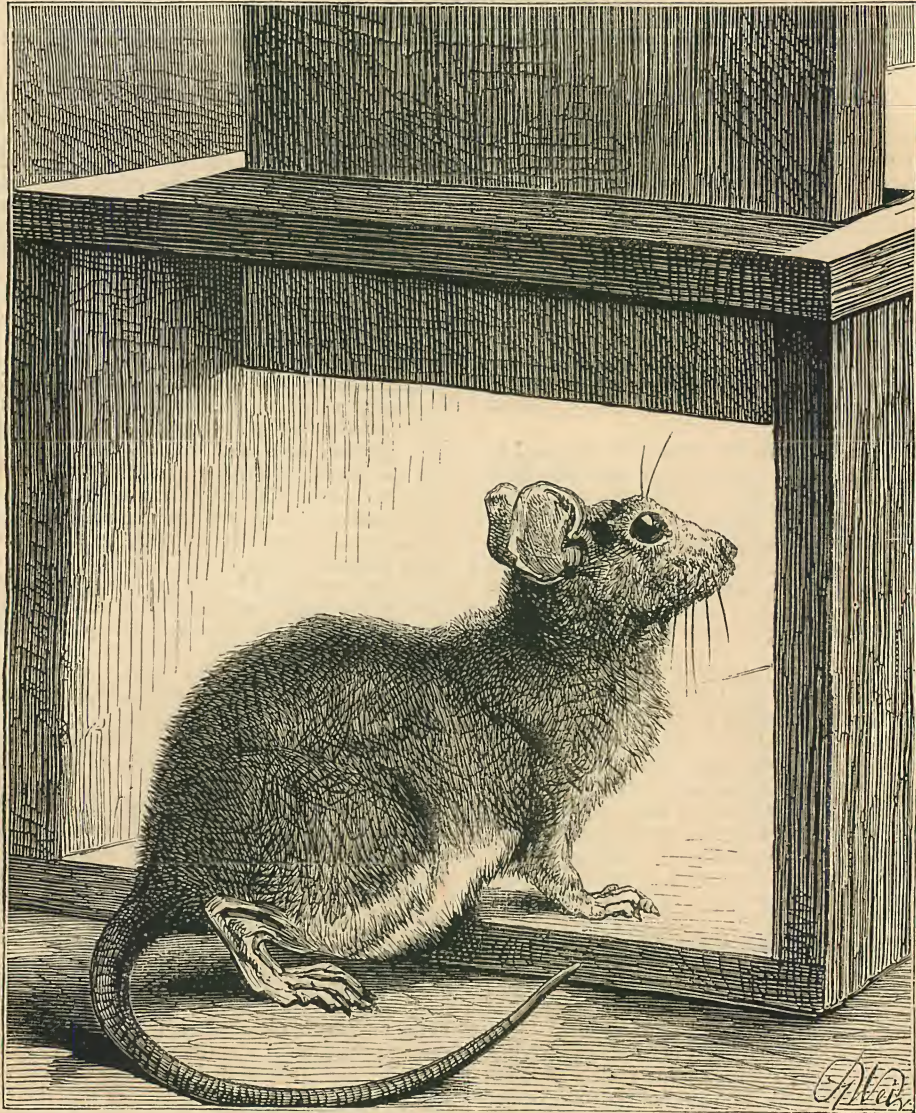
It was inspiring to hear the drum and fife, the blast of the bugle, and the playing of the band; it was glorious to look upon the star-spangled banner waving in the breeze: but the excitement soon wore away. There were rainy days, comfortless and cheerless. Sometimes the rations were not fit to be eaten, and there was grumbling in the camp. There were days of home-sickness, when the soldiers longed to break away from the restraints of camp life and be free once more.

The regiment in which Paul enlisted was ordered to Cairo, in Illinois, where it joined several others. When the men were enlisted, they expected to march at once upon the rebels; but week after week passed by, spring became summer, and summer lengthened into autumn, and there was no movement of the troops. The ardour of their patriotism died out. It was a monotonous life, waking early in the morning to answer roll-call, to eat breakfast of salt pork and hard-tack, drilling by squads, by companies, by battalion, marching and counter-marching, going through the same manœuvres every day, shouldering, ordering, and presenting arms, making believe load and fire, standing on guard, putting out their lights at nine o'clock at night—doing all this, week after week, with the rebels at Columbus, only twenty miles down the river. It was very irksome. Sometimes Paul's heart went back to New Hope, as the dear old times came crowding upon him; but he had learned to be patient. He knew that it was necessary for soldiers to become disciplined. He had enlisted for the war, he gave his whole attention to doing his duty, and received his reward by being made a sergeant. He kept his gun clean, his equipments in good order, and he was always in his place. So prompt was he, that his commander nicknamed him 'Sergeant Ready.' He was as ready to play a game of football, or to run a race, as he was to appear in the ranks at drill. When off duty, instead of idling away his time, he was studying the tactics, learning not only his duty as a sergeant, but what it would be if he were a lieutenant or a captain.

(To be continued.)



Trees and their Uses.—The Oak.



THE DISOBEDIENT MOUSE.

IN a hole in a cupboard lived three little mice,
 Frisky, Furry, and Billy;
 They lived with their mother on all things nice,
 And one of them only was silly.

Frisky, he was a wise little mouse,
 And never went far from home;
 And Furry followed his brother's advice,
 But Billy was given to roam.

The old mother did her best to provide
 The nicest food she could find,
 And then she would call them all to her side
 And feed them with bread and cheese-rind.

But Billy, one night when the rest were asleep,
 Stole quickly away from them all,
 And went on his travels adventures to seek;
 You shall hear what to him did befall.

He scampered away with great delight,
 And was proud when he found himself free;
 But his joy did not last till morning light,
 And short was his liberty.

He very soon found—this foolish mouse!—
 He had better have stopped at home,
 Quiet and still in his own little house,
 And not have desired to roam.

For, sniffing about for something to eat,
 He smelt a smell of cheese;
 And he searched about, all in and out,
 For his hunger he would appease.

At last he came to a pretty house,
 Just large enough for him;
 And there was the cheese that smelt so nice,
 Hung temptingly within.

Said he, 'This is just to my taste!'
And quickly glided in,
When suddenly down there came in haste
The door with iron rim.

Poor Billy was overcome with fears,
He squeaked and cried again;
But all his squeaks and all his fears
Could not his freedom gain.

Next morn came Sally with a broom,
And finding Billy there,
Cried out—'Look, do! come quickly! run!
A mouse is caught—it's here!'

Then quickly she ran and fetched a pail
Of water from the well,
She took poor Billy by the tail,
And, squeaking, in he fell.

Now let my tale a warning be
To all young mice at home,
Should any wish the world to see,
Ask leave before you roam.

TREES AND THEIR USES.

THE OAK.



THE oak, the king of the forest, is one of the things an Englishman may well be proud of. It is a tree of an honest and sturdy nature—a tree more useful than any other, unless it is the fir. It has relations in other countries (the cork is one of them); but oaks do not grow well in warm climates. They seem to love England specially, and England loves them. Nothing can be more beautiful than a forest of old oaks with fern growing all around. There is such variety in their shapes, such dignity in their looks, such a show of strength that can hold its own against all comers, that all must admire them.

The wood of the oak is very hard and lasting, heavy and tough. The doors of the inner chapels of Westminster Abbey are said to be as old as the original building. The shrine of Edward the Confessor is of oak, made in 1066. A round table at Winchester Castle was shown by Henry VIII. to his imperial visitor, Charles V., as the real table of King Arthur. If so, it was then 1000 years old. An old church at Greenstead is built of oak trunks split in half; and these wooden walls, having been lashed by the storms of a thousand winters, are yet so strong and sound that they promise to endure a thousand more.

The oak is very useful in ship-building. It had one very valuable quality when English ships of war were not iron pots but wooden vessels, and that was this—its wood does not splinter when struck by a cannon ball.

The English oak varies from 60 to 80 feet in height. Sometimes an oak will reach 100 feet and upwards, but not often. It will live a very long

time. Some, still showing signs of life, are certainly a thousand years of age.

The stem of the oak is naturally short; though, if the trees are planted in close masses, the stems grow long and straight. The Duke's Walking Stick at Welbeck was 111 ft. 6 in. high, and its stem rose 70 ft. 6 in. before it began to form a head.

The acorns and fruit are good for the wild boar, the stag, and the goat. Acorn-food, or 'mast,' was anciently much used in our country as food for men as well as for hogs. A man was formerly fined sixty shillings if he felled an oak under which thirty hogs could stand and feed. Acorns, being bitter, are not pleasant food, but some of those borne by foreign oaks are as good as sweet chestnuts. There is an oak, called the manna oak, from whose branches and leaves the Koords make what they call 'the sweet-meat of Heaven.'

There are many historic oaks in England. The King's Oak at Windsor was a favourite tree of William the Conqueror. A Parliament was held by Edward I. under the 'Parliament Oak' in Clipstone. Beneath the Morley Oak in Cheshire the Black Prince had his dinner. On the Abbott's Oak at Woburn men were hanged by Henry VIII. In an oak at Boscobel, Charles II. took refuge.

In the Nannau Oak (in Wales) a skeleton was found upright in the hollow with a rusty sword in its bony hand. It was that of a Welsh chieftain, who had been killed in a quarrel, and hidden there.

A gentleman named Day used to invite his friends to dine off beans and bacon under the Fairlop Oak early in July every year. This fact drew so many people together, that a fair was established under its branches. The fair lasted one hundred years. When the tree came down at last, a pulpit and reading-desk were made from its timber, and placed in St. Pancras Church, London.

Some trunks are very large. The Boddington Oak trunk was made into a room and wainscoted. Through the Greendale Oak a roadway was cut large enough for a carriage and four to pass.

An arm which fell from the Winfarthing Oak contained two waggon-loads of wood.

The oak supports myriads of insects. Some live under the bark; some in the decayed wood; some on the leaves. The oak has more enemies of this sort than any other tree. In June, 1827, all the oak trees in a Kentish wood were perfectly leafless owing to the depredations of caterpillars. These little creatures roll up the leaves, and make themselves a home there. Some insects form the gall-nuts and oak-apples, which, after being nurseries for infant grubs, are useful in making a black dye.

Many plants also live in the oak, and are fed by its vigorous juices—such as ferns and mosses, and fungi.

A sort of eatable mushroom grows from its roots, and the mistletoe sometimes, but not often, is found living on one of its branches.

The bark and the galls afford a substance called 'tannin.' This is of the greatest use to the leather-maker. Every one's foot owes much to the oak. Tannin makes hides and skins waterproof, and keeps them from putrefying.

We ought also to mention that the oak is useful in

making piers or bridges. It can resist the decaying action of water beyond any other tree. The Emperor Trajan built a bridge across the Danube. Its oaken piles were sound in Buffon's days, 1600 years after their immersion. Some of the stakes which the ancient Britons are said to have driven into the Thames to fence off Julius Cæsar and his legions were examined not many years ago, and found in capital condition. This was the case also with some oak piers which supported the buttresses of the famous old London bridge.

THE BITER BIT.

AN Italian gentleman had a servant girl, who said to him one morning, 'Oh, if you please, Signor, will you lend me three francs to buy a lottery ticket? I dreamed last night that No. 41,144 was going to draw the big prize.'

He gave the girl the three francs, and, the next day, on happening to look at the report of the drawing, saw that No. 41,144 had drawn the capital prize of 518,552,085 lire (20,000*l.*). Returning to the house he said to the girl,—

'Susanetta, I have long noticed your piety, beauty, modesty, skill in the art of cookery, and other good qualities fitted to adorn the highest station. Be mine. No delay. Just as you are. Come with me.'

In a little time the ceremony had been performed, and the twain were one.

They returned to the house, where the husband carelessly took up the paper, and said, with a well-counterfeited start of surprise,—

'Darling, everything is bright for us on our wedding-day. You remember the ticket in the lottery that you dreamed about, and I gave you three francs to buy? Where is it?'

'Oh! I didn't buy it. I spent the money for this lovely bonnet.'

So the Signor was caught in his own trap.

But was Susanetta any the better off with a husband whom she had outwitted? Perhaps they reviled each other for their deceit for the rest of their lives.

TALES OF TROY.

No. II.—MENELAUS AND PARIS.

IT has been said, the quarrel between the Greeks and Trojans arose about a very beautiful woman, named Helen, who was carried off by Paris, one of the handsomest princes of his time.

We can suppose Menelaus, Helen's husband, would feel very angry at this, and he would most gladly have fought a duel with Paris and spoiled his beauty, if he could have got at him; but Paris, for a long time, did not give him the chance. One day, however, towards the end of the weary siege, the dandy strolled out of the city with a smart panther-skin over his

armour. Shaking gracefully a pointed spear in either hand, he dared the bravest Greek to mortal combat. The injured Menelaus soon eyed his enemy, and leaped from his chariot to get at him, just as a lion bounds from a thicket. At the sight of the terrible man he had wronged, Paris drew back among the Trojans, while Hector, the bravest of them, rated his brother for his cowardice. 'Unhappy Paris!' said he. 'Better to have died a babe, than to be a coward and make us all ridiculous!' 'What you say is true,' replied Paris; 'but every one cannot be as brave as you are. I praise your courage; pray do not despise my beauty. Still, if you wish it,' continued Paris, 'I will fight Menelaus in solemn duel, and put an end to this weary war.'

Hector was delighted at this, and went to tell the Greeks that his brother Paris would fight Menelaus. The news soon spread over the plain, and the Greeks rejoiced at the prospect of peace. While preparations for the duel were being made, the beautiful Helen drew near to old King Priam, who, with other ancients unfit for war, was basking in the sunshine on the wall. She pointed out to them the notable chiefs, such as Agamemnon, Ulysses, and Ajax. While so engaged, a herald interrupted her with the tidings of the impending fight. Priam was sorry to hear it, for he loved his handsome son, and feared that he might soon be dead. With a heavy heart he ordered his cream-coloured steeds to be yoked to his chariot, and was driven through the Scean gate to the plain, where a religious truce was being solemnised previous to the combat. Priam shared in the sacred rites, but returned to the city, not choosing to see his son's danger.

Hector and Ulysses having prepared the lists cast lots for the first throw, which fell to Paris. The dandy was splendidly arrayed. Homer describes his gilded armour, purple bands, silver buckles, and nodding horse-hair plume. He lifted his spear and threw it at Menelaus: it rang against his shield, but did no further harm. The Greek hero, before he returned the compliment, prayed the good old prayer, 'God defend the right!' after which he hurried his javelin with all the strength of his arm. It pierced Paris' armour without wounding him. Before the Trojan had time to strike another blow Menelaus drew his sword, and dealt his enemy a tremendous blow on the head. The sword, however, proved faithless, for it was broken off at the hilt. The Greek, uttering a few impatient words, rushed at his hated rival, and seizing the crest of his helmet would have dragged him away, had not the embroidered band which fastened the helmet on given way, and left an empty head-piece in his hand. Tossing the smart casque among his followers, the Greek once more uplifted his deadly spear, and aimed it at his foe's breast. But now Venus, the friend of Paris (because he had awarded her the apple of discord and prize of beauty), threw around him a veil of cloud, and conveyed him in safety to his chamber. When Helen saw him she despised him, and said she wished he had died like a man. 'Go again,' said she, 'and renew the fight. But no; better stay here, lest you be killed by Menelaus.' She admired the man for his beauty, though she scorned him for being a coward.



Menelaus and Paris.

Chatterbox.



A Sailor on the Look-out.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 99.)



HE camp of Paul's regiment was near the town, on the bank of the Mississippi, where he saw the great steamboats pass down the Mississippi from St. Louis, and down the Ohio from Louisville and Cincinnati, with thousands of troops on board, with the flags and banners streaming, the bands playing, and the soldiers cheering. It was pleasant to stand upon the levee, and behold the stirring scenes—the gunboats commanded by the brave and good Admiral Foote, the great eleven-inch guns peeping from the portholes—but Paul longed for active life. He rejoiced when he heard that his regiment was ordered to leave the Ohio River and go down toward Columbus on a reconnoitring expedition. The soldiers were so happy that they threw up their caps and gave a loud hurrah.

With their haversacks full of hard-tack and cold boiled beef, carrying their tin cups and plates, their cartridge-boxes full of cartridges, they embarked on one of the great steamboats, and floated down the river. They were exhilarated with the thought that they were to have new and untried experiences—that perhaps there would be a battle. They paced the deck of the steamboat nervously, and looked carefully into the woods along the river bank to see if there were any rebel scouts lurking behind the trees.

Six miles below Cairo is a place called Old Fort Jefferson, where many years ago the white settlers built a fort, and where they had a battle with the Indians. The *Essex* gunboat, Captain Porter, was lying there, swinging at her anchors in the stream. A sailor paced the deck, who had a spy-glass in his hand, and kept a sharp look-out down the river, for there were two rebel gun-boats below in the bend.

The regiment landed on the Kentucky side, where a narrow creek comes down from the hills through a wild ravine. Suddenly there was a cry of 'There they come! the rebel gunboats!' Paul looked down the river, and saw two dark-coloured boats.

'Heave anchor! Put on steam! Light up the magazines! Pipe all hands to quarters! Lively!' were the orders on board the *Essex*.

The boatswain blew his whistle, the drummer beat the long roll, and the sailors, who had been dozing about the decks, were instantly astir, weighing the anchors, running out the great guns, bringing up shot and shell from the hold, and clearing the deck for action. The great wheels turned, and the *Essex* swung out into the stream, and prepared to meet her antagonists. What an exciting moment! Paul felt the blood rush through his veins as he never felt it before. One of the approaching gunboats was suddenly enveloped in white smoke. He heard a screaming in the air, coming nearer and nearer, and growing louder and louder and more terrifying. He

felt a cold chill creep over him. He held his breath. He was in doubt whether it would be better to get behind a tree, or lie down, or take to his heels. He could see nothing in the air, but he knew that a shot was coming. Perhaps it might hit him. He thought of home, his mother, Azalia, and all the old friends. He lived years in a second. 'I won't run,' he said to himself, as the iron bolt came on. Crash! it went through a great oak-tree, shivering it to splinters, and flying on into the woods, cutting off branches, and falling to the ground at last with a heavy thug; ploughing a deep furrow and burying itself out of sight. There was a roar of thunder rolling along the river banks, echoing from woodland to woodland. Then the heavy eleven-inch gun of the *Essex* jumped up from the deck, took a leap backwards, almost jerking the great iron ringbolts from the sides of the ship, coming down with a jar which made her quiver from stem to stern, sending a shell, smoking and hissing, down stream, towards the rebel gunboat, and striking it amidships, throwing the planks into the water. 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' shouted the crew of the *Essex*. 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' answered the soldiers on shore, dancing about and cheering. Another shot came screeching towards them as loud as the first; but it was not half so terrifying. Paul thought it was not worth while to be frightened till he was hurt, and so he stood his ground, and watched the firing till the rebel gunboats turned towards Columbus and disappeared behind the distant headland, followed by Captain Porter, who kept his great guns booming till he was almost within range of the Rebel batteries at Columbus. He was a brave man, short and stout, with a heavy beard. His father commanded the United States ship *Essex* in 1812, and had a long, hard fight with two British ships in the harbour of Valparaiso, fighting against great odds, till his decks were slippery with blood, and till nearly all of his guns were dismounted, when he was obliged to surrender.

'The son is a chip of the old block,' said Admiral Foote the next day to Captain Porter, commending his watchfulness and promptness to meet the enemy. Paul saw how necessary it was in military operations to be always on the watch, and he felt that it was also necessary to be calm and self-possessed when on the battle-field.

The regiment took up its line of march, for a reconnoissance towards Columbus, along a winding path through the woods, passing log farm-houses, crossing creeks on log bridges. Paul noticed all the windings of the road, the hills, houses, and other objects, keeping count of his steps from one place to another, jotting it down on a slip of paper when the regiment came to a halt. They could not kindle a fire, for they were in the enemy's country, and each man ate his supper of hard-tack and cold beef, and washed it down with water from the creek.

Paul was sitting on a log eating his supper, and looking about for a place to spread his blanket for the night, when the Colonel of the regiment came to him and said,—

'Sergeant Parker, it is very important that a reconnoissance be made to-night towards the enemy's lines. I hear that you are a good, faithful, and trustworthy soldier. Are you willing to take it?'

'I have no desire to shirk any duty. If you wish me to go, I am ready,' said Paul.

'Very well; gain all the information you can, and report at daybreak,' said the Colonel.

He went out alone in the darkness, past the pickets. And now that he was alone, and moving towards the enemy, he felt that he was engaged in a hazardous undertaking. He walked softly, crouching down, listening to every sound;—on through deep and gloomy ravines, through the dense forests, past farm-houses, where dogs were howling—noticing all the objects, and picturing them in memory.

'Halt! Who comes there?' shouted a voice. He heard the click of a gun-lock. It was a very dark night; stooping close to the ground, he could see an object by the roadside, immediately before him. He held his breath. What should he do? 'Keep cool,' said a monitor within. His heart had leaped into his throat, but it went back to its proper place. 'Who comes there?' said the sentinel again.

Instead of answering, he moved backward so softly and noiselessly that he could not hear his own footsteps.

'What is the row?' he heard a Rebel officer ask of the sentinel.

'There is a Yankee prowling about, I reckon,' said the sentinel in a whisper, and added, 'There he is!'

'Shoot him!' said the officer.

There was a flash which blinded Paul. He heard the Minié bullet sing above him. He could see the dark forms of the two men. He had a revolver in his hand, and could have shot them, but he was there to gain information, and not to bring on a fight.

'It is nothing but a stump after all,' said the officer.

The report of the gun re-echoed far and near. The night was still, and he could hear other pickets talking out in the field on his right hand and on his left. How fortunate! He knew where they were, and now he could avoid them. But ought he not to turn back? He resolved not to be frightened from his object. After lying still awhile, he went back along the road, then turned aside, walked softly from tree to tree, careful not to crackle a twig beneath his feet, crept on his hands and knees through the thick underbrush, and gained the road in the rear of the picket. Being inside of the enemy's lines, he knew that he could move more freely, for if any of the sentinels heard him they would think it one of their own number. He walked on, but suddenly found himself standing face to face with a dozen soldiers.

'Well, Jim, are there any Yankees down there?' one asked.

'The sentinel thought he saw a Yankee, but I reckon he fired at a stump,' said Paul, passing boldly by them to their rear.

He now saw that he was in a Rebel camp. There were smouldering fires, tents, a cannon, baggage-waggons, and horses which were munching their grain. What should he do? He felt that he was in a critical situation. If taken, he would be hung as a spy. He stood still and reflected a moment, to calm his nerves. He had blundered in, perhaps he might

get out. He would try; but as he was there, ought he not to improve the opportunity to find out all about the camp, how large it was, how many men there were? He counted the baggage-waggons and the tents. He almost stumbled over a man who was wrapped in his blanket. It was an officer sound asleep, with his sword by his side. He was sleeping so deeply that Paul ventured to take the sword, for he thought, unless he carried something back as evidence, his report would not be believed. And then he crept back past the grand guard, and past the sentinels, sometimes crawling an inch at a time, then stepping as noiselessly as a cat in search of her prey, till he was past them all. He was surprised to find how cool and self-possessed he was, how clear his brain, and how wide-awake were all his faculties. He was as light-hearted as a bird in spring-time, for even in the darkness, while he was dimly discerning what was around him, he saw Azalia, as he last beheld her in the gravelled walk before her home, waving him on! At daybreak he reached the lines once more. The Colonel heard his story, and was in doubt about its truth; but when he saw how accurate a map Paul drew, and that the sword was marked C. S. A., for the Confederate States of America—when he saw how modest and straightforward Paul was in all that he did, he said, 'Sergeant Parker, I shall inform General Grant that you have done your duty faithfully.'

CHAPTER XI.—SCOUTING.

'SERGEANT PARKER is hereby ordered to report immediately at General Grant's Headquarters,' was the order which Paul received the next morning. He wondered what General Grant could want of him. He entered the General's tent, and saw a short, thick-set, middle-aged man, with sandy whiskers, sitting at a table, reading letters and smoking a cigar. He was dressed in a plain blue blouse, and as he had no straps on his shoulders, Paul thought he was the General's orderly.

'Is General Grant about?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' said the man, looking up pleasantly.

'I should like to see him,' said Paul.

'I am General Grant.'

Paul was astonished to find a general so affable and pleasant, for he had seen some lieutenants and captains strut like turkey-cocks, because they wore straps on their shoulders. Paul saluted the General, and said, 'I am ordered to report to you, sir.'

'Oh, yes; you are Sergeant Parker, who made a reconnaissance last night. Sit down, Sergeant, till I finish my letters.' It was spoken so pleasantly and kindly, that Paul said to himself, 'He is a gentleman.'

When the General had finished his letters he lighted another cigar, and questioned Paul about his adventures; how far it was to the Rebel camp, and how the camp was situated.

'I will give you a sketch of the place,' said Paul; and, sitting up to the table, he drew a map, putting down the creeks, the roads, the woods, the distances from point to point, the place where he came upon the pickets, the position of the tents, and all the objects he saw.

(To be continued.)



THE RABBIT.

THIS species is about twenty inches in length. The ears are about a fourth shorter than the head, with a blackish tip. The legs are shorter than those of other species, and the feet are capable of digging. It constructs dwellings in the earth, where it retires to repose, or retreats from danger. 'Although, on account of the comparative shortness of its legs, it is much inferior to the hares in speed, it yet runs with great celerity; and a number of rabbits scattered over a field, and retreating, on being alarmed, to their holes, afford a very pleasant sight, some scudding along in trepidation, others bounding over the shrubs or herbage, one disappearing here, another stopping a moment to look around before it plunges into its retreat, and perhaps a third peeping from the

aperture. Early in the morning, when old and young are abroad, they may be seen gamboling in faucied security, for the rabbit is "full of fun and frolic," and takes pleasure in exercising its faculties. If there are fields and pastures in the neighbourhood, they make excursions among the corn and grass, committing serious devastations when their numbers are great.'

In the wild state, rabbits have not several wives, but pair, and, it is said, remain thus attached for life. The female, when about to deposit her young, forms a separate burrow, and makes a nest for their reception of the fur plucked from her breast. Unlike the young of the hare proper, they are naked at birth; but they grow rapidly, and in a short time are able to take care of themselves.



MALMESBURY ABBEY.

IN the days when the Saxons ruled over England, some few hundred years before the birth of Christ, a poor monk named Maildolph travelled from Scotland, his native country, to Wiltshire, in search of a quiet home, where he might be safe from the attacks of robbers, by whom he had been grievously molested. Coming to Ingelburne Castle, he begged to be allowed to make for himself a hermitage near its walls, and permission being granted, he established

himself there, and made his living by teaching boys and young men; and thus was founded the monastery which grew into the beautiful Abbey of Malmesbury, built in the year 675. It is now in ruins; but old writers speak much of its splendour in days gone by; and a grand edifice it must have been, with its two steeples, as they were called; one had a stately pyramid, which was a landmark to the neighbouring country; and the other, a large square tower at the west end of the building.

Aldhelm, afterwards Bishop of Sherborne, the nephew of the King of Wessex, came to Maildolph for instruction, and in after years became better known than his master. He could play on the harp; and we read that he would sometimes stand on the bridge over the river Avon playing sacred tunes, and when the people coming out of church stopped to listen, he persuaded them to let him teach them to sing the Psalter.

But still better known than Aldhelm is the monk who goes by the name of William of Malmesbury, who lived in the reign of Henry I. He was librarian of the Abbey, and from his early youth was devoted to learning, and he wrote a history of England from the coming of the Saxons till his own times.

These old monks loved books, which were not so plentiful in those days as they are now, and they took the greatest care of the valuable libraries which belonged to the different monasteries.

Many are the changes which Malmesbury Abbey has seen. When good King Alfred reigned over England the Danes burnt it to the ground, and in the time of King Stephen it was the scene of war and fighting. When Henry VIII. came to the throne he suppressed the monasteries, Malmesbury Abbey among the rest; but we hear of it again in the reign of Charles the First as a subject of contention between the Royalists and the Parliamentary troops; and finally it was turned, or at least part of it, into a cloth factory. But now it rests, a peaceful ruin, a memory of the Past, calling to mind the stormy days of years gone by, and bidding us thank God that we live in better times, and can serve Him in peace and quietness.

M. H. F. DONNE.



THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

RONALD, a Highland boatman, was a great favourite with the family who employed him; but though brave and manly in every-day life, he was so superstitious that, under the influence of supernatural fears, he was sometimes led into conduct altogether unworthy of a grown man. This weakness of character once brought him into a position over which we, who knew all about it, scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry.

It was a remote little island on which we lived, and before we could reach the haunts of civilised men it was necessary to cross in a row-boat nine or ten miles of open sea. The port of Oban being reached in this manner, transit in all directions was easy enough, for Oban has been called 'The Charing Cross of the Highlands.' But to avoid this disagreeable and sometimes even dangerous voyage in the row-boat, arrangements were made by which the captain of the steam-ship plying between Glasgow, Oban, and the Island of Skye, promised to lie-to, and take us on board while passing our island whenever a

certain signal was displayed at our mast-head. Accordingly, one afternoon in autumn, Ronald and Eric were ordered to be in readiness to convey their master and a visitor, who was leaving the island, to meet the Glasgow steamer. All went well. The steam was blown off, a rope thrown, and the little boat drawn alongside. The passengers, knowing that this was a private boat, amused themselves by gathering round to watch all that went on.

As soon as our visitor had ascended on deck, and before the boat could be cast off, a steerage passenger on board, in an excited manner, lowered a rough wooden box, and was descending himself, when he was roughly seized by a sailor above, who, shouting out that this was a private boat, dragged him back again on deck. The man seemed to remonstrate, but the rope was cast off, the paddles slowly went round, and the upshot was that Eric, Ronald, and the master, found themselves the unwilling guardians of this poor passenger's property; for, while the steamer had carried him off, the box had been left in the boat.

However, it could not be helped now; doubtless the owner would appear on the following day and reclaim his own, so the little boat leisurely returned to shore. The master, having landed, told Ronald to secure the boat, and then to carry the box to his mother's cottage for safety, and bidding Eric follow him to the great house, the two departed, leaving Ronald to his work.

Having secured the boat, Ronald began to examine the little box, which was a very slight construction, roughly put together, with little chinks at every corner. He took it up with natural curiosity, and turned it over in his hands; then, with a cry of mingled terror and dismay, he let it fall again upon the seat of the boat, and stood regarding it with eyes dilated with horror, and a face, out of which the colour was rapidly disappearing. Then he gazed helplessly around him, and sank down opposite the object of his fears.

The box contained a tiny coffin, and, from its weight, it was easy to perceive that the little tenant was already within, waiting for the rest of the grave. It was a sufficiently startling sight to almost any one, and not easily explained; but to poor Ronald it seemed clear as day that Satanic agency was at the bottom of the mystery. He felt that he could not carry that horrible burden home. He would certainly die of horror before he could accomplish the task. He threw his coat over the box with a shudder, resolving to leave it there till morning, when he might return with assistance, or at least with his mind made up as to what was to be done with it.

He was preparing to leave, when a new horror came over him. According to his belief, if any corpse received unworthy treatment from any human being, that person would assuredly be haunted by the spirit of the deceased; and if he left this little coffin unprotected, exposed to wind and weather, would he not become thereby liable to this dreadful penalty?

The thought was overpowering. With trembling hands he lifted up the fearful burden, and with hasty steps he went towards his home. By this time it was nearly dark, and Ronald remembered, with increased fear, that he had to pass a mountain tarn, where he

believed, as he had been told, that a water kelpie had long ago taken up her abode. His fears now had reached such a climax that he was scarcely conscious of his own movements.

He had just reached the deep, still lake, when some bird of night, with a wild flutter, rushed past his very face, and at that moment he seemed to feel a slight movement within the box. Uttering a fearful cry, he let it drop, and, staggering on a few steps further, he fell to the ground, insensible to all.

That same evening the Rev. Colin McAlpin, the tried and trusty friend of these islanders, was trotting homewards on his old gray pony, when he too heard unusual sounds just as he approached the mountain lake. Was that the wild scream of a sea-bird, or the cry of some distressed human being?

The old Highland clergyman carried a stout heart in his breast, and when he saw a prostrate figure on the ground in front of him, he dismounted and went to the rescue. Ronald was soon restored to animation, and then he told his fearful tale.

Mr. McAlpin examined the mysterious box, and then, with reverent hands, he lifted it in front of him as he again mounted his pony. Desiring the agitated young man to walk alongside, they slowly went on together to the manse, where the box was carefully disposed of in the best chamber till the following day. Then the old clergyman had some conversation with Ronald, which had a very beneficial effect upon him, but which was never revealed to other ears.

The following day the box was reclaimed, and a pathetic story was told. The babe had died in one of the crowded lanes of crowded Glasgow, and the poor mother, who remembered the rocky and sea-girt home of her childhood, with the fresh breeze and the blue ocean wave, could not bear the thought that her lost darling should be laid to rest in the damp and cheerless city churchyard.

Having obtained proper sanction for the step, the father was on his way to Appin, their native place, when the unfortunate mistake occurred, which deprived him for a time of his melancholy charge.

This simple explanation covered Ronald with confusion; and as he was a general favourite we all carefully abstained from any allusion, while in his presence, to the mysterious box. D. B. McKEAN.

TALES OF TROY.

No. III.—GENERAL AGAMEMNON

HERE was a man among the Trojans, a first-rate archer, but rather covetous and mean of soul, named Pandarus. Although there was now a solemn truce, he thought that he would aim an arrow at Menelaus, and get glory by his death if possible.

The arrow soon flew from the bow of Pandarus, and wounded Menelaus in the shoulder. Agamemnon,

who was standing by, grasped his brother's hand, and, thinking he might be wounded to death, broke out into a passionate lamentation. He accused himself of being the cause of his brother's misfortune, and called the Trojans false and treacherous.

Menelaus assured his brother that the wound was not fatal; but, as it was severe and painful, the physician Machaon was sent for. He came promptly, and attended the wounded man. While this was going on, the Trojans, thinking Pandarus had drawn his bow by order of their general, rushed forward in a body to attack the Greeks. This movement did not escape Agamemnon's eagle eye, and he flew from troop to troop, encouraging the brave, reproaching the timid. 'We have no cause for fear,' said he. 'It is for guilty Troy to tremble!'

Meeting the King of Crete, Agamemnon embraced him, and thanked him for his gallant services. Meriones assured the General he was to be depended on. Ajax and his cloud of black heroes were next visited, their spears looking like an iron wood.

Speaking a few words of praise here Agamemnon passed on to the aged Nestor, whose Pylian bands were a model of what a well-ordered little army should be: cavalry in front, footmen in the rear, and the doubtful ones between. Nestor bewailed his decaying strength, and said he was fitter now for the council-board than the glorious battle-field, but he would do his duty. When the General reached the soldiers of Ulysses, they seemed rather like men watching a fight afar off than heroes bearing the brunt of it.

'Why do your men stand idle?' asked the General. 'Can you see, without blushing, brave men engaged and yourselves at ease?'

'Reproach us not,' replied Ulysses. 'We are quite ready, and merely await the word of command.'

'Forgive me,' prayed Agamemnon: 'you will understand my zeal for the common good. Haste, then, to the front.'

The General then passed on to Diomed, whom he also sharply reproved for being inactive. Diomed spoke not a word in reply, but sprang from his chariot, while his aide-de-camp Sthenelus made a boastful speech, for which Diomed rebuked him.

The battle now began to rage in terrible earnest. The spears flew in iron tempests. The shouts of triumph were heard, and the groans of dying men.

Antilochus, old Nestor's son, killed the first man that day. This was Echepolus the Trojan. Then Ajax slew a lovely youth, named Simoisius. Leucus, a friend of Ulysses, picked up the body, and was carrying it away, when a whizzing javelin struck him, and he dropped the corpse and fell dead upon it.

Ulysses, seeing his friend thus suddenly laid low, rushed forward, and hurled his spear at the Trojan host. It lighted on the temples of Democoon, a son of Priam, and he fell dead with a piercing shriek. The fate of this gallant young prince spread dismay among those of his side. Even Hector seemed paralysed, and slowly gave way. Many of the Trojans died in confusion. The Greeks pressed on with loud shouts, and began to strip the dead of their armour. But a rally took place before long, the battle was renewed, and every soldier showed himself a hero.





Pandarus aiming an Arrow at Menelaus.

Chatterbox.



"Hello! What's here? Who be ye?"

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 107.)

SMOKING in silence the General sat looking at Paul with a keen eye. The map was drawn neatly and quickly, and with an accuracy which surprised the General. Paul had kept count of his steps from one object to another. By looking up to the stars he had kept the points of the compass, and knew whether he travelled south, or south-east, or south-west, and so he was able to draw an excellent map.

'Where did you study topographical engineering?' the General asked.

'By the kitchen fire,' Paul replied.

'A good college to graduate from, especially if a fellow has grit,' said the General, smiling. 'Are you willing to undertake a hazardous enterprise?' he asked.

'I am willing to undertake anything for my country,' Paul replied.

The General then told him that he wished to obtain information about Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. He showed him the positions on a map, and said it was an undertaking of great importance, and which might cost him his life. 'I will give you a trustworthy companion,' said he.

'I would rather attempt it alone, if you please. Two is one too many; it doubles our risk. If discovered by the Rebels, I couldn't help my comrade, neither could he help me. If we keep together, we shall have the same information. I think I shall succeed better alone,' said Paul.

'You are right,' said the General, who told him that he might prepare for the trip, and that he would be sent up the Tennessee River on a gunboat, and put on shore a few miles from Fort Henry, and that he must return in ten days. 'I hear a good report of you, and have confidence in you. I desire accurate information; for if it is not accurate, it may lead to very disastrous results,' said the General.

Two nights later, Paul stood alone on the bank of the Tennessee. The gunboat which had brought him was going back. He could hear the plashing of her wheels growing fainter each moment. He was in the enemy's country, on an undertaking which might cost him his life. If discovered, he would be hung. For an instant his heart failed him, and he felt that he must turn back; then he remembered that he had enlisted in the service of his country, to do his duty, whatever it might be. His duty was before him. He was upon the ground. Would not God take care of him? Was not the path of duty, although it might lead to death, the only path of safety?

There are times when duty is worth more than life? 'Whatever is right before the Eternal God, that I will do,' said Paul to himself. His fear was gone. He resolved to be bold, yet cautious, and

to keep his thoughts perfectly collected under all circumstances. He had succeeded in one reconnaissance, which made him hopeful; but he reflected that success often makes men careless, so he resolved to be always on his guard. He had changed his uniform for a pair of old butternut-coloured pantaloons, a ragged coat, and a slouched hat which had a hole in the crown. He hardly recognised himself, he was so altered in appearance. He wondered if Azalia or Daphne would know him. He had no weapon or equipments. There was nothing about him which indicated that he was a soldier of the Union army ready to lay down his life for the old flag.

He walked cautiously along the winding path, noticing all the objects; looking up to the north star at every turn of the road, keeping tally of his steps that he might know the distance travelled. He walked stealthily, expecting every moment to hear the challenge of the Rebel pickets. He was startled by the cry, 'Who! Who! Who!' He came to a sudden halt, and then laughed to think that he had been challenged by an owl.

In the morning he came upon a party of men cutting wood, and found that they were Rebel soldiers outside of the picket line. Paul took an axe and went to work, and so became one of them. When they went into camp he accompanied them, carrying the axe on his shoulder, thus passing the picket as a woodchopper. He found three or four thousand soldiers at Fort Henry, hard at work, throwing up breastworks, digging ditches, hewing timber, mounting guns. He worked with them, but kept his eyes and ears open, noticing the position of the fort on the bank of the river, and how many guns there were. He found out what troops were there, where they came from, and who commanded them. He learned that a waggon-train was going to Fort Donelson after ammunition. He joined it and passed the picket as one of the train-guards. As the waggons were empty, he had a chance to ride, and thus saved a weary walk of twelve miles.

The little town of Dover, which is near Fort Donelson, he found alive with troops; regiments were arriving from Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas, and Tennessee. General Pillow was there in command. He was once an officer in the army of the United States and fought in Mexico. General Floyd was there with a brigade of Virginians. He was Secretary of War when Buchanan was President, and did what he could to destroy the Union. He was a thief as well as a Rebel. He was a large coarse man. Paul despised him, and could hardly restrain himself from knocking the villain from his horse when he saw him ride by wearing the uniform of a traitor. There was not much discipline in the Rebel army, and Paul found little difficulty in going through all the camps, ascertaining what regiments were there. It nettled him to hear the boasts of the soldiers that one Southerner could whip five Yankees, but he said nothing for fear of betraying himself. He obtained food at a sutler's tent. He was very tired and sleepy when the second night came, but he found a place to sleep at a house in the village.

Having obtained his information, his next business was to get away. He waited till the lights were put

out in the camps at night, then, walking down to the river he found a small boat, jumped in and pushed out into the stream. He could see the sentinels on the parapet of the fort as he floated past, but they did not discover him. Paul congratulated himself that he was beyond the picket line when he heard a hail from both shores at the same time. 'Boat ahoy!' He made no reply. 'Boat ahoy! come ashore or I'll fire!' said both sentinels. He saw that he could not escape by rowing. They would fire if he attempted to go ahead or turn back. If he went ashore, he would be taken to the guard-house, questioned, probably put into prison, perhaps tried as a spy. He resolved that he wouldn't go ashore. There was no time for deliberation. It was mid-winter; the air was keen, and there was floating ice in the river. If he remained in the boat he might be shot, so he lowered himself noiselessly into the water. How cold it was! He felt the chill strike through him, setting his teeth to chattering, and his limbs quivering. There was another hail, and then a flash on both shores. The balls went through the boat. He heard the stroke of oars, and saw a boat pushing out from the shore. He darted ahead, swimming noiselessly down stream, gradually nearing the shore, for his strength was failing. He heard the men in the boat say, 'We are fooled, it is only an empty dug-out!'

How hard it was to climb the bank! He could not stand, he was so chilled. Once he rose to his feet, but tumbled like a log to the ground. He wanted to go to sleep, but he knew it would be his last sleep if he yielded. He drained the water from his boots, rubbed his legs, thrashed his hands, and then went reeling and blundering in the darkness over fallen trees. What a wearisome, cheerless night it was! How he longed for a fire,—a cup of warm coffee,—a comfortable bed! He thought of his own bed in the little old house at New Hope, and wished that he might lie there once more, and snuggle down beneath the warm blankets. His clothes were frozen, and though he beat his hands with all his might he could get up no warmth into them. 'Halt! Who comes there?' was the sharp challenge which startled him from his dreaming. He was close upon a picket. He turned in an instant, and began to run. He heard footsteps following. The thought that he was pursued roused all his energies. The footsteps came nearer. Putting forth all his strength, holding his breath, Paul went on stumbling, rising again, leaping, hearing the footsteps of his pursuer coming nearer; suddenly he came to a deep, narrow creek. He did not hesitate an instant, but plunged in, swam to the other bank, gained the solid ground, and dropped behind a tree just as his pursuer reached the creek. The Rebel stopped and listened, but Paul remained perfectly still, hardly daring to breathe, till he heard the fellow go back muttering to himself and cursing the creek. The running had warmed Paul, but he was exhausted and drenched once more. Day-break came, and he did not dare to travel; so, finding some stacks of corn in a field, he tore one of them open, made a bed inside, drew the bundles over him, shivered awhile, and then dropped asleep.

He awoke suddenly to find his house tumbling to pieces,—torn down by Rebel soldiers.

'Hello! What's here? Who be ye? What are ye

up to?' said a sergeant, startled to find a man under the bundles. 'Deserter, eh?' or a spy, I reckon,' said the fellow, holding a pistol to Paul's head.

'Better put up your shooting-irons,' said Paul coolly.

'Give an account of yourself, how ye came here, *whar* ye have been, and *whar* ye gwine.'

Paul noticed that he said *whar* for where, and replied, 'I am a scout, and have been down by the river *whar* the Yankee gunboats is.'

'I don't believe it; you look like a scarecrow, but I reckon you are a Yankee spy,' said the sergeant. He searched Paul, but found nothing. He was commanding a cavalry foraging party, and was a brutal, ignorant fellow, and had been drinking whisky, and wanted to show that he had power. 'Boys, bring a halter; I reckon I'll make this fellow confess that he is a Yankee.'

A soldier brought a rope; one end was thrown over the limb of a tree, and the other made into a slip-noose, and put round his neck; but he did not flinch. To confess that he was a spy was sure death. He was calm. For a moment his thoughts went back to his home. He thought of his mother and Azalia; but there was little time for such reflection. He did not feel that his work was done. 'Wal, Sergeant, what be you gwine to do?' he asked.

'Hang you as a spy,' said the sergeant.

'What sort of a report will you make to the General? What do you think he will do to you when he finds that you have hung one of his scouts?' Paul asked.

'See here; sergeant, I reckon you are a leetle too fast in this matter,' said one of the soldiers.

Paul saw that the time had come for a bold course on his part. He had already ascertained what regiment of cavalry they belonged to. He had seen their Colonel at Dover.

'What do you suppose Colonel Forrest will say, when he hears of this proceeding of yours?' he asked.

The sergeant started at the mention of the name of his commander, and began to see the proceeding in a new light. Paul threw the noose from his neck, and said, in a tone of authority,—

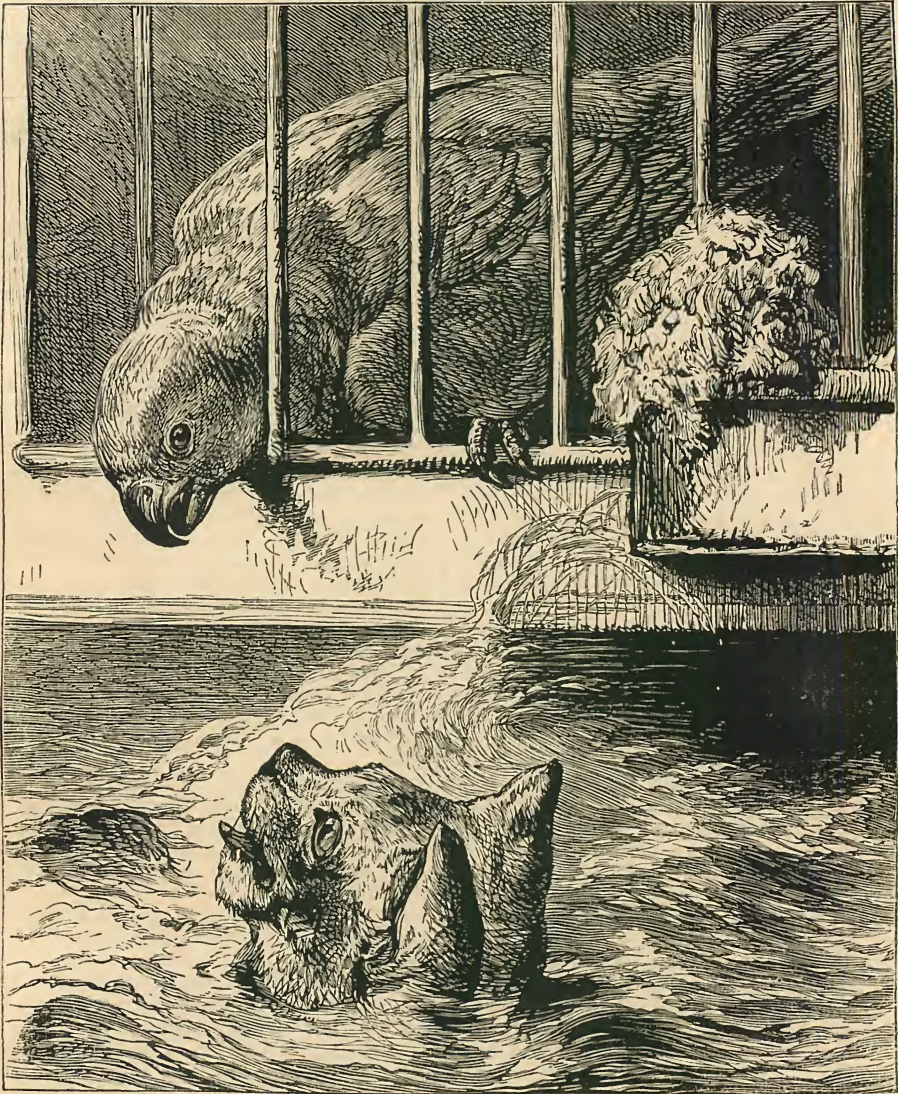
'I will report you, sir. I will have you arrested. I'll teach you to do your duty better than this. I know General Pillow, General Floyd, General Buckner, and Colonel Forrest. I am out on important business. You found me asleep, and instead of taking me to your superior officer, as you ought to have done, you proceed to hang me. You are drunk, sir, and I'll have you punished.'

The sergeant was very much frightened. He saw how noble a countenance Paul had, and felt his tone of authority.

'I didn't mean any harm, sir; I wanted to do my duty,' said the sergeant, taking off his hat, and holding down his head.

'Because you are a sergeant, you wanted to show your authority,' said Paul. 'Now go about your business, all of you, and when I get to General Pillow's headquarters I will see to your case.'

The soldiers who had gathered round started off at once to their work, while Paul walked towards Fort Donelson. He had gone but a few steps, when the sergeant followed him, and, taking off his hat, said,—



"That's for saying naughty words!"

'Please, Colonel, don't be too hard on me, I won't do so again.'

'It will be my duty to report you; but if you will promise to be more careful in the future I will tell the General when I make my report not to be too hard,' said Paul.

'I'll be more *keerful* next time, and won't get drunk again, Colonel—never.'

'Very well,' said Paul, walking on till he reached a piece of woods; then, turning from the path, he made his way towards the river again, wondering at his escape. He had a long walk through the woods, but when he reached the gunboats lying in the stream how his heart leaped for joy!

He kept all he had seen so well in memory, that when he reached Cairo he was able to draw an accurate plan of the forts and country around them.

General Grant listened to his story with great interest, and when Paul had finished, said,—

'You have done your work well; you understand topography; I wish to keep you at my headquarters, and therefore appoint you a Lieutenant of Engineers.'

It was so unexpected a promotion, and such an expression of confidence, that Paul was very much confused, and could only say, while blushing very red, 'I thank you, sir.'

(To be continued.)

POLLY'S REPROACH.

WHEN Polly first came to live with us, he had been for some weeks on board ship, and he had learnt to imitate all that the sailors said, and to use some words which compelled me to have him



Trees and their Uses.—The Walnut.

taken away from the dining-room until he should have learnt better manners. I put him under the care of cook, who declared she had a little plan whereby she would undertake to cure Master Polly of saying words that were used on board ship.

Now, what do you think she meant to do? I will tell you. She carried him, cage and all, down into the kitchen, and there he remained until he was cured. And this was cook's little plan—Every time Polly began to talk and say amusing little things he had learnt with us, or before he was put on board the ship, nothing was done to him, but directly he said what was not pretty, cook took some water in her hand, and throwing it over him in his cage, she said, '*That's for saying naughty words!*' At first Mr. Poll did not like this at all, and he ruffled up his feathers and talked all the more: but after it was repeated several times he seemed to understand it was meant as a correction, for he became very quiet, and after a week or two we began to think he might come again to the dining-room.

But now I am coming to the most amusing part of my story. One day it was warm and sunny, and I thought Polly should be hung out in his cage at the back of the house, where he could feel the warm sun, and chatter and talk to his heart's content. Now it happened, that the only place for him to be put was a little way above a cistern full of water; so they hung up the cage and left him there. I was sitting working at a window close by, also enjoying the sun and fresh morning air, and not thinking at all about Polly, when I looked up and saw our neighbour's great tom cat come creeping stealthily along the wall, looking earnestly at the cage hanging over the cistern.

I had no fear for my parrot, however, for I knew he was hung high, and was quite safe from pussy's claws; so I went on with my work as before, when suddenly I heard a loud splash, and then a mew, and almost immediately a queer, sharp little voice (which I knew to be Polly's) called out, '*That's for saying naughty words!*'

I looked from my window, and then I saw poor Puss struggling in the water, and Polly looking as wise as could be with his head on one side. I could not help laughing, in spite of poor pussy's troubles, who no doubt had fallen into the cistern while trying to reach the cage; but I soon rescued him from his dangerous bath.

No doubt the noise of the splash of water had reminded Polly of what cook had said whenever she punished him, but I am afraid pussy did not take a lesson from 'Polly's reproach.'

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR BOYS.

DR. JOHNSON began to learn Dutch in his old age; Lord Macaulay, towards the end of his life, applied himself diligently to the study of Italian; it was in his fiftieth year that Franklin began his philosophical studies; Cato began Greek at eighty, and Petrarch Latin at almost as great an age.

Do not these put to shame the younger amongst us, who so often rest satisfied with knowing a very little on a very few subjects, when they have both the time and the opportunity to learn more?

TREES AND THEIR USES.

No. II.—THE WALNUT.



HIS large, lofty, and handsome tree, is a native of Persia, and it used to be called '*Persicon*,' meaning '*The Persian*,' by the old Greeks. The Emperor Vitellius, who was ever fond of eating, brought this tree into Italy, from whence it has spread over Europe. It has a thick, massive trunk, whose bark is deeply furrowed. The bark of the young gray-coloured branches is, on the contrary, very smooth. The leaves are bitter, and when crushed give out a strong and peculiar scent. It is said no plants will thrive under their shadow, and people who have had a summer's day nap beneath the walnut have complained afterwards of feeling unwell. The timber is white while the tree is young, but as it ages the colour deepens, and the wood of an old walnut is justly esteemed as the handsomest to be found in Europe; and before America sent us her mahogany, cabinet-makers valued walnut as their best friend. It is rather curious that those trees which grow in a poor soil produce timber more finely grained than those which have a rich bed in which to live; the roots, too, are more beautifully marked than any other part of the tree. The timber is very light, as compared with oak, and it is on that account much used for gun-stocks. The French Government maintains large walnut plantations for the sole purpose of supplying the army with such things. As the demand for walnut-wood is greater than the supply, both the East and West have sent their timber into the markets of Europe.

'There is no tree grown in this country so valuable,' says a great Scotch planter of walnuts; 'and I am sorry to say there is none so neglected. . . . It fetches in our markets a much higher price than mahogany. In sheltered situations, and in good land, it grows rapidly; and is, under ordinary circumstances, of a fit size for felling when from sixty to seventy years of age—just about the age when other trees are fit for use.'

It will be well if the youthful readers of *Chatterbox* take the hint, and straightway plant walnuts. In about ten years' time your walnut will be twenty feet high, and a fruit-bearing tree.

In other lands, not far from our own—namely, in France, Germany, and Italy—the green, oval-shaped fruit of this tree, nourishes thousands of people. It forms, in fact, the staple of their diet for several months in the year. In some parts of the Continent the roads are lined for miles and miles with walnut-trees. Between Florence and Geneva you may find lodging, board, and shelter, as you trudge along in the pleasant August and September days. In August, before the shells become hard, the fruit is often scooped out with a knife, and eaten, after it has been seasoned with vinegar, salt, pepper, and shallots. While they are green we are accustomed to pickle them. An old writer says, 'The green and tender nuts, boyled in sugar, and eaten, are a most pleasant meate, comfort the stomache, and expell poyson.'

Ripe walnuts are very wholesome as long as it is easy to take the skin off the kernels, but when it cannot be removed they are hard of digestion.

The fruit contains much oil, and in the south of Europe walnuts are chiefly used for the sake of their oil. The kernels are pressed and the oil comes out, to be used by the cook in the kitchen, by the artist in his studio, by the scholar in his lamp. The husk which remains after the oil is squeezed out can be made into candles.

The sap of the walnut can be drawn off by making a hole in the trunk at spring-time, and inserting a spigot. The juice can be turned either into sugar, wine, or a sort of brandy. The outside coat of the nuts was much used formerly by the gipsies when they wanted to make their faces brown; and cabinet-makers still resort to it when they wish to put a deep rich tint upon light-coloured woods.

It is said, also, when an angler wants worms for his bait, he can bring them speedily to the surface of the ground by pouring water upon it in which walnut leaves have been steeped.

The poet Cowley has summed up the virtues of the walnut in the following lines:—

'On barren scalps she makes fresh honours grow;
Her timber is for various uses good;
The carver she supplies with useful wood.
She makes the painter's fading colours last;
A table she affords us, and repast.
E'en while we feast, her oil our lamp supplis.
The rankest poison by her virtue dies;
The mad dog's foam, and taint of raging skies.
The Pontic king,* who lived where poisons grew,
Skillful in antidotes, her virtues knew.'

A CURIOUS PLACE FOR A ROBIN'S NEST.

ONE day, late in March, I lifted down a small watering-pot from the nail on which it hung low on a wall, where people pass at all hours of the day. On finding it rather heavy I looked in: it appeared to be full of leaves, but on looking more closely I found a robin's nest with three eggs in. The careful mother-bird had arranged some large leaves so as to form a sort of pent-house to keep off the wind and rain. Imagine how sorry I was I had touched the watering-pot. However, I hung it back in the same stooping position, and hoped no harm was done. The following day the confiding little bird came to her nest. But, alas! the next morning, before I was up, a man came to cut the ivy that grew very near that same wall. Either the noise of the man's shears, or the presence of a stranger all day on the premises, so scared the robin, that, much to my sorrow, she deserted, leaving me her eggs as a proof of her friendliness. After her departure I comforted myself with the hope that she would bring up a brood elsewhere in safety. Had the little ones been fledged in my garden, my long-haired cat, who is fierce to birds, would certainly have caught them; and that would have been doubly sad to their mother and me.

A.

* Mithridates, who used the walnut as an antidote. An antidote is a medicine given to prevent the mischief which poison produces.

A VERY YOUNG MUSICIAN.

WHEN the famous Mozart was three years old he began to show signs of his wonderful powers. Leopold Mozart, the father, was then giving his daughter lessons on the clavier—an instrument something like the modern piano. The little Wolfgang was always present at these lessons, and used to amuse himself by striking thirds and producing other harmonies.

At four years of age he could remember with accuracy very difficult airs which he had heard played, and his father at once began to give him lessons. The boy needed no compulsion to learn, and showed the most remarkable aptitude. A minuet he could learn in half an hour, and then, having once mastered his piece, it was always played with the greatest accuracy in every respect. At the same time he began to compose little pieces which were carefully noted down by his father, and some of which are still extant. The child was reared in an atmosphere of music, and it was natural that he should love it. His compositions soon took a more ambitious form, and at six he wrote pieces for an orchestra. Mozart's life was a short one. But it fully realised the promise of his childhood.

A. R. B.

'STRONGER THAN A KING.'

THE sails go round, I hear the sound,
The long, long, summer day;
I own the ground, to none I'm bound,
My way I always pay.

'The Royal will! to have my mill!
Good Sir, is that your lay?
No man on earth shall have my berth—
The mill is *mine*, I say.

'Don't tarry here, as if in fear,
To take me at my word!
It is *my* will to keep *my* mill!
My answer you have heard.'

With trembling knee, the servant he
Back to his master sped;
With frowning brow, and mutter'd vow,
Listen'd the King; then said—

'Go, seize the place before his face,
And raze it to the ground!
My royal will, I say it still,
'The stronger shall be found.'

With folded arm, and no alarm,
The Miller calm stood he,
For well he knew that justice true
Far stronger still would be.

By the King's will down came the mill;
The Miller calmly saw
His dear home fall, and then did call
For justice, to the law.

To the King gave, the judges grave,
This sentence free from flaw,—
'Rebuild the mill, his coffer fill:
So says your kingdom's law.'

K. W.



A Message from William of Prussia.

'With folded arm, and no alarm,
The Miller calm stood he,

For well he knew that justice true
Far stronger still would be.'

Chatterbox.



Paul performing dangerous work on foot.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 116.)

CHAPTER XII.—MISSED FROM HOME.



OW lonesome it was in New Hope through all those days! Everybody missed Paul. He was missed by the school-children, for the teacher who succeeded him was cross and harsh, while Paul was always kind and pleasant. He was missed by the congregation on Sunday, for although Hans did his best as leader of the choir, he could not fill Paul's place. He was missed by his mother, who, through the long, wearisome days and lonely nights, thought only of him, her pride, her joy, her hope. How good Azalia was to visit the post-office every morning to get the letters which Paul wrote to his mother, often finding one for herself! How pleasant to read what he wrote of life in camp! How thrilling the narrative of his adventures, his visit to the forts, his narrow escapes! As she read it, her heart stood still, while the letter was wet with tears. What if the Rebels had hung him? It was terrible to think of. What could she do to comfort him? How help him—how relieve his sufferings and hardships? She would knit him a pair of gloves and stockings. But his comrades needed them as well as he. Why not ask Daphne to help? Why not ask all the girls to do something? So she thought the matter over through the long winter nights, planning a soldiers' sewing and knitting society.

Pleasant gatherings they had in the vestry of the church on Wednesday afternoons working for the soldiers. Azalia's cheeks were flushed with rare beauty when she read Paul's letters to them with trembling voice. There were many moist eyes, for all felt that if he and his comrades were undergoing such hardships and dangers for them, that they might have a home and a united country, they ought to do all they could in return; and so, while knitting stockings for the soldiers, their hearts were knit in deeper love and devotion to their country.

But they had something besides Paul's adventures to talk about; for one Monday morning when Mr. Bond, the town treasurer, opened his office, he found that it had been entered by robbers, who had stolen all the money—several thousand dollars. It was soon discovered that Philip Funk was missing. The sheriffs and constables set themselves to hunt him up. They got upon his track, followed him to the Ohio River, and across into Kentucky; but he was too swift for them, and succeeded in getting into the Rebel lines with the stolen money. Notwithstanding he was a robber, his sister Fanny held her head as high as ever. She did not attend the Soldiers' Aid Society. She hoped that the South would succeed in establishing its independence, and was glad that Philip had gone to help the Southern soldiers.

'I hope he will come across Paul,' said Fanny to Daphne Dare one day.

'So do I, and I hope that Paul will shoot him,' said Daphne, with flashing eyes. She had the spirit

of her father, and added, 'He is a traitor and a robber, and I hope somebody will shoot him.'

Fanny spit at the flag which hung over the street every time she passed it, to show her hatred of it. Daphne was very indignant, and proposed to her associates that they should compel Fanny to wave the stars and stripes; but Azalia said it would be a more severe punishment to take no notice of her. 'We might make her wave the flag, but that would not make her love it, and such forced loyalty would be of no value.'

So, acting upon Azalia's advice, all of the girls passed her by, taking no notice of her in the street, at the post-office, or in church, not recognising her by word or look. Fanny bore it awhile with a brazen face, but soon found it hard to have no one to speak to. The great want of the human heart in time of trouble is sympathy. Our wills may bear us up awhile, but sooner or later we must unburden our feelings, or feel the burning of a slow, consuming fire, destroying all our peace and happiness. The days were cheerless to Fanny. If she walked out upon the street she saw only the averted faces of her former friends—they would not speak to her; and if she addressed them they turned away without answering—avoiding her as if she was infected with the plague. When the cold north-east storms came, when the clouds hung low upon the hills, when the wind howled in the woods, when the rain pattered upon the withered leaves, how lonesome the hours! She was haughty and self-willed, friendless and alone; but instead of becoming loyal, and behaving like a good, sensible girl, she nursed her pride, and comforted herself by thinking that her great grandfather Funk was a fine old Virginian gentleman. If a still small voice whispered that it was mean and wicked in Philip to take money which did not belong to him, she quieted her conscience by the reflection that it was right for the Rebels to do all the damage they could to their enemies in securing their independence. When the storm was loudest, she rejoiced in the hope that some of the Yankee ships would be wrecked, or that the Mississippi River would overflow its bank and drown the Yankee regiments in their camps.

Not so did Azalia listen to the storm. When the great drops rattled upon the roof and dashed against the windows, she thought of Paul and his comrades as rushing into battle amid volleys of musketry; the mournful sighing of the wind was like the wailing of the wounded. She thought of him as marching wearily and alone through the dismal forest to perform deeds of daring; she thought of him as keeping watch through the stormy nights, cold, wet, hungry, and weary; not for glory or fame, or hope of reward, but because it was his duty. And these were not sad hours to her.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE MARCH.

On Wednesday, the 12th of February, 1862, Paul found himself once more upon the road leading from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson, not now alone, but guiding an army of fifteen thousand men, with forty pieces of artillery. He was on horseback, and sat so well in the saddle that the cavalymen said he rode like an old trooper. He was in uniform, and wore

straps on his shoulders, and was armed with a sword and a revolver. He rode in advance of all, looking sharply into the thickets and down the ravines, to see if there were any Rebels in ambush.

The sharpshooters followed him. They wore grey jackets and skull-caps, and were armed with rifles and long hunting-knives. They were famous hunters, and could shoot a deer upon the run, or bring down a prairie-chicken upon the wing. They were tough, hearty, jolly, courageous, daring fellows. They were in good spirits, for the Rebels had fled in dismay from Fort Henry when the gunboats sent their shells into the fort.

It was a hard march, for the roads were muddy, and they were obliged to wade through creeks, although it was mid-winter. Paul noticed one brave fellow among them, whose feet were so sore that his steps were marked with blood, which oozed from a hole in the side of his shoe, and yet the man kept his place in the ranks.

'Let me carry your gun,' said Paul; and so, taking it across his saddle, helped the soldier. 'You ought to be in the hospital,' said Paul.

'I can't stay behind if there is to be any fighting,' said the soldier, thanking Paul for his kindness; and then, in a low tone, the soldier said to his comrade, 'There isn't many officers like him who will help a fellow.'

At sunset the army halted in the woods beside a brook. Tents had been left behind, and the soldiers had no shelter from the wintry air. They cut down great trees and kindled huge fires. The farmers in that part of the country had large herds of pigs, which roamed the woods and lived on nuts. The soldiers had lived on salt meats for many months, and, notwithstanding orders had been issued against committing depredations, they were determined to have a good supper. Crack! crack! crack! went their rifles. Some, instead of shooting, tried to catch the pigs. There were exciting chases, and laughable scenes—a dozen men after one pig, trying to seize him by the ears, or by the hind legs, or by the tail.

They had a charming time, sitting around the roaring fires, inhaling the savoury odours of the steaks and spareribs broiling and roasting over the glowing coals on forked sticks, and of the coffee bubbling in their tin cups. The footsore sharpshooter whom Paul had helped on the march cooked a choice and tender piece, and gave it to Paul on a chip, for they had no plates. It was cooked so nicely that Paul thought he had never tasted a more delicious morsel.

In the morning they had an excellent breakfast, and then resumed the march, moving slowly and cautiously through the woods, but finding no enemy till they came in sight of Fort Donelson.

Paul had guided the army to the fort, but now he had other duties to perform. He was required to make a sketch of the ground around the fort, that General Grant might know where to form his lines—on what hills to plant his cannon—where to throw up breastworks for defence, should the Rebels see fit to come out and attack him. Leaving his horse behind, Paul began his dangerous but important work on foot, that he might make an accurate map—examining through his field-glass the breastworks of the Rebels, counting their cannon, and beholding

them hard at work. When night came he crept almost up to their lines. He was between the two armies—a dangerous position, for the pickets on both sides were wide awake, and his own comrades might fire upon him before he could give the countersign. Although he stepped lightly, the sticks sometimes crackled beneath his feet.

'Halt! Who goes there?' shouted a Rebel picket directly in front of him. It was so sudden, and he was so near, that Paul's hair stood on end. He darted behind a tree. Click! flash! bang! and a bullet came with a heavy *thug* into the tree. Bang! went another gun—another—and another; and the pickets all along the Rebel lines, thinking that the Yankees were coming, blazed away at random. The Yankee pickets, thinking that the Rebels were advancing, became uneasy and fired in return. Paul could hear the bullets spin through the air and strike into the trees. His first thought was to get back to his comrades as soon as possible; then he reflected that it would be dangerous to attempt it just then. The firing woke up all the sleepers in the two armies. The drums were beating the long roll, the bugles were sounding, and he could hear the Rebel officers shouting to the men, 'Fall in! fall in!' He laughed to think that the crackling of a stick had produced all this uproar. He wanted very much to join in the fun, and give the Rebel picket who had fired at him a return shot, but his orders were not to fire even if fired upon, for General Grant, was not ready for a battle, and so, while the Rebels were reloading their guns, he glided noiselessly away. When he heard the bullets singing he expected to be hit; but as it was dark, and the soldiers were firing at random, he trusted to escape being hit; and so through the night he went on with his reconnaissance, and completed the work assigned him.

(To be continued.)

THE ACHING TOOTH.

THERE they stand, heigho! bottles and glasses all in a row;

Remedies all for other chap's aches, but never a one for mine, I know:

Spirit of camphor, tincture of myrrh—nothing, I vow, will make it well.

Bother the scamps and their government stamps! every bottle's a downright sell.

'No more toothache,' so they say, 'if you drop three drops of the mixture in.'

So when the poor fellow's in awful pain out he rushes and spends his tin.

Homeward he hies again, full of hope, with a heart as nearly as light as his purse;

But, instead of curing his toothache, sirs, he finds he's made it a great deal worse.

It plays with one, this dreadful nerve, as a tyrannous cat will play with mice;

It leaves me a bit, and I feel quite brisk, then it nips me again in a blacksmith's vice.



The Aching Tooth.

I cannot think what the torturer does, or why he
prods this horrible stump,
But he cares for elixirs and all that stuff as much as
for water out of the pump.

Pity me, reader! it's little I get; my mates are all
snoring, loud and deep.

'I'm sorry, old chap;' 'I'd have it out;' so said the
best of them, half asleep;

And one soft ass—I know who 'twas—he sniggled and
giggled, and seemed quite glad.

When I have it out—this tooth, I mean—I'll have it
out also with you, my lad!

G. S. O.

THE PEARL OF CACHETIA.



HAVE you ever heard of the Pearl of
Cachetia and her tragic story? I
dare say you will readily guess that
this Pearl was a fair woman, and
not merely a costly ornament.

Yes; and this Pearl was not only
fair, but good and great, for she was
a queen, lovely and beloved. Not
many people in our part of the world
can have read the account of her
too short life, because it only exists

in the language of her own Eastern land, Georgia;
and it is to a diligent collector of such interesting
histories, the Rev. J. M. Neale, that I must go



The beautiful Queen of the East was led with a golden chain by a slave.

for the record. A clever Georgian scholar translated it for him.

As a beginning, however, I must ask you where is Georgia?

It is a country situated between the Black Sea and the Caspian, lying partly in Europe and partly in Asia.

It is a Christian country. Three hundred and fifty years after our Lord's coming, a poor slave carried the Good News into the land, and, through much oppo-

sition and persecution, the Georgians have kept the faith until now. Fire-worshippers and Mahommedans have alike and in vain tried to make the Georgians bow down to the sun or to the false prophet.

You will see by looking at the map that Georgia lies very near Persia, too near for its peace, indeed: it is such a temptation to a great empire to tyrannize over a small neighbouring country, and to insist on its obeying the decrees of the stronger power.

So felt the Georgians in the days of Shah Abbas, king of Persia, a mighty man of valour, who kept up a large army, and prided himself on his conquests. He was a wise man also, as far as this world went, as well as a warrior. He made good laws, he encouraged commerce, even entering into a treaty with our Queen Elizabeth; he grew rich, his country flourished in his reign, and history calls him Shah Abbas the Great!

But he deserved other titles as well. He was Shah Abbas the Cruel, Shah Abbas the Tyrannical, Shah Abbas the Wicked.

Poor little Georgia trembled at his name: through her three kingdoms of Imeretia, Kartalania, and Cachetia, ran a shudder of alarm when the great neighbour moved or spoke; and the one desire of Cachetia, at least, was to be at peace with him. He did not love the Christians; he counted the Nazarene an impostor; he called the faith of Christ a foolish superstition.

So, when a message came from the mighty monarch to the Court of Cachetia desiring the young sons of the king as hostages, they were not refused to him by King Theimouraz.

The fair boys were shut up carefully in a strong fortress; but even the possession of them did not content Shah Abbas: he must have some further proof of the good feeling of the neighbouring nation, or——. Well, the alternative was not spoken; but Cachetia guessed all sorts of terrible things.

And now rose up the yet beautiful mother of King Theimouraz, Queen Ketevan by name, the grandmother of the banished children, and said, 'Send me, I will go; then Shah Abbas will surely be satisfied, and Cachetia will be at peace.'

Did she guess that she might never return to her home—to her beautiful city of Alaverde? Perhaps so; at any rate, she knew that for her country's sake she was venturing into the clutches of, at least, a doubtful neighbour.

But she would have her grandchildren to comfort her. They were in the Persian dominions, longing doubtless for the sight of a dear face from home.

So the Pearl set out on her journey, fearful and hopeful. Poor thing! her first experience of the tender mercies of the wicked was the being shut up in a castle far distant from the fortress where languished her grandsons. For ten long years she and the lads were kept apart, and then—then Shah Abbas loosed the queen.

He was not such a very cruel tyrant then, after all, do you say? Wait a moment, and you shall hear the manner of this loosing.

It is a glowing morning in late summer, and crowds are pressing towards the castle square in Shiraz, then the capital of Persia. Some great spectacle is surely anticipated, for multitudes crowd the roofs of the houses; nay, they cling to the very mosque itself, and even gaze down from the crescent on its summit. Only one spot is clear, and that is guarded and staked in, in the very centre of the square. Round this space are ranged benches evidently for the great of the land, and there they sit under the scorching rays of the sun, waiting like their poorer brethren.

What for?

Look a little nearer; the heat in the square is not all of the sun. A great fire is burning in that railed-in space, and four masked and leather-clad men are going through some grim preparations with iron heated red hot. There are also vessels hanging over the fire, in which some liquid fiercely boils.

Why is all this?

Listen, one of the nobles is speaking. 'She will never stand the sight of this.'

'Nay,' replies a friend; 'I have heard strange things of the constancy of these Nazarenes.'

And then there is a murmur, 'She is coming!' and the sight is at hand—a Christian queen led out to martyrdom. It is the Pearl of Cachetia; her imprisonment is to end in death by torture.

Yes, Shah Abbas has wearied of his cat-and-mouse game; the thirst for blood is upon him, and he has decreed that the captive queen shall either renounce Christ or die. She comes forward, stooping a little, awed that the moment of trial is here, but still a fair and comely matron.

At the same time a flourish of trumpets proclaims the arrival of the Governor Khanghar-khan with his dazzling body-guard, called out to crush the one poor woman and a despised priest who is resolved to support his royal mistress to the last.

There is a hush of deathly silence as the Governor harshly demands of the captive a recantation of her faith, and the answer comes clear, aye, even proud, 'I can bear torture, I can meet death; but I cannot desert my Lord.'

And then comes the final scene, the preparing of that fiery iron bed in the centre of the square for the martyr queen. The executioners lay her shrinking body upon it, but her soul does not flinch; there is no cry, no murmur, only her pale lips form a prayer, while the good priest in her native Georgian tongue recounts aloud the sufferings of Stephen, the first martyr.

But the battle is only half over. The torturers now bring heated bars of iron and lay them across the body of the victim, and a red-hot iron cross is placed on the brow of the dying queen.

It is the last pang. She wakes to find the martyr's crown awaiting her, for the Pearl of Cachetia is now reckoned among the jewels of her Lord on high.

The sight is over now; we can come away. A month later, and you might have thought that a great festival was dawning on the Georgian City of Alaverde, for bells were ringing and trumpets sounding in the flower-strewn streets.

A brilliant procession advanced towards the cathedral, the king and queen heading it on foot. The ransomed ashes of the martyred queen is being brought back to rest with her ancestors.

'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,' chants the choir as the precious remains draw near the gates of the sanctuary. And blessed indeed is the memory of this martyr queen, as dear in her native Georgia still as our English martyrs are to us, as St. Stephen, and the Baptist, and the other suffering saints of old, are to the whole Christian Church.

H. A. F.





IN THE TWILIGHT.

CURLED up in the corner of the broad, old-fashioned window-seat, with her long fair hair shining like a patch of gold against the dark wood-work, was a little girl. She had a book in her hand, but the dull winter afternoon was closing in, and the light faded and faded until at last even Sylvia's keen blue eyes grew weary, and she was obliged to confess that she 'couldn't see to read another line.' She let her book fall into her lap, and sat still in her corner, with folded hands and a grave face, watching the firelight as it played over the quaint carved furniture and the old portraits in tarnished frames.

'What a queer place it is!' thought the child. 'I feel as if I had gone back about a hundred years—to when that man with the big hat built the house, and bought all these grand tables and chairs.'

The man with the big hat was Doctor Andrew Melville, Sylvia's great-great-grandfather, and his portrait hung on the wall opposite to the window where she was sitting. The red flames danced up and down amongst the coals in the grate, and by their light she could see the old man very well, with his firm, kind lips, and thoughtful eyes, and hands clasped together on the top of his staff. Sylvia looked and looked, until she felt quite fascinated by the picture, and could not turn her eyes away from it; and presently, just as she was beginning to wonder when Deborah would bring in the candles, she fancied she saw Doctor Andrew's lips move, and, to her great surprise, he actually smiled! She was so much astonished that she never thought of being frightened, and the old man, who had apparently 'come alive,' as she afterwards expressed it, went on smiling most amiably, and nodded his head in quite a friendly way to Madam Barbara, his wife, whose portrait hung over the sideboard.

'Well,' thought Sylvia, 'this is odd! And there's Madam Barbara looking as pleased as possible; and she generally has the crossiest face that I ever saw.'

But the two portraits having smiled and nodded for a few minutes, became more lively still. The Doctor pulled off his hat, showing his neatly curled gray hair, and began to talk to Madam Barbara, who had unfolded her large satin fan, and was waving it to and fro in the most elegant manner.

'It's a queer world!' he remarked.

'Very queer!' replied the old lady.

'Not what it was when we were young!'

'Not at all!' came in quick, decided tones, from Madam's stiff, proud lips.

'Such independence! such frivolity! such a race for power and wealth! Dear, dear!' And the old man looked quite sad.

'Independence?' said Madam; 'yes, indeed! even little Sylvia there expects to have her own way! I never had *mine*.'

'Once?'

'Well yes, once.'

And Sylvia remembered that Madam Barbara had chosen to marry Andrew Melville when he was young and poor, and that her family had not forgiven her for doing so until years afterwards, when, thanks to his own industry and his wife's thriftiness, he had become a rich man. Whilst Sylvia was thinking about this she forgot to listen to the conversation between the two portraits, and the next words she heard were,—

'Girls are too ignorant now.'

'Ignorant!' thought Sylvia: 'why, we learn *heaps* of things that *she* never did!'

But Madam Barbara went on: 'No one can rule who is not able to serve. In my time girls could sew and knit, bake and boil, and were not too dainty to acquaint themselves with all that was useful; and when they married they were not the helpless things that wives are now, but wise women, with heads on their shoulders and fingers on their hands. Ah, me! if Sylvia only knew!'

The Doctor nodded, but he looked kindly at the little girl. 'She's young yet,' he said; 'and she's in good hands.'

Now foolish little Sylvia had been crying in the early part of the afternoon because Aunt Rebecca had insisted on teaching her how to darn her own stockings, saying, 'What will you do, child, when you grow up, and have a house and perhaps a family of your own, if you don't learn anything useful while you are young?'

And Sylvia had thought that Aunt Rebecca was very unreasonable; and when Deborah invited her to come downstairs and see the bread made she had pouted her rosy lips, and said she 'didn't like kitchen-work;' so that her conscience pricked her very sorely when she heard Madam Barbara's complaints.

'Where would *you* have been,' continued Madam, 'if I had been the idle, self-willed child that she is? She will waste pounds faster than her husband will make pence.'

'Nay,' replied Doctor Andrew, 'nay, nay, madam; she has a good heart, and wisdom comes with years.'

But Madam frowned, and looked so severe that poor Sylvia quite trembled, and was just trying to clasp her hands in an attitude of penitence, when suddenly the red firelight all faded away, and she found herself clinging to somebody's arm, while Deborah's voice sounded clear and sharp as usual,—

'Asleep, Miss Sylvia? Eh, but you are an idle child!'

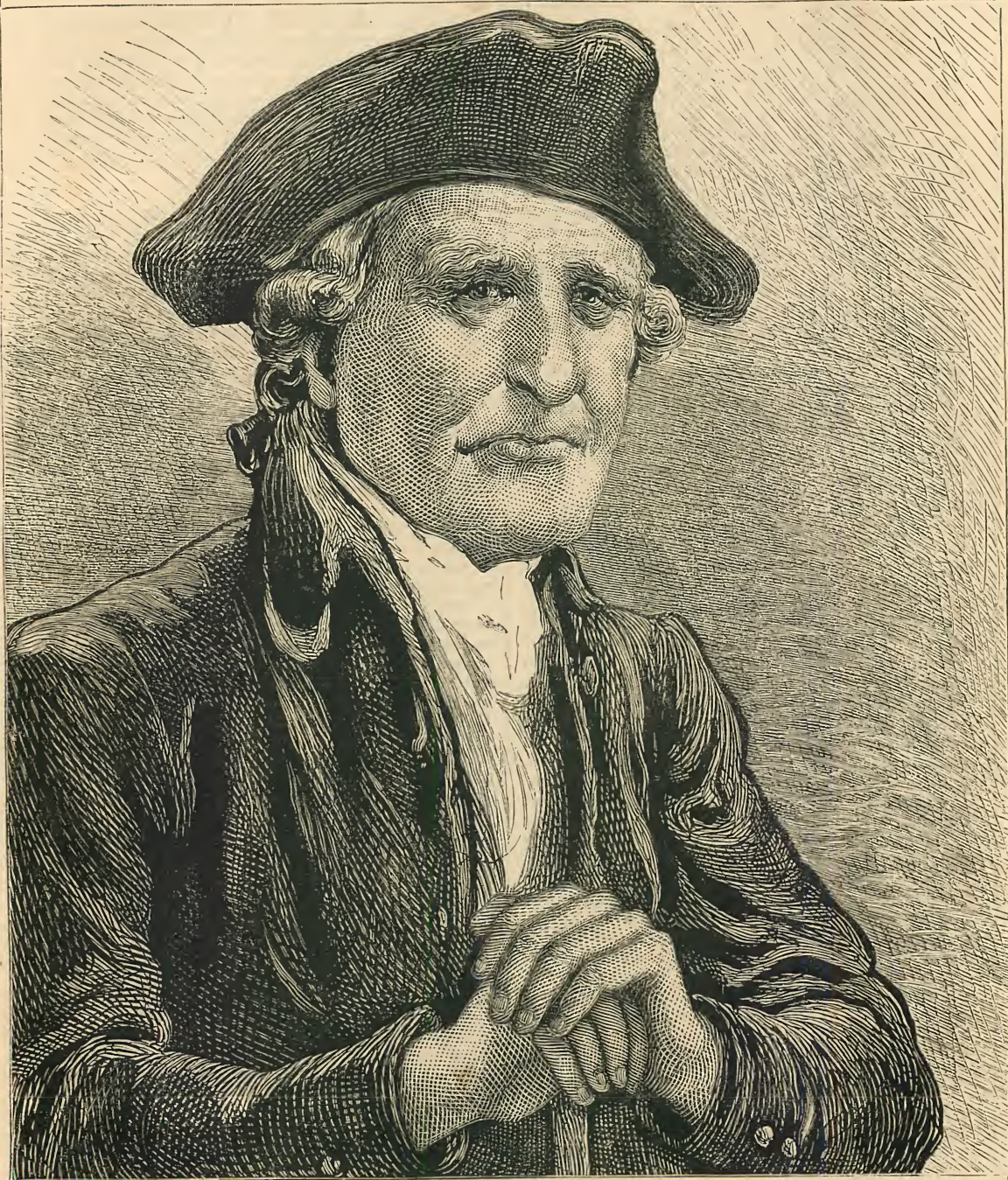
'No, no, Madam,' cried Sylvia, only half awake; 'I'll be good, indeed I will, and learn darning, and cooking, and everything.'

Deborah laughed at that, as, of course, she did not know what Madam Barbara and the Doctor had been saying to each other; but Sylvia knew, and she told Aunt Rebecca all about it at tea-time.

'I suppose I *must* have dreamt it,' she said; 'but wasn't it funny?'

So little Sylvia kept the dream in her mind, and though she still loved her books and music, she did not refuse to learn the many secrets of needlework and housekeeping; and some day, no doubt, she will understand what Madam Barbara meant when she said, 'No one can rule who is not able to serve.'

H. L. T.



Doctor Andrew.

Chatterbox.



Billy Boosey's Donkey.

BILLY BOOSEY'S DONKEY.



BILLY BOOSEY was a quaint old man, who lived at the corner of the Common years ago, when I was a lad, and while he was ready to turn his hands to all kinds of work, he mainly depended for his livelihood upon the produce of a small garden and the money he could earn by means of a donkey and cart. Billy treated his doukey as kindly as it was possible; and although he could afford neither to buy corn for it nor to keep it in a grand stable, the animal was always in good condition, and would draw a heavy load behind him, or carry one on his back at a capital speed. We juveniles paid many a penny for a ride on Billy Boosey's donkey.

One day Neddy's unwillingness to 'go' amounted fairly to obstinacy; and when Johnny White had paid his penny and mounted in gleeful anticipation, not a step would Neddy budge.

'Make him go, Billy,' was the cry.

Thus urged, Billy shouted, whistled, and flourished his arms and clapped his hands, but all in vain: only when the stick was applied pretty vigorously did Neddy condescend to start. And when he did go, he did go—as people say—at full speed across the Common, boys, Billy, and all, shouting at his heels. It was rare fun.

Presently Johnny White began to feel uncomfortable. Neddy was going at full speed toward the big pond, and not the slightest use was it for Johnny to pull with all his might at the reins. The cry now was, 'Stop him, Billy! Make him stop!'

To this Billy could only reply, as he came panting along far in the rear, 'Pull, Johnny!—pull!'

The catastrophe came at last. Rushing full tilt to the edge of the pond, Neddy there came suddenly to a standstill, and over went Johnny splash into the water. A pretty picture he looked, I can tell you, when we pulled him out!

Just as we had done so Billy Boosey came panting up, and was assailed on all hands with, 'Why didn't you stop him?'

'Boys,' said Billy, as soon as he could recover breath enough to speak—'Boys, I could make him go, but I couldn't make him stop. And do you mind, youngsters, as you go through life, do not get into bad habits, for it will be easier to start than to stop. Especially take care what sort o' company you keep. Fight shy of lads that swear and smoke and tell lies and drink. If you get started there, you'll maybe find yourselves shot over into a deeper pond than that you've fished Johnny White out of.'

They were simple words, but the old man's advice was good, and many of us, I doubt not, remembered it long after.

We took Johnny home, and he was put to bed: but he had a terrible bad cold after his famous ride and bath. He is dead now, poor fellow! As he grew up he took no heed to Billy's counsel, but seemed never so happy as when he could get with those who delighted to do just what the old man so

earnestly cautioned us against. He got into disgrace early, and more than once, before he was twenty, was Johnny taken off to the county jail. When he found his character was altogether gone, and he could get no work, he tried his hand at being a soldier. He was not in the army long. Drink was his ruin, and at last was his death. He died in the hospital from injuries received in a drunken quarrel.

It is many a long year since we used to play together on that Common, but I often have those days brought to mind, for I never see a youth spending his time at street corners and associating with bad companions without thinking of the old man's words about it being easier to start than to stop. And sometimes, as I notice how such a one goes from bad to worse, I think to myself, 'Poor fellow! I am afraid he has started off on Billy Boosey's donkey.'

ALWAYS LEARNING.

WASTE not your precious hours in play—
Nought can recall life's morning;
The seeds now sown will cheer your way;
'The Wise' are always learning.

Nor think, when all school days are o'er,
You've bid adieu to learning;
Life's deepest lessons are in store;
'The Meek' are always learning.

When, strong in hope, you first launch forth,
A name intent on earning,
Scorn not the voice of age and worth;
'The Great' are always learning.

When right and wrong within you strive,
And passions fierce are burning,
Oh, then you'll know how, while they live,
'The Good' are always learning.

A MASTER OF TWENTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

IT is not very difficult to count up a certain number of famous men who have made themselves masters of five, six, or even seven languages; but all these are left far behind by Sir William Jones, whose conquests in this field amounted to no less than twenty-eight. Of eight of these languages he had a thorough critical knowledge. These were English, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persian. In reading eight other languages it was but rarely that he had to open the dictionary. These were Hebrew, Runic, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Turkish, Hindostanee, and Bengalee. Finally, he had a good acquaintance with twelve other tongues, viz.—Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, Chinese, Tibetan, Pali, Phalavi, Devi, Russian, Coptic, Ethiopic, and Syriac. With how many more languages Sir William Jones would have acquainted himself had he been spared for a long life it is impossible to say. He died at the age of forty-eight. A. R. B.

TREES AND THEIR USES.

THE ELM.



THE Elm, or Ulm, as they call it abroad, is a fine tree, and well known to us all. It lives a long time, but its timber is most useful when it is cut down at about the age of seventy years. It has hard wood, but not so durable as oak or fir. The trunk is straight and strong. One tree in Switzerland is said to have been 17 ft. in diameter. The leaves differ very much in different sorts of elms. Some trees have very small and numerous leaves; the leaves of others are large and long. The smaller the leaf the longer it remains on the tree in autumn.

The elm is one of the most useful of all trees. It grows quickly, and is content with almost any soil, except a very wet one. It likes best a stiff, strong land.

A French king, Henry IV., made elm-planting very common in his country. His great minister, Sully, caused these trees to be planted in churchyards and hedgerows, and many old trees used to be called *Henri Quatre*, or Sully. No tree forms so beautiful an avenue as an elm. There are some fine elm avenues at Cambridge and Oxford. Some say the elm was not grown in England until some of the Crusaders brought it here from abroad. Nor did the English elm find its way into Scotland until the two kingdoms were united. The magnificent elms at Madrid are said to have been transplanted from English soil by Philip II., the consort of Queen Mary.

Elm wood is used in ship-building, especially for the keel of the vessel. The naves of wheels are also formed of it. It is man's last home, very frequently, being much employed by the undertaker in coffin-making. The cabinet-maker is fond of those great knobs or warts which grow on ancient elms. When polished they look very handsome. Elm timber may be made like mahogany, when boiled and stained with a red die. One valuable quality of the elm is its resistance to the rotting action of water. Pipes for conducting water from one place to another are almost always made of this wood. The tree is useful, too, in other ways. The leaves will feed cattle, and, when boiled, are good for swine. The Russians make tea of one sort of elm, and the Norseman dries the inner bark and grinds it up with his corn.

In wine-producing countries, young elms are generally chosen as props to the vines. The poet alludes to this when telling us how Adam and Eve employed themselves in Paradise:—

‘They led the vine
To wed her elm . . . and to adorn
His barren branches.’

Many insects spoil the timber of the elm, especially the goat-moth, and another little creature about half-an-inch long. This latter pest bores holes through the bark and lays her eggs. When the beetle comes out of the egg it does immense harm to the tree. As many as 80,000 have been found in one elm.

The tree is also subject to a disease somewhat like cancer, and this often happens when it grows in a soil that does not suit it.

The Crawley elm, between London and Brighton, is hollow. It forms a room, floored with bricks; it has a door with lock and key. In the hollow elm of Hampstead there was a staircase leading to a turret on the top, where six people could sit. There were sixteen clefts in the trunk which gave light to the staircase. Perhaps the finest elm ever known was one which grew in Ireland, county Kildare. Its two principal boughs fell suddenly one calm night, and they fetched five guineas in the market. The gigantic tree was uprooted by a violent hurricane, and when the sawyers got to work, it was found to be quite hollow and of small value as compared with its two great branches.

The wych-elm is the Scotch, or mountain elm. Its trunk soon divides into long and somewhat drooping branches. When long bows were in use, many were made of the wood of this tree. Very good ropes can be formed from strips of its bark. It is also highly valued by the carriage-maker. Its wood is nearly as good for shafts as that of the ash. The milkmaid, too, in the midland counties, likes a bit of wych-elm wood in her churn. She says it helps the butter to come quickly.

The wych-elm is considered more picturesque than its English sister, but this is a matter of taste, which each of our young readers may like to decide for himself.

T I N Y.

HERE you see our little Tiny,
Just preparing for a treat;
Tiny loves his mistress dearly
(When she gives him cake to eat),
For he thinks sponge-cake delightful;
But when dinner-time comes round,
Good plain rice and wholesome biscuit
Far too oft untouched are found.

Tiny's home is very pleasant:
And does Tiny ever think
Of the many little doggies
Who have nought to eat and drink?
Tiny has a mat to sleep on,
But he likes a cushion best;
And sometimes, when no one's looking,
On the sofa takes his rest.

Would you like that I should tell you
How he always spends the day?
He is wiser than some children
Who pass all their time in play.
Every morning, after breakfast,
When he hears the school-bell's sound,
To the school-room marches Tiny,
In his place he's always found.

On a chair beside his mistress,
With a grave and thoughtful face,
Tiny sits for three long hours,
Never stirring from his place.
If he does not learn a great deal,—
If he is not very wise,—
Yet, I'm sure, for good behaviour
He would carry off the prize.



Trees and their uses.—The Elm.



Tiny.

When the big clock on the book-case
Strikes the hour when school is done,
Slates and books are put by quickly :
Tiny thinks this splendid fun ;
For he knows that after lessons
Comes the walking or the play ;
How he loves a merry scamper
O'er the hills, away, away !

Tiny is not always good, though :
Once upon a rainy day,
When the streets were very crowded,
Naughty Tiny ran away.
Long in tears his mistress sought him,
Sent to seek him far around ;
But in vain her anxious questions,
For he nowhere could be found.

Many hours had passed,—when Tiny,
In a very woeful plight,
Wet and tired, crept home slowly ;
Oh, it was a mournful sight !
Black with mire, bitten badly,
With his sad eyes full of grief,
Tiny seemed to ask for pardon,
And for all his pains relief.

Now we hope our little Tiny
Never more will run away,
But will live at home contented,
Yet for many and many a day ;
And we hope that, growing older,
Though he is not very wise,
Yet that still, for good behaviour,
He will carry off the prize.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 123.)

CHAPTER XIV.—THE BATTLE.



N the morning he found General Grant in a little old farm-house, where he had established his headquarters. He appeared to be pleased with the map which Paul made of the ground, and said to Major Cavender, who commanded the regiment of Missouri Artillery, 'Place your guns on that hill, and be ready to open upon the fort.'

He then issued orders to General McClernand to go round to the south-west side of the town; to General Wallace, to hold the centre of the line, west of the town; and to General Smith, to be ready to storm the fort on the north-west side.

It was a beautiful morning. The air was mild, and the birds sang in the trees, though it was mid-winter. The sharpshooters ate their breakfast before sunrise, and began the battle by exchanging shots with the Rebel pickets. Though Paul had been up all night, there was no time for rest. He was sent with orders to the artillery officers—to Captain Taylor, Captain Dresser, and Captain Schwartz, telling them where to place their guns. As he rode over the hills and through the ravines he passed the sharpshooters. Their rifles were cracking merrily. Among them was the soldier whom Paul had helped on the march. The soldier saluted him. Paul saw that he was not only foot-sore, but also sick.

'You are not fit to go into battle; you ought to report to the surgeon,' said Paul.

'I wouldn't miss of being in this scrimmage that we are going to have to-day for the best farm in Illinois,' said the soldier.

Just then the Rebel cannon opened, and the shells came crashing through the front. Major Cavender had wheeled his guns into position, and was sighting them. One of the shells struck at his feet, and ploughed a deep furrow in the ground. Another struck a poor fellow in the breast, whirled him into the air, killing him instantly. As Paul beheld the quivering flesh the sight filled him with horror, and made him sick at heart. Such might be his fate before the day was done. He thought of home, of his mother, of Azalia, and of the dear friends far away. He thought also of God, and the Hereafter; and remembered that he was in the keeping of his Heavenly Father. He was there to do his duty, and if he was to meet with death, he would meet it resolutely; and so, regaining his composure, he rode along the lines, acting as aide to General Grant.

The battle lasted through the day, but the fort was not taken. The gunboats which were to sail up the Cumberland River had not arrived, and the provisions which the troops brought from Fort Henry were nearly exhausted. The day which had been so bright and beautiful was succeeded by a dreary night. The wind blew from the north-east. A rain-storm set in, which changed to snow, and became one of the severest storms ever known in that section of the country. It was a terrible night for the wounded.

They had no protection from the storm. Hundreds had fallen during the day. Some were lying where they fell, close up under the Rebel breastworks, amid the tangled thickets, the blood oozing from their wounds and staining the drifting snow. It was heart-rending to hear their wailings, and cries of distress, and calls for help. When morning came, many a brave soldier was frozen to the ground.

But now the hearts of the soldiers were cheered with the news that the gunboats were coming. Paul looked down the river and saw a cloud of black smoke hanging over the forest, rising from their tall chimneys. Steamboats loaded with provisions came with the fleet. The soldiers swung their caps, and made the air ring with their lusty cheers.

What a magnificent sight it was when the gunboats steamed up the river and opened fire upon the fort, covering themselves with clouds of smoke, and all of the guns in the fort replying! The storm had died away, the air was still, and the roar of the cannonade was like thunder. All along the lines the sharpshooters' rifles were ringing. The soldiers crouched behind trees, and logs, and hillocks, lying on their faces, picking off the Rebel gunners when they attempted to load their cannon. But the day passed, and the fort was not taken. Saturday morning came, and the Rebels, finding themselves short of provisions, instead of waiting to be attacked, came out from the fort at daybreak, fifteen thousand strong, and made a sudden attack upon the Union army.

A great battle followed, which lasted nearly all day. Thousands were killed and wounded. Paul was obliged to ride all over the field, carrying orders to the different generals, while the bullets fell like hailstones around him. Cannon-balls flew past him, shells exploded over his head, men fell near him, but he was unharmed. He saw with grief his comrades overpowered and driven, and could hardly keep back the tears when he saw the Rebels capture some of Captain Schwartz's guns. But when the infantry gave way, and fled panic-stricken along the road towards Fort Henry, throwing away their muskets, his indignation was aroused.

'Stop! or I'll shoot you!' he said, drawing his revolver.

'Are you not ashamed of yourselves, you cowards?' shouted one brave soldier.

Paul looked round to see who it was, and discovered his friend, the sharpshooter, who thus aided him in rallying the fugitives. Blood was dripping from his fingers. A ball had passed through one arm, but he had tied his handkerchief over the wound, and was on his way back to the lines to take part once more in the battle. Paul thanked the noble fellow for helping him, and then, with the aid of other officers, they rallied the fugitives till reinforcements came.

Onward came the Rebels, flushed with success, and thinking to win a glorious victory. But they were cut down with shells and canister, and by the volleys of musketry which were poured upon them. It was with great satisfaction that Paul saw the shells tear through the Rebel ranks; not that he liked to see men killed, but because he wanted Right to triumph over Wrong. Again and again the Rebels

marched up the hill, but were as often swept back by the terrible fire which burst from Captain Wood's, Captain Willard's, Captain Taylor's, and Captain Dresser's batteries. The little brook which trickled through the ravine at the foot of the hill was red with the blood of the slain. It was a fearful sight. But the Rebels at last gave up the attempt to drive the Union troops from the hill, and went back into the fort. Then in the afternoon there was a grand charge upon the Rebel breastworks. With a wild hurrah they carried the old flag across the ravine, and up the hill beyond, over fallen trees and through thick underbrush. Men dropped from the ranks in scores, but on—on—on they went, driving the Rebels, planting the stars and stripes on the works; and though the Rebel regiments in the fort rained shot, and shell, and grape, and canister, and musket-balls upon them, yet they held the ground through the long, weary, dreary winter night. When the dawn came, the dawn of Sunday, they saw a white flag flung out from the parapet of the fort, and they knew that the enemy had surrendered. What a cheer they gave! They swung their hats, sang songs, and danced for joy. How beautifully the stars and stripes waved in the morning breeze! How proudly they marched into the fort and into the town—the drums beating, the bugles sounding, and the bands playing!

But how horrible the sight upon the field when the contest was over—the dead, some cold and ghastly, others still warm with departing life, lying with their faces toward Heaven, smiling as if only asleep! The ground was strewn with guns, knapsacks, and blood-stained garments; the snow had changed to crimson. Many wounded were lying where they fell, some whose lives were ebbing away calmly waiting the coming of death. As Paul walked over the field he came upon one lying with clasped hands and closed eyes, whose blood was flowing from a ghastly wound in his breast. As Paul stopped to gaze a moment upon a countenance which seemed familiar, the soldier opened his eyes and smiled; then Paul saw that it was the brave sharpshooter whom he had helped on the march, who, though sick, would not go into the hospital, though wounded, would not leave the field, and had aided him in rallying the fugitives. He had fought gallantly through the battle, and received his death-wound in the last grand charge.

'I am glad you have come, for I know that one who was kind enough to help a poor fellow on the march will be willing to do one thing more,' said the soldier, faintly.

'Certainly. What can I do for you?'

'Not much; only I would like to have you overhaul my knapsack for me.'

Paul unstrapped the knapsack from the soldier's back, and opened it.

'There is a picture in there which I want to look at once more before I die. You will find it in my Bible.'

Paul handed him the Bible.

'My mother gave me this blessed book the day I left home to join the army. It was her last gift. I promised to read it every day, and I would like to have you write to her and tell her that I have kept

my promise. Tell her that I have tried to do my duty to my country and to my God. I would like to live, but am not afraid to die, and am not sorry that I enlisted. Write to my sister. She is a sweet girl—I can see her now—a bright-eyed, light-hearted, joyous creature. Oh, how she will miss me! Tell her to plant a rose-bush in the garden and call it my rose, that little Eddie, when he grows up, may remember that his eldest brother died for his country. They live away up in Wisconsin.'

He took a photograph from the Bible. It was the picture of a dark-haired, black-eyed, fair-featured girl, and he gazed upon it till the tears rolled down his cheeks. He drew his brawny hand across his face and wiped them away; but the effort started the bright blood flowing in a fresher stream. 'It is hard to part from her. She promised to be my wife when I came home from the war,' he said, and touched it with his lips, then gazing again till his sight grew dim, he laid it with the Bible on his breast.

Paul wiped the cold sweat from the dying soldier's brow.

'God bless you!' he whispered, and looked up and smiled. His eyes closed, and the slowly-heaving heart stood still. He was gone to the land where the Faithful and True receive their just reward.

CHAPTER XV.—SHOWING WHAT HE WAS MADE OF.

THERE came a Sabbath morning—one of the loveliest of all the year. The sun rose upon a cloudless sky, the air was laden with the fragrance of locust and alder-blossoms, the oaks of the forest were changing from the gray of winter to the green of summer. Beneath their wide-spread branches were the tents of a great army; for after the capture of Fort Donelson the troops sailed up the Tennessee, and were preparing to attack the Rebels at Corinth.

Paul was lying in his tent, thinking of home, of the calmness and stillness there, broken only by the chirping of the sparrows and robins, the church-bell, the choir, and the low voices of the congregation. How different from what was passing around him, where the drummers were beating the reveille! He was startled from his waking dream by a sudden firing out among the pickets. What could it mean? It grew more furious. There were confusing sounds. He sprang to his feet and looked out to see what was the matter. Soldiers were running through the camp.

'What is the row?' he asked.

'The Rebels are attacking us.'

It did not take him long to dress; but, while pulling on his boots, a bullet tore through the tent-cloth over his head.

The camp was astir. Officers shouted, 'Fall in!' Soldiers, waking from sound sleep, buckled on their cartridge-boxes, seized their guns, and took their places in the ranks before they were fairly awake. The drummers beat the long-roll, the buglers sounded the signal for saddling horses, the artillery-men got their guns ready, cavalry-men leaped into their saddles, baggage-waggons went thundering towards the river.

(To be continued.)



The soldier whom Paul had helped on the march.

Chatterbox.



"Start, or I'll shoot you!"

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 135.)



HERE was a volley of musketry, and then a deeper roar from the artillery, and the terrible contest of the day began, which became more terrific from morning till noon, from noon to night, with deafening rolls of musketry, with the roaring of a hundred cannon, with the yelling of the Rebels and the cheering of the soldiers of the Union, as the tempest surged through the forest, up and down the ravines, around Shiloh Church, in the old cotton-fields, up to the spring where the country people were accustomed to eat their Sunday dinners, down to the Tennessee river, where the gunboats were waiting for the hour when they could open with their great guns.

Paul was in the storm, riding through the leaden hail which fell all around him, pattering upon the dead leaves, cutting down the twigs of the hazel-bushes, and scarring the trees—riding along the lines carrying messages to General Sherman, who was fighting like a tiger by the church, with the bullets piercing his clothes—to McClernand, who was near by—to Wallace, to Prentice, to Hurlburt, to Stuart—riding where shells were bursting, where solid shot cut off great branches from the trees, splintered the trunks, ploughed the ground, whirled men and horses into the air, tearing them limb from limb, and then passed away with weird whistlings. He breathed the thick smoke as it belched from the cannon's mouth, and felt the hot flashes on his face. He stood beside his commander, General Grant, while waiting for orders, and beheld him when tidings of disaster were brought in—that General Prentice and hundreds of his men were captured—that the line was broken, and the men were falling back. He could hear the triumphant shouts of the Rebels.

Yet amid it all he saw that General Grant was cool and collected. 'We will whip them yet,' he said. Paul felt stronger after that, and resolved to die rather than be beaten. But how slowly dragged the hours! The sun seemed to stand still in the western sky. How hard to see the poor wounded men, thousands of them, borne to the rear, their feet crushed, their legs broken, their arms torn and mangled, and to know that there were other thousands lying upon the ground where they had fallen, and the strife still going on around them! Other thousands who were not wounded were leaving the ranks, exhausted and disheartened.

'Lieutenant Parker, you will select a line along this ravine, throw up such defences as you can, bring up those thirty-two pounders from the river, and put them in position. They can't cross this. We will beat them here,' said General Grant.

Sometimes in battle minutes are of priceless value; momentous decisions must be made at once. Then men show what they are made of. Those are the trial moments of life. Paul galloped along the ravine. He saw that it was wide and deep, and

that, if the Rebels could be kept from crossing it, the battle would be won; for it was their object to reach the steamboat-landing, where General Grant had all his supplies of food. There were five great iron cannon at the landing. There, also, crouching under the river bank, to avoid the shot and shell, were thousands of fugitives, who had become disheartened, and who had left their comrades to be overpowered and driven back. He saw the situation of affairs in an instant. His brain was clear. He made up his mind instantly what to do.

'Here, you--men!' he shouted. 'Each of you shoulder one of those empty pork-barrels, and carry it up the bluff! But not a man stirred. His indignation was aroused; but he knew that it was not a time for argument. He drew his revolver, pointed it at a group, and said, 'Start! or I'll shoot you!' It was spoken so resolutely that they obeyed. He told them how, if they could hold that position, the Rebels would be defeated—how a few minutes of resolute work would save the army. He saw their courage revive. They dug a trench, cut down trees, rolled up logs, filled the barrels with dirt, and worked like beavers. Others wheeled up the great guns, and Paul put them into position. Others brought shot and shell, and laid them in piles beside the guns. The storm was coming nearer. The lines were giving way. Regiments with broken ranks came straggling down the road.

'Bring all the batteries into position along the ravine,' said General Grant. Away flew half-a-dozen officers with the orders, and the batteries, one after another, came thundering down the road—the horses leaping, the artillery-men blackened and begrimed, yet ready for another fight.

'Get anybody you can to work the thirty-twos,' said Colonel Webster, the chief of artillery, to Paul.

'I can sight a cannon,' said a surgeon, who was dressing wounds in the hospital. He laid down his bandages, went up and patted one of the guns, as if it were an old friend, ran his eye along the sights, and told the gunners what to do.

It was sunset. All day long the battle had raged, and the Union troops had been driven. The Rebels were ready for their last grand charge, which they hoped would give them the victory. Onward they came down the steep bank opposite, into the ravine. The Union batteries were ready for them—Captain Silversparre with his twenty-pounders, Captain Richardson and Captain Russell with their howitzers, Captain Stone with his ten-pounders, Captain Taylor, Captain Dresser, Captain Willard, and Lieutenant Edwards—sixty or more cannon in all. A gunner was lacking for one of the great iron thirty-twos. Paul sprang from his horse, and took command of the piece.

The long lines of the Rebels came into view. 'Bang! bang! bang! bang!' went the guns. Then half-a-dozen crashed at once—the great thirty-twos thundering heavier than all the others. Shells, solid shot, and canister, tore through the ravine, rolling back the Rebel lines, drenching the hillsides with blood, turning the brook to crimson, and the fresh young leaves to scarlet. Oh, the wild commotion—the jarring of the earth, the deep reverberations rolling far away, and the shouts of the cannoneers!

'Give them canister!' shouted Paul to the cannoners, and the terrible missiles went screaming down the ravine. The bullets were falling around him, singing in his ears, but he heeded them not. But oh, how painful it was to see a brother-officer torn to pieces by his side! Then how glorious to behold, through the rifts in the battle-cloud, that the Rebels were flying in confusion through the woods! Then there came a cheer. General Nelson had arrived with reinforcements, and Buell's whole army was near. The thirty-two-pounders, the howitzers, and the batteries, had saved the day, and the victory was won. And now, as night came on, the gunboats joined, throwing eleven-inch shells into the woods among the Rebel troops, which added discomfiture to defeat. And when the uproar, the noise, and the confusion had died away, how good to thank God for the victory, and for the preservation of his life! How gratifying to receive the thanks of his commander on the field—to be mentioned as one who had done his duty faithfully, and who was deserving of promotion!

After the battle he was made a captain, and had greater responsibilities resting upon him. He was called upon to take long rides with the cavalry on expeditions into the enemy's country. Sometimes he found himself alone in the dark woods of Mississippi, threading the narrow paths, swimming rivers, wading creeks, plunging into swamps—at other times with his comrades, sweeping like a whirlwind through the Southern towns, in pursuit of the retreating foe, riding day and night, often without food, but occasionally having a nice supper of roast chicken cooked by the bivouac fire in the forest. Sometimes he spread his blanket beneath the grand old trees, and had a rest for the night; and often, when pursued by the enemy, when there was no time to stop and rest, he slept in his saddle, and dreamed of home.

So he spent the months which followed that terrible battle, obtaining information which was of inestimable value. Thus he served his country—at Corinth, at Memphis, and at Vicksburg, where, through the long, hot, weary, sickly months, the brave soldiers toiled, building roads, cutting trenches, digging ditches, excavating canals, clearing forests, erecting batteries, working in mud and water, fighting on the Yazoo, and at last, under their great leader, sweeping down the west side of the Mississippi, crossing the river, defeating the enemy in all the battles which followed, then closing in upon the town and capturing it, after months of hardship and suffering. How hard this work! how laborious, and wearing, and dangerous!

Paul found little time to rest. It was his duty to lay out the work for the soldiers, to say where the breastworks should be thrown up, where the guns should be placed in position. In the dark nights he went out beyond the picket-lines and examined the hills and ravines, while the bullets of the Rebel sharpshooters were flying about his ears; and in the daytime he was riding along the lines while the great guns were howling, to see if they were in the best position, and were doing their proper work.

At length there came a morning when the Rebels raised a white flag, and Vicksburg surrendered. It was the glorious reward for all their hardship, toil,

suffering, and endurance. How proudly the soldiers marched into the city, with drums beating, bands playing, and all their banners waving! It was the fourth of July, the most joyful day of all the year. There were glad hearts all over the land—ringing of bells and firing of cannon, songs of praise and thanksgivings; for not only at Vicksburg, but at Gettysburg, the soldiers of the Union had won a great victory.

(To be continued.)

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

MANY centuries before the birth of Christ there lived in Mongolia, to the north-west of China, a wild and savage people called the Hiong-nu, belonging to the Mongol race. They were very warlike, and carried on fierce wars with the Chinese. Some of them wandered westward, and settled in the western part of Asia, and their great descendant, Othman, was the founder of the mighty Ottoman Empire. After many conquests in Asia, Orchan, the son of Othman, passed over into Europe and settled in Turkey. But you must remember that the ruling classes there do not like to hear themselves called Turks, but Osmanli, and call their dominions the Ottoman Empire, from Othman, its great founder, the word 'Toork' being only used by them in speaking of the wandering tribes of Turkmans or Tureomans. For a long time the Osmanli were supposed to belong to the Caucasian race, and perhaps they would not much like to be reminded of those savage ancestors of theirs, who dwelt in the barren Mongolian land so many years ago.

But to return to Othman. His father, Orthogrue, was one of those Turkish chiefs whose ancestors came from Mongolia and settled in Western Asia, and when Jelaladdin, sultan of Kharasm, was defeated by the more modern Mongols about the middle of the thirteenth century, Orthogrue, who with his tribe had served under him, settled on the banks of the river Sangar. And now began war and bloodshed with a vengeance. For when Othman succeeded his father he had no idea of giving himself up to the peaceful life of a shepherd, after the fashion of his tribe when not engaged in war; but, girding on his weapons, he set forth to fight and conquer. His son, Orchan, followed in his footsteps. City after city was captured, the Greek Emperor Andronicus vanquished, and the whole country of Bithynia, as far as the shores of the Bosphorus, completely subdued. Prusa, the modern Bursa, or Broussa, was converted into a Moslem city, with mosque, college, and hospital. A regular army was organized, in which the young citizens and peasantry were compelled to serve, and the Ottoman Empire was fairly begun.

But Orchan could not stop there. As he stood upon the high banks of the foaming Bosphorus he longed to be master of the regions beyond, and, calling his troops together, he passed over into Europe, A.D. 1341. The Greeks, who were quarrelling among themselves, were in no fit state to resist their powerful enemy, and the Emperor Cantacuzenus tried to make friends with Orchan, and gave him his daughter Theodora in marriage. But it would take too long

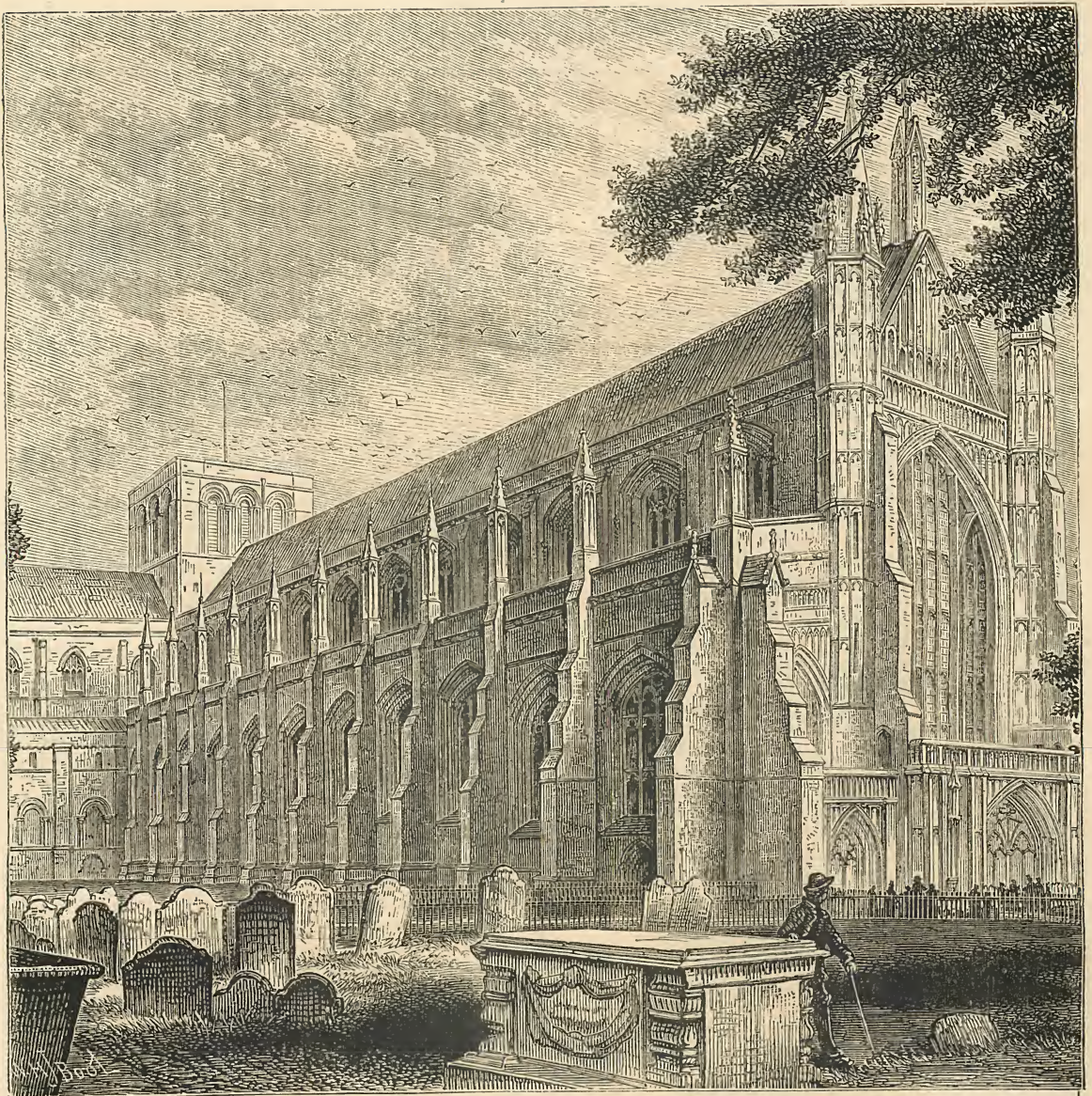


were I to tell you of all that Orchan did during his life. He died of grief at the loss of his son Suliman, who was killed by a fall from his horse while practising the 'jereed.' Under Amurath, who succeeded his father in 1360, the tide of conquest flowed onward, for he conquered Roumania, and made Adrianople (built by the Roman Emperor Adrian) his capital; and before long the fields and valleys of Bulgaria, and the colder regions of Servia and Bosnia, fell under the Ottoman sway. It was in the great battle of Rossova that the Servian prince and all his prin-

cipal nobles were killed. After the battle, Amurath, accompanied by his vizier, went over the field, and as he gazed on the upturned faces of the dead around him, he could not help remarking how young they looked.

'Yes,' said the Vizier; 'had they been older they would have been wiser than to oppose your arms!'

At that very moment a Servian soldier started from amongst the dead and plunged his dagger into the conqueror. The wound was mortal, and Amurath's career of victory was at an end.



WINCHESTER.

DOWN south, in county Hampshire,
 Stands a town of noted fame—
 The royal town of Winchester
 On Itchin is its name.
 Mighty historical events
 Have passed within its towers,
 And underneath St. Catherine's Hill,
 Which o'er the city lowers.
 And many a glorious statesman
 Has here been taught and bred,
 Where Wykeham's peaceful College
 Uplifts its old gray head.
 Long years ago, when Rufus
 By Tyrrell's shaft was slain,
 They brought him here, to Winchester,
 By many a field and lane;

And laid him peacefully to sleep,
 Until the last great day,
 Beneath the still Cathedral's roof,
 Where many a holier lay.
 And when King Stephen took the crown
 From haughty Empress Maud,
 From hence she fled, at dead of night,
 To escape the foeman's sword.
 And here was the third Henry born,
 Who weakly ruled the state;
 Here holy Bishop Wykeham lived
 In days of later date,
 And founded his great College
 Where peaceful Itchin ran;
 And many a boy was taught and bred
 To be a glorious man.

And later on in history's tale,
 In the first Mary's reign,
 She, under our Cathedral's roof,
 Wedded the King of Spain;
 And in the days of war and strife,
 When Cromwell ruled the land,
 Down here to Winchester he came
 With his ferocious band.
 Into the dim Cathedral
 They passed with curses loud,
 Rudely defiled the holy place—
 A desecrating crowd!
 And in the second James's time,
 That holiest of men
 Who held the see of Winchester,
 The saintly Bishop Ken,
 With seven other bishops,
 Opposed the King's decree,
 And to his declaration
 Refused to agree.
 And still the city flourisheth,
 As in the days of yore;
 And still the Itchin rolleth on,
 Down to the distant shore;
 And still the fir-crowned hill-tops
 Stand quietly and calm;
 And still the great Cathedral,
 Guardeth the town from harm.
 Still Wykeham's famous College
 Holdeth its peaceful way;
 And still his boyish scholars
 In the bright meadows play.
 Long may the town continue
 Its ancient, world-wide fame,
 And long may Wykeham's scholars
 Bring honour to his name!
 Long may the old Cathedral
 Guard the town day by day!
 Long by the peaceful Itchin
 May happy children play!
 And so may ancient Winchester
 Keep ever its renown—
 Faithfully may it keep it,
 A happy, peaceful town.

L. GERTRUDE MOBERLY.

SENT BY POST.

SOMETHING like a postal system had hardly been established, when Members of Parliament claimed the right of using it without any payment. Their letters were said to be 'franked,' and very remarkable letters were in consequence sometimes sent.

Imagine modern Post-office officials having to stamp and deliver 'two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Wathmen!' And what would they do with 'eleven couple of hounds for Major-General Hompesch,' or with 'Dr. Crichton carrying with him a cow and divers other necessities.'

The great abuse of 'franking' caused restrictions to be placed upon it in 1837, and when the uniform penny-post came in, in 1840, it was finally abolished.

A. R. B.



A TERRIBLE VISITANT.

PROFESSOR LICHTENSTEIN relates:—When passing near the Riet river-gate, and while our oxen were grazing, Van Wyk, the colonist, related to us the following interesting circumstance:—

"It is now," he said, "more than two years since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house, near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without, near the house, busied in doing something to a waggon, when suddenly, though it was midday, an enormous lion appeared, came up and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance I had set it into the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand, for, as you may perceive, the opening was too small to admit of my having got in; and, still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed, and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, so that he never stirred more."

'Indeed we all shuddered as we listened to this relation. Never, as he himself observed, was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were inevitably lost; if the boy had moved, he had been struck; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him. To have taken an aim at him without, was impossible; while the shadow of any one advancing, in the bright sun, would have betrayed him; to consummate the whole, the head of the creature was in some sort protected by the door-post.'

THE BASS ROCK.

THOSE who are familiar with the Bristol Channel know well the Steep Holme, a little island rising high out of the waves opposite the town of Weston-super-Mare. But, strange as it seems, standing alone like a sentinel in the estuary, the Steep Holme is surpassed in grandeur and interest by the Bass Rock. This island, a mass of hard rock, nearly a mile in

circuit, and about four hundred feet high, rises out of the sea near the mouth of the Firth of Forth. On all sides but one the cliffs rise sheer from the waves to a great height. Only on the south-west can a landing be made, and there with difficulty. Through the rock from west to east runs a cavern, the mouth of which can be entered at low water. Thousands of geese settle on the rock, and give in the distance a snowy appearance.

The Rock has quite a history of its own, although little is known of its early owners or inhabitants. Tradition says that St. Baldred found a resting-place here in the seventh century.

In 1316 it was granted to the Landers, from whom James VI., when he visited the rock in 1581, wished to buy it. Thither, as a place of safety, were sent the Registers of the Church of Scotland, to save them from the hands of Oliver Cromwell. In 1671 the Rock was sold to Charles II. for 4000*l.*, and many eminent Covenanters were confined in dungeons upon it. In June, 1691, a handful of Jacobites captured the island, and held it for the Stuarts, against all the force that could be sent against them, until April, 1694. Then their provisions were coming fast to an end, and they surrendered on honourable terms. After this William III. ordered the fortifications to be destroyed. In 1706 the Rock was granted to the Dalrymples, to whom it now belongs.

A. R. B.

TALES OF TROY.

No. IV.

THE DEEDS OF DIOMED.



HE taunts of General Agamemnon roused Diomed to show what he could do. Leaping from his car, he hurried to the scene of action. He was second only to Achilles in boldness and dash, and before him in prudence. He also eclipsed the heavy Ajax in dexterity and sprightliness. The reproaches of Agamemnon set the soul of this hero on fire, and his deeds blazed

forth like a meteor in the sky. He first slew one of the sons of a wealthy priest of Vulcan, the other son escaping a like fate only by flight. Diomed went raging on, and all the Trojans retired before his dreadful sword.

Pandarus, who had broken the truce by wounding Menelaus, now strove to stem the furious onslaught of Diomed, by letting fly a gray-goose shaft at him. The arrow pierced his shoulder, and his brazen armour was crimsoned with blood. The archer raised a shout of triumph, thinking he had killed Diomed, but he shouted too soon. The wounded man retired behind his chariot, and, with the help of Sthenelus, plucked the arrow from his body. With a short prayer for help the hero resumed the attack, and with tenfold ardour. Several young warriors were now slain by him; among them, two of Priam's sons, who were savagely torn from the chariot in which they rode side by side.

This disaster greatly afflicted Æneas, the most pious of Priam's children. He entreated Pandarus, as the best archer the Trojans had, to aim another arrow at Diomed, who was doing such harm.

Pandarus would not, however; he was in a pet because his unrivalled skill had failed him twice, and he swore he would go home and break his bow, and feed the fire with it. Æneas calmed his petulance, and invited him to ride in his chariot against Diomed.

'You shall either fight,' said he, 'or drive the famous horses.'

Pandarus refused the reins but ascended the chariot, and it went thundering on against the Greek.

Sthenelus warned him of its approach, and advised him to get into his own car, but the hero would not. When the chariot of Æneas was near enough, Pandarus hurled his spear at Diomed. It pierced his shield, and penetrated his coat of armour.

'The pride of Greece is dead!' shouted Pandarus. They were his last words.

'Mistaken boaster!' cried Diomed, as he hurled his javelin back. It struck Pandarus on the face, between his eyeball and nostril, and the point came out at the chin. And so Pandarus died. Æneas shielded his fallen friend, and drove away the Greeks who longed to despoil the body. Then Diomed, stooping down, picked up a huge stone, which he hurled at Æneas. It lighted on his hip, and hurt him sorely; and now, as Paris had been hidden in a cloud, so was Æneas. Unseen hands conveyed him to the temple of Pergamus, where he was healed; but his chariot and his unrivalled horses became the property of Diomed.

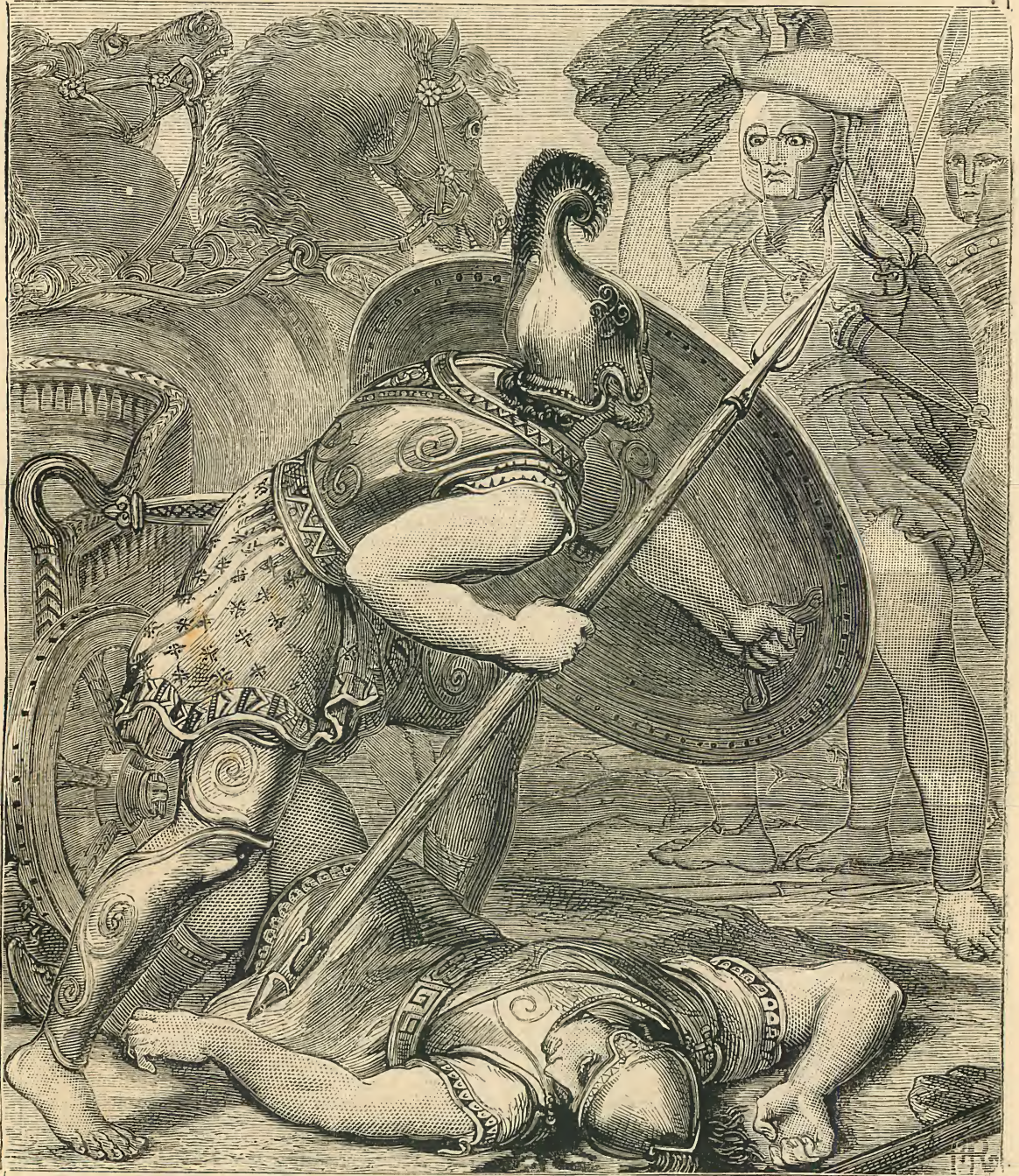
The fall of Pandarus, the defeat of Æneas, and the evident terror of the Trojans, moved Sarpedon, one of their allies, to reproach Hector.

'Haste, warrior! haste!' cried he; 'arouse your friends, or the towers of Troy must fall!'

At these words Hector leaped from his car and strove to revive the flagging ardour of the Trojans. His words were greatly assisted by the reappearance of Æneas, who seemed none the worse for the blow.

These signs of reviving courage did not escape Agamemnon. Shouting out a few calm words of encouragement, he launched his spear at Æneas's friend Deicoon, while Æneas replied by killing two Greeks. The Trojan then retired from an unequal contest with Menelaus and the son of Nestor, who bore down on him. The two Greeks thereupon wreaked their vengeance on Pylæmenes and his charioteer; and Nestor's son, leaping into the empty car, drove away with it, and added it to his prizes.

All this stirred Hector, and his whole appearance now became so dreadful that even Diomed was afraid, and advised a retreat. And so the Greeks retired, with their faces to the foe, doing meanwhile many deeds of prowess. The best and bravest of them surrounded Diomed, faint yet from his wound, and the goddess Juno, a great friend of the Greeks, imitating the voice of Stentor (who acted as a trumpeter), strove to arrest their retreating steps. Minerva also urged Diomed to fear no one, not even the god of war himself. She pushed him into his chariot and took the reins herself; and, thus assisted, Diomed pierced Mars, who was at Hector's side. The wounded deity bellowed so loudly, that all the Greeks and Trojans trembled when they heard it.



Æneas defending the body of Pandarus from Diomed.

Chatterbox.



Passy makes friends with the Dog.



A TRUE TALE OF A CAT.

ONE summer a party of ladies who were staying at Windermere went for a long drive in a carriage hired from an hotel near. They drove round by Rydal and Grassmere, and then got out to walk up a steep hill, one lady being in front with a favourite dog. There was no house or habitation of any sort in view, and to her surprise a pretty half-grown kitten came from a marshy place on the road, and went up to the dog, rubbing against it with every appearance of friendliness. When the rest of the party came up, they all got into the carriage again, and when they were seated the kitten jumped in after them. They then drove to Grassmere Hotel, where they had tea, the kitten following them in and lying down by the dog. After tea they drove to Ambleside, where they got out, and went to see the Stock Gill Force, a waterfall about three quarters of a mile from the road. The kitten got out and walked with them, following them closely to the waterfall and back, getting over all the wet places, in fact, imitating the dog in everything, and getting into the carriage again. On arriving at Windermere, they were puzzled what to do with it; but the driver said it would be welcome at the hotel, as they were troubled with mice. So he took it at once.

Next morning, to their surprise, on returning from a walk, they found the kitten sitting on the doorstep, waiting to be let in, and welcoming them as old friends. It stayed with them for a week, following them whenever it could in their walks. But one day, going out with one of the ladies, it did not return with her, and was not seen by them again.

A short time afterwards some friends of theirs living near Windermere went for a drive to Coniston, and when one of the gentlemen got out of the carriage, in the most lonely part of the road, he was joined by a kitten, which answered to the description of this one. It attached itself to the party, and stayed with them for some days; but one day it disappeared, and was heard of no more. This seems to show how very fond cats are of human beings, and how much they like being noticed and petted by us.

M. H. F. DONNE.

PLURAL TERMINATIONS.

REMEMBER, though box in the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose isn't geeses nor geeses:
And remember, though house in the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse should be mice, not mouses.
Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice,
But the plural of house should be houses not hices;
And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet,
But the plural of root should be roots, and not reet.

CHILDREN'S HATS.

NOW that the days of sunshine are with us, it may be worth while to remind parents that the use of a child's hat is to cover its head, and the use of the brim is to shade the eyes. It is painful to see infants and little folk of tender years with half-closed eyelids, knitted brows, and faces screwed up and distorted by the glare of the sunshine, from which they ought to be protected. Fashion is the Juggernaut of life all the world over, and children are tortured, with the kindest intentions, in the worship of the hideous monster: but it is needless to inflict annoyances which do not actually form part of the orthodox sacrifice to folly. While children are allowed to wear hats with brims, these useful appendages should be turned down so as to shade the eyes. This simple precaution will save considerable pain, spare some trouble with the eyes, and produce a more pleasing expression. Children who are struggling to keep the sun out of their eyes do not feel amiable or look happy, as a walk in one of the parks any fine morning must convince the attentive observer.—*Lancel.*

THE TWO SHOEMAKERS.

TWO shoemakers, as I have heard,
Lived in the town of 'Bray,'
The one was bright as any bird,
His cheery voice, you might have heard,
If you had passed that way.

He tacked and hammered all the day,
And sang a blithesome song,
And then, when evening chased away
The glories of the summer day,
He slept the whole night long!

The other was a graver man,
With solemn face and white,
The neighbours called him 'Busy Dan,'
For this was his uncommon plan,
He worked both day and night.

He was a miser, and his wealth
He kept in money-bags;
He shivered in the winter cold,
But could not bear to spend his gold,
And so he went in rags!

These men, so diverse in their ways,
Both led a single life;
Dan had no time, I think, to wed,
And as for Bill, he always said
He could not get a wife!

When Christmas came, as come it will,
It brought to Dan no cheer;
He felt that if to dine he must,
He only craved a single crust
(That did not cost him dear).

And then, when dinner all was done,
He double-locked his door,
And sitting there in all his rags,
He soon pulled out his money-bags,
And slowly counted o'er

The precious, precious coins of gold,
And all the silver bright,
And happy was poor Dan just now;
And this, I grieve to say, was how
He spent his Christmas night.

When Christmas came to Bill's abode
He never seemed to tire,
But went and bought a good fat goose,
And while it roasted in its juice
Before a cheerful fire

He opened wide the little door
That led into his den,
And beckoned in poor little Sue,
The tinker's orphan child; and who
So gay as Bill was then?

He sat above, and Sue below,
The goose was placed between,
And when he took it from the spit,
I've heard they ate it every bit!
For Sue felt hunger keen.

One day the postman's knock was heard
At Daniel's cottage door:
'Come, here's a letter, Dan, I say!
Don't keep me waiting all the day!
(He threw it on the floor.)

Dan picked it up in anxious haste,
And this was how it ran,—
'Your brother Jacob died last night,
He left a will, and all things right,
A thousand pounds to Dan!'

The postman then pursued his way,
Much further up the hill,
Until he reached the little den:
He knocked a double knock, and then
A letter gave to Bill.

Then Bill, with spectacles on nose,
Surveyed it with dismay:
'There's nothing wrong, I hope,' he said,
'With sister Anne, or brother Ned:
Few letters come my way.'

'Dear brother Bill,' his sister wrote,
'It will vex and grieve you too,
To know that our poor brother Ned
Took ill last night, and now he's dead,—
His child he left to you!'

Bill folded up the letter then,
And all that woeful day
The tears came dropping, as he said,
'And we were boys together, Ned,
And now you're called away!'

Your little girl you left to me,
(For so I heard from Anne),
Ah, well! I'll take her in, and see
If she can feel content with me:
I'll do the best I can.'

So little Nancy came, and soon
She took to Uncle Bill,
And when he sat him down to rest
She clambered up upon his breast,
And kissed him with a will.

But when the child a maiden grew,
Both loving, wise, and fair,
It was his very joy and pride,
To have her at his own fireside,
Beside his old arm-chair.

And when Death came for him at last,
And he could scarcely see,
'Twas with his parting breath he said,
'I'll always bless my brother Ned
For sending you to me!'

When Dan had got his thousand pounds,
It added to his store,
But much he grieved within his heart
That he had only got a part,—
He wished it had been more!

He put a new bolt on his door,
And then he slowly drew
From underneath his iron bed
A heavy box, and thus he said,
'I've not a friend but you.'

Poor Dan! his riches weighed him down,
He scarce knew what to do,
For not a moment's rest had he,
He always feared a thief to see:
His griefs they were not few.

He got a little barking dog,
And chained it to his bed,
But sad it was for Dan to think,
That dogs require not only drink,
They also must be fed.

One day when Dan had plied his task
His sight began to fail,
The work fell from his trembling hand,
He felt that he could scarcely stand,
His face was ghastly pale.

He tottered to his heavy box,
Pulled out his bags, and laid
His pillow just above them all,
And then he raised his voice to call
A neighbour to his aid.

The neighbours came and did their best,
But all their help was vain,
For Dan had fairly starved himself,
And all to save his wretched pelf,
And gather up the gain.

The little dog was skin and bone,
And dismally it whined:
The neighbours gave poor Dan some food,
The little dog got something good,
But all too late they dined!

When Dan had drawn his latest breath,
And lay so still and cold,
They drew the bolster all aside,
And there so firm, and tightly tied,
Lay all the miser's gold!

The coroner held an inquest then,
And thus the verdict ran,
'He died for want of fire and food:
So all ye men and women good,
Take warning by poor Dan.'

D. B.



ROWLAND HILL.

Young readers will not be able to remember the time when the postage of a letter, between London and Birmingham, for instance, was ninepence, even if it only contained one sheet of paper, and if it had more than one sheet it was charged double. Fancy having to pay eighteen pence for a letter!

Members of Parliament were allowed to 'frank' letters, that is, if a Member of Parliament wrote his name on the outside of a letter, no postage was charged. One of my father's friends was a Member of Parliament, and I can just remember seeing him seated at the writing-table, franking the letters, and how my nurse used to give me her letters to take down to the drawing-room for him to frank. In those days many people were tempted to disobey the law, and to send letters in unlawful ways, in order to avoid paying this heavy postage, and consequently as many letters went in this way as were sent through the post, and so the Government lost a great deal of money.

For the happy change we now enjoy in being able to send a letter to any part of Great Britain or Ireland for a penny, we have to thank the late Sir Rowland Hill, who died a little more than three years ago. He was the son of a schoolmaster in Birmingham, and used to teach the boys to write. But after working

hard for some years at school-keeping, his health gave way, and he had to go abroad. When he came back he began to give himself up to that which became henceforth the object of his life, viz. the working of a thorough change in the system of the Post Office.

This was no easy matter. His scheme, like so many other good works, was much opposed; but after long and patient labour he succeeded in convincing the House of Commons that if his scheme were carried out the Government would be enriched and a great blessing given to all the Queen's subjects; and so at last they listened to him, and it was decided that every letter not weighing more than half an ounce should be sent for a penny, for which purpose penny stamps bearing the image of the Queen's head were appointed to be used.

Sir Rowland Hill was knighted as a reward for all he had done, and when, after his long and useful life, he died at the age of eighty-three, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where so many benefactors of their country have been laid to rest.

M. H. F. DONNE.

A LITTLE SAILOR-BOY.

A LITTLE lad of eleven years old had been sent to begin his life as a midshipman on board an English frigate. His name was Cuthbert Collingwood; and ever since he could remember he had wished for the day to come when he might really be called a sailor.



Cuthbert and his friend.

But now that the long-looked-for time had arrived, poor little Cuthbert did not feel as happy as he had expected to do. He missed his mother's care and love, and he thought about her and longed for just one word or just one kiss from her gentle lips, until the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and instead of marching about the deck, with his hands in his pockets, and feeling as grand and brave as an admiral, he stole quietly away by himself, and indulged in a hearty fit of crying.

'What a baby!' do you say? No, I do not think

Cuthbert was a baby; and an officer who happened to pass by his hiding-place did not think so either. Perhaps he had some little lads of his own, and knew that brave boys, as well as cowards, cry sometimes. He stopped to speak to the homesick child, and cheered him up so kindly and pleasantly that Cuthbert's sobs ceased, and he began to feel that he would be able to enjoy his new life after all.

Now his mother had made a plum-cake, and packed it safely in her little boy's box when she sent him away. Cuthbert wished to do something to please

his new friend, so not being able to think of anything else which he could give to him, he cut a large slice of cake, and offered that as a token of his gratitude.

Having got over his first sorrow at leaving home, he soon showed that he was not a baby. He worked hard, and grew into a brave, hardy sailor; and among England's list of famous names you will find none worthier of remembrance than that of Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood.

H. L. T.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 139.)

CHAPTER XVI.
HONOUR TO THE BRAVE.



ALTHOUGH Paul's mother lived alone, yet she was not without company: for the bees and the humming-birds buzzing among the flowers, the old clock ticking steadily, the cat purring in the sunshine, were her constant companions through the long summer days. And every morning Azalia came in and read the news. Pleasant the sound of her approaching step! Ever welcome her appearance!

Winsome her smile! How beautiful upon her cheek the deepening bloom of a guileless heart!

'Good news!' she exclaimed one morning, as she entered, with glowing countenance and sparkling eyes.

'What is it, dear?' Mrs. Parker asked.

Azalia replied by opening a newspaper, and reading that 'Captain Paul Parker, who had been acting as Major, was promoted to be a Colonel for meritorious and distinguished services at Vicksburg.'

'I am glad he has served his country so faithfully,' said Mrs. Parker, gratified, and proud of her son.

'Who knows but that he may be a general yet?' said Azalia triumphantly. 'We are going to have a jubilee this afternoon over the victories,' she added. She could stop no longer, for she was to take part in the jubilee with Daphne, and hastened away to prepare for the occasion.

All New Hope turned out to rejoice over the glorious news. Farmers came with their waggons loaded with things for the soldiers—bottles of wine, jars of jellies and preserves, for there were thousands of wounded in the hospitals. Those who could not contribute such things were ready to give money, for their hearts were overflowing with gratitude. Old men came, leaning on their staves or supported by their children, with the fires of youth rekindling in their souls. Mothers were there, for they had sons in the service. Paul was not the only soldier who had gone from New Hope. A score had enlisted. Old folk, young folk, all the people of the place were there, in the church.

The evening train came thundering along the railroad, stopping long enough to leave Paul, who had unexpectedly been ordered to duty in Tennessee with General Rosecrans. He was granted a week's leave of absence. There was no one at the dépôt. He wondered at the silence in the streets. Houses, and stores, and shops were all closed. He passed up the

hill to his old home; but his mother was not there, and the door was fast. The cat was lying upon the step, and purred him a welcome. The bees were humming over the flower-beds, and the swallows twittered merrily upon the roof of the house. The remembrance of his boyhood came back, and he was a child again amid the flowers.

He noticed that the people were around the church, and passed on to see what had called them together.

'Why, that is Paul Parker, as true as I am alive!' said Mr. Chrome, as he approached the church.

The little boys caught it up, and cried, 'Paul has come! Paul has come!' and looked wonderingly at his blue uniform, and the eagle on his shoulders. It was buzzed through the church that he had come. Judge Adams, who was on the platform, and who was chairman of the meeting, said: 'It gives me great pleasure to announce the arrival of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Colonel Parker, who has so nobly distinguished himself in the service of our country.'

'Three cheers for Colonel Parker!' shouted Mr. Chrome, and the people, glad to see him, and brimming over with joy for the victories, sprang to their feet and hurraed and stamped till the windows rattled. Judge Adams welcomed him to the platform, and Mr. Surplice, Colonel Dare, and Squire Capias rose and shook hands with him. Squire Capias was making a speech when Paul entered; but he left off suddenly, saying, 'I know that you want to hear from Colonel Parker, and it will give me greater pleasure to listen to him than to talk myself.'

Then there were cries for Paul.

'It is not necessary for me to introduce Colonel Parker on this occasion,' said Judge Adams. 'He is our fellow-citizen; this is his home. He has honoured himself and us. We have been trying to be eloquent over the great victories; but the eloquence of speech is very poor when compared with the eloquence of action.' Then turning to Paul, he said, 'What you and your comrades have done, sir, will be remembered through all coming time.'

'We tried to do our duty, and God gave us the victory,' said Paul. He stood before them taller and stouter than when he went away. He was sunburnt; but his countenance was noble and manly, and marked with self-reliance. He never had made a speech. He did not know what to say. To stand there facing the audience, with his mother, Azalia, Daphne, and all his old friends before him, was very embarrassing. It was worse than meeting the Rebels in battle. But why should he be afraid? They were all his friends, and would respect him if he did the best he could. He would not try to be eloquent. He would simply tell them the story of the battles; how the soldiers had marched, and toiled, and fought—not for glory, honour, or fame, but because they were true patriots; how he had seen them resign themselves to death as calmly as to a night's repose, thinking and talking of friends far away, of father, mother, brothers, and sisters, their pleasant homes, and the dear old scenes, yet never uttering a regret.

There were moist eyes when he said that; but when he told them of the charge at Fort Donelson—how the troops marched through the snow in long, unbroken lines, and with a hurrah went up the hill, over fallen trees, and drove the Rebels from their

breastworks—the men swung their hats and shouted, and the women waved their handkerchiefs and cheered as if crazy with enthusiasm.

Then Azalia and Daphne sung the Star-spangled Banner, the congregation joining in the chorus. Under the excitement of the moment, Judge Adams called for contributions for the soldiers, and the old farmers took out their pocket-books. Those who had made up their minds to give five dollars gave ten, while Mr. Middlekauf, Hans's father, who thought he would give twenty-five, put fifty into the hat.

When the meeting was over, Paul stepped down from the platform, threw his arms around his mother's neck, and kissed her, and heard her whisper, 'God bless you, Paul!' Then the people came to shake hands with him. Even Miss Dobb came up, all smiles, shaking her curls, holding out her bony hand, and saying, 'I am glad to see you, Colonel Parker. You know that I was your old teacher. I really feel proud to know that you have acquitted yourself so well. I shall claim part of the honour. You must come and take tea with me, and tell me all about the battles,' she said.

'My leave of absence is short. I shall not have time to make many visits; but it will give me great pleasure to call upon those who have *always* been my friends,' said Paul, with a look so searching that it brought the blood into her faded cheeks.

Heartily the welcome from Azalia and Daphne, and from those who had been his scholars, who listened with eager interest to the words which fell from his lips. Golden the days and blissful those few hours spent with his mother, sitting by her side in the old kitchen; with Daphne and Azalia, singing the old songs; with Azalia alone, stealing down the shaded walk in the calm moonlight, talking of the changeful past, and looking into the dreamy future, the whip-poorwills and plovers piping to them from the clover-fields, the crickets chirping them a cheerful welcome, and the river saluting them with its ceaseless serenade!

CHAPTER XVII.—CHICKAMAUGA.

Quick the changes! Paul was once more with the army, amid the mountains of Tennessee, marching upon Chattanooga with General Rosecrans, tramping over Lookout Mountain, and along the Chickamauga.

Then came a day of disaster in September. A great battle began on Saturday morning, lasted through Sunday, and closed on Monday. Paul rode courageously where duty called him, through the dark woods, along the winding river, where the bullets sang, where the shells burst, where hundreds of brave men fell. Terrible the contest! It was like a thunderstorm among the mountains—like the growling of the angry surf upon the shore of the ocean. How trying, after hours of hard fighting, to see the lines waver and behold the Rebels move victoriously over the field! with disaster setting in, and to know that all that is worth living for is trembling in the scale!

There are such moments in battle. General Rosecrans's army was outnumbered. Paul saw the Rebels driving in the centre and turning the left flank to cut off all retreat to Chattanooga. The moment for great, heroic action had come. He felt the blood leap through his veins as it never had leaped before.

The Rebel line was advancing up the hill. The Union batteries were making ready to leave.

'Stay where you are!' he shouted. 'Give them canister! Double-shot the guns! Quick! One minute now is worth a thousand hours!'

'Rally! rally! Don't let them have the guns!' he shouted to the flying troops. They were magic words. Men who had started to run came back. Those who were about to leave stood in their places, ready to die where they were. Five minutes passed; they seemed ages. On—nearer—up to the muzzles of the guns came the Rebels; then, losing heart, fled down the hill, where hundreds of their comrades lay dying and dead. Their efforts to break the line had failed. But once more they advanced in stronger force, rushing up the hill. Fearful the din and strife, the shouts and yells, the clashing of sabres and bayonets, the roar of the cannon, the explosion of shells. Paul found himself suddenly falling, then all was dark.

When he came to himself the scene had changed. He was lying upon the ground. A soldier, wearing a dirty grey jacket, and with long hair, was pulling off his boots, saying,—

'This Yankee has got a pair of boots worth having.'

'Hold on! what are you up to?' said Paul.

'Hullo! ye are alive, are ye? Tho't yer was dead. Reckon I'll take yer boots, and yer coat tew.'

Paul saw how it was: he was wounded, and left on the field. He was in the hands of the Rebels; but hardest to bear was the thought that the army had been defeated. He was stiff and sore. The blood was oozing from a wound in his side. He was burning up with fever. He asked the Rebels who were around him for a drink of water; but, instead of moistening his parched lips, one pointed his gun at him and threatened to blow out his brains. They stripped off his coat and picked his pockets. Around him were hundreds of dead men. The day wore away and the night came on. He opened his lips to drink the falling dew, and lay with his face towards the stars. He thought of his mother, of home, of Azalia, of the angels and God. Many times he had thought how sad it must be to die alone upon the battle-field, far from friends; but now he remembered the words of Jesus Christ: 'I will not leave you comfortless. My peace I give unto you.' Heaven seemed near, and he felt that the angels were not far away. He had tried to do his duty. He believed that, whether living or dying, God would take care of him, and of his mother. In his soul there was sweet peace and composure; but what was the meaning of the strange feeling creeping over him, the numbness of his hands, the fluttering of his heart? Was it not the coming on of death? He remembered the prayer of his childhood, lisped many a time while kneeling by his mother's side, and repeated it once more.

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

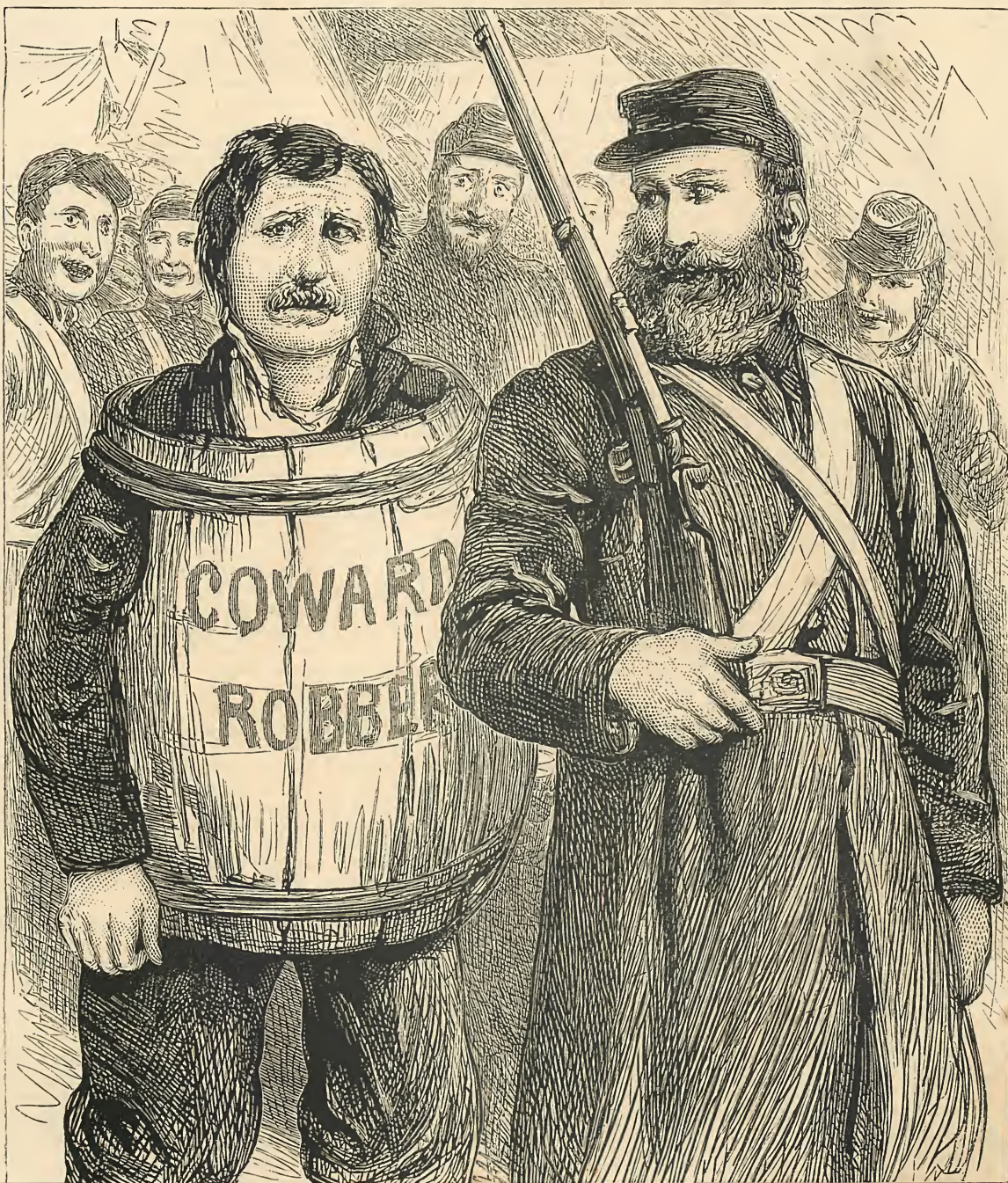
The stars were fading. His senses reeled. His eyelids closed, and he lay pale, cold, and motionless, among the dead.

(To be continued.)



After the meeting—Paul and h's Mother.

Chatterbox.



Philip paraded through the Camp.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 151.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW HE LIVED IN THE MEMORY OF HIS FRIENDS.



COLONEL PARKER, mortally wounded and left on the field. So read the account of the battle in the newspapers—which told of the disaster to the army—how the lines were broken, how the cannon were lost, how Paul was shot through the breast, how, had it not been for General Thomas, it would have been a day of utter ruin. Mr. Surplice went up to the little

old house to break the sad tidings to Paul's mother, for he could best give comfort and consolation in time of affliction.

'I have sad news,' he said. She saw it in his face, even before he spoke, and knew that something terrible had happened. 'A great battle has been fought, and God has seen fit that your son should die for his country.'

She made no outcry, but the tears glistened in her eyes. She wiped them away, and calmly replied: 'I gave him freely to the country and to God. I know that he was a dutiful, affectionate son. I am not sorry that I let him go.' Then with clasped hands she looked upward, through her blinding tears, and thanked God that Paul had been faithful, honest, true, and good.

The neighbours came, in to comfort her, but were surprised to find her so calm, and to hear her say, 'It is well.'

It was a gloomy day in New Hope—in the stores, and shops, and in the school-house, for the children affectionately remembered their old teacher. When the sexton tolled the bell, they bowed their heads and wept bitter tears. Mr. Chrome laid down his paint-brush and sat with folded hands, saying, 'I can't work.' Colonel Dare dashed a tear from his eye, and said, 'So slavery takes our noblest and best.' He walked down to the little old house, and said to Mrs. Parker, 'You never shall want while I have a cent left.' Judge Adams came, and with much emotion asked, 'What can I do for you?'

'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters,' she replied, so calmly that the Judge felt that she was the strong one and he the weak.

When Azalia heard the news the rose-bloom faded from her cheeks and her heart stood still. In imagination she saw Paul lying on the ground, with blood flowing from his side, enduring dreadful agony, while waiting the coming of death. She could hardly think of him as gone, never to return, yet the church-bell was tolling mournfully—gone, gone, gone! She clasped her hands upon her heart to keep it from bursting.

'Be comforted, my child; he has gone to a better world than this,' said her mother, sympathising in her sorrow.

Daphne came in, and bathed Azalia's burning brow, kissed her tenderly, and said, 'Don't cry, dear.'

Azalia was not weeping—there were no tears in her eyes; God had wiped them all away: but the great and sudden affliction was like the heat of a fiery furnace. It had dried the fountains. Though her mother and Daphne were so kind and tender, they could not take away her heart-ache. It was a weary day. She sat by the window and gazed upon the wheat-fields, brown and bare, for it was almost October, and the reapers had gathered the grain. Beyond the fields was the river, shrunk to a narrow bed by the heats of summer. Dead leaves were floating down the stream. Like the *Miserere* which the choir chanted at the funeral of a sweet young girl before Paul went to the army, was the murmuring of the water. Beyond the river were green meadows, and gardens, and orchards, where dahlias were blooming, and grapes and apples ripening in the mellow sunshine. She thought of Paul as having passed over the river, and as walking in the vineyard of the Lord. The summer flowers which she had planted in her own garden were faded, the stalks were dry, and the leaves withered. They never would bloom again. Like them, the brightness of her life had passed away.

Night brought no relief. It seemed as if her heart would break, but she remembered what Jesus said: 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' She told Him all her grief, asked Him to help her, inasmuch as He was able to bear the sorrows of all the world. So confiding in Him, she found peace of mind.

Then in the evening they who walked along the street stopped and listened by the gate to hear the music which floated out through the open window, bowing their heads, and in silence wiping away their tears. It was the music of the *Messiah*, which Handel composed. She sung it in church one Sunday before Paul went to the army, and Mr. Surplice said it set him to thinking about the music of Heaven; but now to the passers in the street it was as if Jesus called them, so sweet and tender was the song.

It was consoling to take from her bureau the letters which Paul had written, and read again what she had read many times—to look upon the laurel-leaf which he plucked in the woods at Donelson, the locust-blossoms which he gathered at Shiloh, the moss-rose which grew in a garden at Vicksburg—to read his noble and manly words of his determination to do his duty in all things.

'Life is worth nothing,' read one of the letters, 'unless devoted to noble ends. I thank God that I live in this age, for there never has been so great an opportunity to do good. The heroes of all ages, those who have toiled and suffered to make the world better, are looking down from the past to see if I am worthy to be of their number. I can see the millions yet to come beckoning me to do my duty for their sake. They will judge me. What answer can I give them if I falter?'

Thus in her sorrow Azalia found some comfort in looking at the faded flowers, and in reflecting that he had not faltered in the hour of trial, but had proved himself worthy to be numbered with the heroic dead.

CHAPTER XIX.—WHAT BECAME OF A TRAITOR.

BUT Paul was not dead. He was in the hands of the enemy. He had been taken up from the battlefield while unconscious, put into an ambulance, and carried with other wounded to a Rebel hospital.

'We can't do anything for this Yankee,' said one of the surgeons who looked at his wound.

'No, he will pop off right soon, I reckon,' said another; and Paul was left to live or die, as it might be.

When he awoke from his stupor he found himself in an old barn, lying on a pile of straw. He was weak and faint, and suffered excruciating pain. The Rebel soldier had stolen his coat, and he had no blanket to protect him from the cold night-winds. He was helpless. His flesh was hot, his lips were parched. A fever set in, his flesh wasted away, and his eyes became wild, glassy, and sunken. Week after week he lay powerless to help himself, often out of his head and talking of home, or imagining he was in battle. How long the days! how lonesome the nights! But he had a strong constitution, and instead of 'popping off,' as the surgeon predicted, he began to get well. Months passed of pain, and agony, and weary longing. It was sweet relief when he was able to creep out and sit in the warm sunshine.

One day a Rebel lieutenant, wearing a gay uniform trimmed with gold lace, came past him. Paul saw that he had been drinking liquor, for he could not walk straight.

'Why don't you salute me, you Yankee villain?' said the fellow, stopping.

Paul was startled at the voice, looked the lieutenant in the face, and saw that it was Philip Funk. His face was bloated, and his eyes bloodshot. When he fled from New Hope, after robbing Mr. Bond, he made his way south, joined the Rebels, and was now a lieutenant. Paul was so changed by sickness that Philip did not recognise him.

'Why don't you salute me, you dirty Yankee puppy?' said Philip, with an oath.

'I don't salute a traitor and a robber,' said Paul.

Philip turned pale with anger. 'Say that again, and I will cut your heart out!' he said, with a horrible oath, raising his sword and advancing upon Paul, who stood still and looked him calmly in the eye.

'Cowards only attack unarmed men,' said Paul.

'What do you mean, sir, by calling me a robber, traitor, and coward?' Philip asked, white with rage, not recognising Paul.

'I mean that you, Philip Funk, committed robbery at New Hope, ran away from home, became a traitor, and now you show yourself to be a coward by threatening to cut out the heart of a weak, defenceless prisoner.'

'Who are you?' stammered Philip.

'My name is Paul Parker. I am a colonel in the service of the United States,' Paul replied, not recognising by any familiar act his old playmate and schoolfellow.

Philip dropped his sword, and stood irresolute and undecided what to do. A group of Rebel officers who had been wounded, and were strolling about the grounds, saw and heard it all. One was a colonel.

'What do you know about Lieutenant Funk?' he asked.

'He was my schoolmate. He committed robbery and came south to join your army,' Paul replied.

The Colonel turned to the officers who were with him, and said,—

'This is the fellow who is suspected of stealing from the soldiers, and it is said that he skulked at Chickamanga.'

'He ought to be reduced to the ranks,' said another.

Philip did not stop to hear any more, but walked rapidly away.

The next day he was arrested and brought before a court-martial, tried, and found guilty of hiding behind a stump when ordered to make a charge in battle, and of stealing money from the soldiers. The court ordered that he be stripped of his uniform and reduced to the ranks, and wear the 'rogue's coat' through the camp. The coat was a flour-barrel, without heads, but with holes cut in the sides for his arms.

Philip was brought out upon the parade-ground, deprived of his sword and uniform, and compelled to put on the barrel, on which were written the words,

COWARD, ROBBER.

Thus, with two soldiers to guard him, with a drummer and fifer playing the Rogues' March, he was paraded through the camp. The soldiers hooted at him, and asked him all sorts of questions.

'Did you pay your tailors with the money you stole?' asked one.

'Your coat puckers under the arms and wrinkles in the back,' said another.

'He felt so big they had to hoop him to keep him from bursting,' remarked one, who remembered how pompous Philip had been.

After being marched through the camp he was set to work with a shovel, cleaning up the grounds. It was a sorry day to Philip. He wished he had never been born. He was despised alike by officers and soldiers. The officers made him do their dirty work, while the soldiers, knowing that he had not courage enough to resent an insult, made him the general scavenger of the camp. This treatment was so hard to bear that Philip thought of deserting; but he knew that if he was caught he would be shot, and he did not dare to make the attempt. The slaves in the camp looked down upon him, and spoke of him as the 'meanest sort of Yankee white trash.' The soldiers turned him out of their tents. 'We won't have a Yankee thief and coward in our mess,' said they, and he was obliged to sleep under the trees, or wherever he could find shelter. He became dirty and ragged. His clothes dropped from him piece by piece, till he had nothing left but rags. He had little to eat. He had no friends. When he was sick, no one cared for him. Those were bitter days; but instead of being made better at heart by his punishment, he cursed and swore, and wished only that he could get whiskey to drink.

Winter set in. There came a cold, stormy night. Philip wandered about the camp to keep himself warm. He was weak and faint, and at last, tired, exhausted, and his teeth chattering with ague, he crawled



into a waggon, drew his old tattered blanket over his head, and after shivering awhile went to sleep. The teamsters found him there in the morning, stiff and cold. He had died during the night, with no friend near him, a vagabond, an outcast, despised by everybody.

The officer who had charge of the camp, when he heard that Philip was dead, called up a couple of soldiers who were in the guard-house for getting drunk, and said to them, 'You were drunk yesterday, and for a punishment I sentence you to bury the camp-scurllion who froze to death last night.'

The teamster harnessed his horses, drove outside of the camp into a field, where the two soldiers dug a shallow grave, tumbled the body into it, threw back the earth, trampled it down with their feet, shouldered their shovels, and went back to camp as unconcerned as if they had buried a dog.

(To be continued.)

KING LORY.



IGH up among the boughs of the thick forest in Queensland sit a flock of gorgeous birds, each the size of a common pigeon—they are the King Lory Parrot. The plumage of the male bird is a bright green, the neck, head, and breast being scarlet; the tail coverts are blue, but the tail is black, and very long. The female is of a bright green colour, with a patch of scarlet on the breast only. They make their nests in the hollow trunk of a tree, rearing two young birds, both being alike, with the exception of a small yellowish spot on the wings of the male, but as they reach maturity the male casts his coat of green for the more gorgeous attire of red, blue, and green.



"She has one little face,
Full of sweetness and grace."

These birds become tame and much attached to those who treat them kindly; they very soon learn to speak short sentences, such as 'Pretty, pretty Joey,' 'Give Joey some corn,' and such-like words. They seem to be able to imitate the word 'Joey' splendidly. They will live in captivity for years. They are great feeders on maize, and are shot in great numbers by the farmers, anxious to protect their crops.

Parrots smaller in size and less richly decked fly amidst the foliage in vast numbers, the green ligue and the little lorikeet being the principal. The former may be seen in flocks of thousands together in the forests at all times of the year. The female lays two white eggs in the hollow of a tree. The length is about ten inches; the bills vary in colour; the plumage is a fine grass green, marked by rich yellow margins, the under-feathers of the wings being of a rose colour.

The little Lorikeet is the smallest of our Queensland parrots. They, too, abound. The plumage is bright green, the front and round the base of the bill and cheeks a bright red. The bird's length is about six inches. The females of both these parrots are much like the male. They are great honey feeders, getting it from the eucalyptic blossoms. When they have been shot and are held head downwards, the honey will run from their mouths. They will not live in captivity. They abound in all parts of Queensland and Brisbane. J. A. C.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

WHAT my baby is like, do you wish me to write?
A darling, a beauty, my baby is, quite.
She has one little face,
Full of sweetness and grace,

And one little head besides ;
Two pink little cheeks for her father to kiss.
Indeed and indeed she's a sweet little miss !

'What my baby is like,' do you wish me to write?
She's fat and she's smooth, and she's soft and white.

With a sweet little nose
To smell at a rose ;

Two rosy-red cheeks between
One little ear on each side of her head—
So baby can hear every word that is said.

My dear little baby sits smiling on me,
She has two little blue eyes with which she can see ;

Two pretty eyes,

With which baby cries,

When anything happens to vex her.

With her two pretty eyes my baby 'goes sleep,'
With her two pretty eyes she plays at 'bo-peep.

Dear darling baby, I love her so well !

How much I love her, no words can tell.

Dear little curls

Has this sweetest of girls,

Though I love her without them as much.

She wears a blue sash to make her look smart,
Though her own sweet prettiness wins each heart.

There's one little tongue, for my baby to talk,

And two little feet, for my baby to walk—

Two little feet

To trot down the street,

And two little shoes as well ;

Two little shoes, and two little socks,

And a pretty red jacket to wear with her frocks.

One little mouth, and ten little teeth,

Six up above and four beneath.

She calls out 'Papa,'

And she calls out 'Mamma,'

That's all that my baby can say.

Dear little mouth, we must teach it to talk ;

Dear little feet, we must teach them to walk.

Does any one wish my sweet baby to see ?

If you wish to see baby, why come and see me !

For baby and I,

When we part, often cry—

At least baby does, if I don't.

So here I have sent you a picture of baby,

And surely you'll say 'She's a smart little lady.'

And now, would you know what is baby's dear name ?

To guess it will make you a capital game.

Is it Ann or Amelia,

Or Julia; Cordelia,

Florence, or Edith, or Emma ?

Is it Amy or Janie, or May or Matilda,

Caroline, Katherine, Rosa, or Hilda ?

Agnes or Agatha, Bertha, Paulina,

Eva or Marion, Lucy Marina,

Louisa, Augusta,

Theresa, or Justa,

Elizabeth, Alice, or Mary ?

Take each pretty name that you hear or you see,

Yet sweeter than all is my baby's to me !

J. E. C. F.

PUSSY AS NURSE.

PUSSY appears in a new character in an anecdote told in an early number of the *Edinburgh Journal*. Mrs. A. had a cat of which she was very fond, and whose dinner was provided with as much regularity as that of any member of the house, by the cook bringing home a liver once a-week when she went to purchase provisions for family use. When the liver was brought home it was cut into seven pieces, and puss had each day her allotted portion. It so happened that Mrs. A. was taken ill and confined to bed. No sooner did the cat miss her kind friend than she made her way to Mrs. A.'s chamber, and jumping on the bed, she caressed her mistress, licking her face and hands, and expressing by every means in her power her sympathy and affection. After a time the cat became restless; she leaped from the bed, planted herself close to the door, and waited impatiently for its being opened. The moment this was done she ran downstairs, and, to her mistress's great surprise, she returned with a piece of liver in her mouth, which she laid on the bed, and seemed to solicit her to eat, thinking perhaps that she was suffering from hunger.

The gratitude of puss did not end here, for on the next market-day, when the cook brought in the liver, before she had time to divide it, puss, when her back was turned, pounced upon the whole liver, rushed upstairs with it, and laid it on the counterpane with evident marks of pleasure, and gestures which seemed to say, 'See what a fine dinner I have brought you! pray get up and eat it.'

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

IN reading the daily newspapers one sometimes meets with most ludicrous errors, which are clearly the fault of the printer rather than the author. The small papers published at some of our colonies often contain very many such mistakes in a single number. But even our first-class periodicals are sometimes in fault.

At the time of the Crimean War it was one day announced by a leading paper that in a recent attack the enemy had been 'repulsed with great laughter.' Obviously, it should have stood 'great slaughter.' The omission of a single letter makes a great difference. This was very clear when another paper announced that a certain officer had been found dead on the field of battle 'with a long word in his mouth.' The 'word' must have been a 'sword.' A pick-pocket, who had robbed a lady in an omnibus, was stated by the constable who captured him to have had (according to one newspaper) 'a small *or* in his waistcoat pocket.' But it must surely have been a 'box.' A sportsman was said to have shot fifty *peasants* in a certain wood, when he had only been bagging pheasants. The agony of writers must sometimes be great on seeing the printer's handiwork. To find 'freshly-blown roses' converted into 'fleshy-brown noses,' and that 'In some parts of France the people collect and eat snails' reads 'collect and eat *nails*,' must be very trying. But such things do happen.

A. R. B.

A TALE OF A KITE.



IT'S an awful shame! Of course the little chap did it, and yet he won't say so. Mother, look here; my new kite torn to rags! Yesterday I let Georgy stand by and watch me make it, and he said he would like to go up into the clouds with it. Well, I put it in the corner to dry, and when I came to look at it to-day it is down on the ground, and all torn and spoilt!

I think father ought to whip Georgy; he is as stubborn as a mule, and won't tell how he did it.'

'But are you sure he did it, Wilfred?'

'Of course! Amy saw him come out of the room just before he went to bed last night, and he said he had been saying good night to the kite; and Jane found this bit of paper in his cot—just the same paper as the kite.'

'But you had scraps of paper over, after making the kite, Will.'

'Oh, mother, you want to screen Georgy; but I don't see why he should be let off because he is little: he was the only person in the room with the kite; he must have done it.'

'I don't wish to screen your little brother, Wilfred, I only wish him to have fair play, and I cannot have him punished on what we call circumstantial evidence. He says he never touched your kite after you left it, and he always tells the truth.'

The next morning his father's newspaper was found torn in pieces before any one had read it, and again no one would own to the deed. This time Georgy was not suspected. A few days later the real criminal, however, was discovered in the shape of 'Brisk,' Wilfred's puppy, who, it seemed, was developing a great taste for paper of all descriptions—the rustle of it exciting him to worry and shake and tear anything of the paper kind.

Georgy's character was quite cleared, and Wilfred was very glad that his little brother had not been punished.

Some years after, Wilfred happened to be staying with his uncle, who kept a stationer's shop in a country town.

His aunt met him one day with a grieved face.

'So provoking!' she said; 'we did like our new shop-boy so much, and he is an orphan, too. But we can't keep him; your uncle has just found out that he is sadly dishonest! Only think of his clearing the bill yesterday, and then denying it!'

'But did he do it?' asked Wilfred, eagerly.

'He does not confess,' said Mrs. Smith; 'but it must have been the boy. There was no one else to do it. And, besides, Mr. Smith made him turn out his pockets, and there was a crooked sixpence in them. Now, your uncle took a crooked sixpence from little Miss Florence yesterday morning. I do feel so vexed. But he must go, and without a character, too.'

Wilfred felt sorry; he had liked the looks of the little lad, and now to think he was a thief! He sauntered through the shop, and was made still more uncomfortable by catching a glimpse of a pale little

face, and blue eyes dimmed with crying. He was obliged to stop and say, 'Why, Edwin, what is all this?'

And then came a fresh burst of tears, and a sobbing, 'I never did it, sir, indeed; and it was my own sixpence that sister sent me from Devonshire; and I know nothing about the money.'

'You were left in charge of the shop yesterday, were you not?' asked Wilfred.

'Yes, sir.'

'And were there many customers?'

'Five or six, sir.'

'And what were you doing when you were not serving them?'

'I was reading that book about the Red Indians, sir: master would be angry if he knew.'

'Very likely,' said Wilfred, quietly: 'you ought not to touch the new books. But Edwin, answer me, where did you sit to read that book?'

'I didn't sit, sir; I stood at the shelf at the far-end of the shop.'

'I suppose you get much interested in your book, and can hardly leave it when you once begin it?'

'I get like wrapped up in it, sir—I can't go to my tea, and I don't hear when the customers come in—they have to rap on the counter—and I know it's very wrong of me,' pleaded poor Edwin.

'Now don't cry any more, Edwin, I will be your friend, for bad or good—you want one to-day.'

Wilfred returned to his uncle, leaving Edwin much less miserable.

'Uncle,' he said, 'you have only circumstantial evidence of Edwin's stealing. It reminds me of an accusation I once brought against our Georgy, as a lad, of destroying my kite. I think I see daylight in this case. May I try and work it out?'

Mr. Smith smiled. 'All right, Will; you are going to be a lawyer, I know; get up the case, if you like, but I fear no one but the lad can have had access to the till. It was only a few shillings, to be sure, but still I won't have a thief about the premises.'

It would take too long to detail all Wilfred's doings that day; but he paid a visit to little Miss Fortescue, and to the police-station, and the workhouse, and wound up with calling on the half-dozen customers whom Edwin said he had served the previous afternoon.

The next morning a policeman came to see him. It was all right. The thief was found. A tramp had been taken up with little Miss Fortescue's crooked sixpence in his pocket, and old Mrs. French's half-crown, and the 'lion' shilling that Frank Harrison, the doctor's son, had exchanged for a new knife.

The tramp owned to the theft after a while.

'A young fool,' he said, 'was reading at the far end of the shop when he looked in, and it was more nor human natur' could do not to lean over the counter and take a trifle to help him on his way. He hoped the magistrate would not be hard on him.'

'Will, you are a clever chap!' said his uncle.

'Not at all, uncle,' replied Will, modestly; 'but after my mistake about my kite years ago I made up my mind never to trust to circumstantial evidence.'

H. A. F.



A Tale of a Kite.

No. 21. April 15, 1882.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



Friends and Rivals.

FRIENDS AND RIVALS.



MAGGIE and Floss were for several years the faithful companions of an old friend of mine. She was a widow lady, and lived quite in the country, and having no children to make her home bright and lively she would have been very lonely without her two dogs.

Maggie was the eldest and I think the most sensible; but Floss was the handsomest, the most affectionate, and certainly the most mischievous. Too much ad-

miration, however, turned his head a little, and although he would gladly go for a ramble through the fields with his mistress or any other *lady*, he always refused to accompany a *servant*!

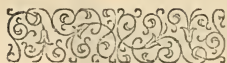
Poor Maggie came to a melancholy end about two years ago. She was crossing the railway near to her home when she was caught by a passing train. She was not run over, but received a terrible blow on the head and died in a few minutes. Floss fretted after her for a short time, but in a few days he recovered his spirits and devoted himself to the task of educating his motherless sister, Lassie.

When quite a little puppy himself Floss had always remained in the parlour at prayer-time, standing by his mistress, who held him gently by one ear in order to keep him quiet. After Maggie's death he insisted on Lassie's performance of the same duty, and if the puppy did not come into the room with the servants when they assembled for prayers, Floss went in search of her, making such a disturbance about it that his mistress was compelled to wait until he appeared with his charge.

For a few weeks before Maggie's accident, Floss had found the puppy rather troublesome. Whenever he wanted to have a race or a game in the garden with Maggie, foolish little Lassie attempted to join in it also, and interfered with her elders. Floss discovered that Lassie was frightened out of her wits at the sight of a tramp, so, before inviting Maggie to play with him, he would persuade Lassie to come into the garden, and then, suddenly rushing to the corner of the house, would look inquiringly towards the gate, and begin to bark furiously. Lassie, imagining that some disreputable person was approaching, at once fled, and sought protection indoors, leaving the coast clear for Floss and Maggie.

Though generally very friendly in his behaviour to his companions, Floss was sometimes inclined to be jealous, and to regard them as rivals. At such times he would whine and fret, and require a great deal of petting. He was, in many ways, a very clever dog, and some day I will tell you more about him.

H. L. T.



THE BLACK ROCKS.

THE sea-shore eastward from Leith, near Edinburgh, is very flat and bare. The tide recedes a long way, leaving a great expanse of beach, ugly and unpromising in appearance, but yielding a harvest to those poor persons who gather shell-fish, cockles, or whelks, to sell in the poor streets and lanes of Edinburgh. Many children, also, as soon as the tide goes out, wander about, amusing themselves, helping to gather dulse (an eatable sea-weed), or anything else that they can find.

Every fortnight during the spring tides the sea goes back so far that a group of bare rocks are entirely uncovered. These are named 'The Black Rocks,' and few persons venture to walk out so far—for two reasons—there is really nothing to be got by the long weary trudge over sloppy sand, and it is at all times a dangerous excursion to make. The rocks stand on a higher elevation than the rest of the beach, and any unwary person who may have ventured so far would, if he remained long enough, find himself cut off from the land, as the sea will have crept in all around, while the platform upon which he stands is still high and dry. At full tide the rocks are quite under water.

One Sunday, several years ago, just as morning service was over in the various churches, an unusual stir was observed; persons were running towards the beach, eagerly gazing out to sea and talking together in an excited manner. What had happened? Alas! three poor children had been lost! Their distracted mother felt sure that they had wandered on the beach, and there seemed good reason to fear that they had really done so. A boat was speedily procured, and then a cry was raised. Some one with a telescope declared that the children could be seen clinging to the rock, and their faces turned towards the shore! It was too true. One boy at least was distinctly visible, and the sad sight put new strength into the arms of the sturdy seamen who were hastening to the rescue. Alas! all was in vain. Two of the unfortunate little ones had been drowned before their sad condition had been observed, and the surviving child, a little boy of seven, though alive when rescued, had expired before he could be carried to his poor home. This melancholy accident created quite a sensation at the time, and it was felt that in order to protect poor little wandering children in future from so sad a fate, some shelter should be provided at the rocks themselves, so that any person caught by the tide could at least preserve himself from a death by drowning. This benevolent plan was carried into execution. A strong iron cage was erected, fully above the highest level ever reached by the sea, while an iron ladder of a few steps made access to the cage quite easy, even for bewildered little children. Since that time no accident has ever taken place at the Black Rocks, while at least upon one occasion it was the means of preserving life. A poor man who had been gathering cockles found himself surrounded by the sea. He gladly took refuge in the cage, and after about two hours' imprisonment was observed and rescued. He would certainly have perished had there not been this little haven of refuge.

D. B.

STORY OF AN AMERICAN BLACK BEAR.

THE following is an incident which recently occurred in Michigan, where a bear of this species abducted a little girl about three years old, not with any desire to harm the child, but through a strange kind of affection. Mr. Henry Flynn, the father of the child, lives in a sparsely-settled part of the country, about forty miles west of Ludington, Michigan, and from him this account has been derived. It appears that he started one morning to take a horse to pasture, about two miles distant from the house, and as his little girl seemed anxious to go, he put her upon the horse's back, and let her ride a short distance, perhaps forty rods from the house, where he put her down, and told her to run home. He noticed that she continued standing where he left her, and on looking back, after going a little farther, saw her playing in the sand. He soon passed out of sight, and was gone about an hour, expecting, of course, that the child would return to the house after playing a few moments. On returning home, he made inquiry about her of its mother, who said she had not seen her, and supposed he had taken her along with him. On going to the spot where he left her he saw huge bear-tracks in the sand, and at once came to the conclusion that the child had been carried off by the bear.

The family immediately made search through the forest, which was grown up to almost a jungle, rendering their search very slow. All day these anxious parents searched for some trace of their child; nor did they stop when darkness came on, but remained in the woods, calling the lost one by her name. Morning came, and their search was fruitless. A couple of gentlemen looking at land came to the house, and being informed of the circumstance, immediately set out to help find her. The gentlemen wandered about, and as they were passing a swampy spot where the undergrowth was thick, they either called the child, or else they were talking loud, when one of them heard her voice. He then called her by name, and told her to come out of the bushes. She replied that the bear would not let her. The men then crept through the brush, and when near the spot where she and the bear were, they heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. On going to her, they found her standing upon a log, extending about half way across the river.

The bear had undertaken to cross the river on the log, and being closely pursued, left the child and swam away. She had received some scratches about her face, arms, and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body; but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of his teeth being found on her back, where, in taking hold of her clothes to carry her, he had taken the flesh also.

The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest, and would put his nose up to her face, when she would slap him; and then the bear would hang his head by her side, and purr and rub against her like a cat. The men asked her if she was cold in the night, and she told them the old bear lay down beside her, and put his 'arms' around her, and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair. She was taken home to her parents.

CÆSAR'S TOWER.



WHY Cæsar's Tower? Did the great Roman soldier build a tower by the pleasant Avon?

As the rich English cotton-spinner, contractor, or nobleman, has his villa at Nice or Florence, for the sake of Southern sunshine and almost eternal spring, so perhaps the wealthy Roman, tired of the sun's glare, had his villa at Bath, Winchester, or Warwick. He may have liked snipe-shooting or a skating-match with some of his pet centurions. All is not gold that glitters, and Italy has not all the prizes, nor England all the blanks!

But, not so fast.

Cæsar's Tower has nothing to do with Cæsar. It does not date so far back as Cæsar's days, though it is without doubt a very venerable piece of masonry. Why it has the name of Cæsar's Tower is not very clear, but the name suits it. The Cæsars were strong fellows, and the tower is stout and bold-looking as an emperor. Get into his stony arms, and a hundred such as you could not get out again, if he had a mind to hold you tight. Well, he's like an old stuffed giant now. His old terribleness is past and gone. He looks grim enough still, but his charm is broken. Modern laws and present freedom are too much for him. Even Piers Gaveston himself, were he alive, might laugh at Cæsar's Tower; and however much the Earl might be hurt by his saucy tongue, he could not now confine his enemy in Cæsar's Tower, or cut off his head on Blacklow Hill.

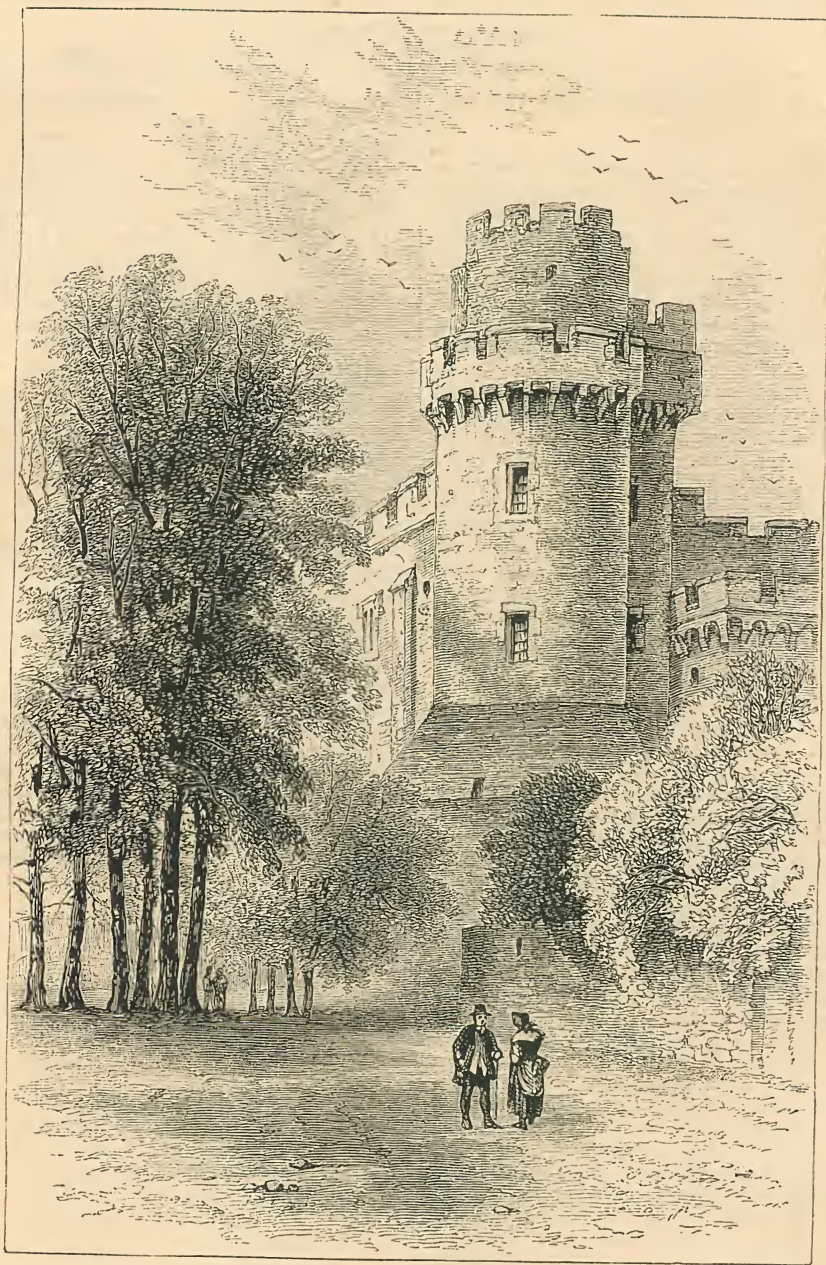
WHEN tasks are done,
And prizes won,
A lad may take up Murray;
And fix upon
His summer run,
Through Devonshire or Surrey.

Some, turning up their noses
At England and her roses,
Seek ruins purely Doric:
But, let who will go yonder,
We're happy but to wander
By Avon-side, and ponder
The turrets of old Warwick.

Above the tall ancestral trees
Gray parapets are peering;
Who thinks him not of locks and keys,
And sighs, now borne upon the breeze,
Now out of mortal hearing?

Old toothless tower, thy rusty bars
Can terrify no longer;
And from thy foot hip, hip, hurrahs,
Go up, and tell the moon and stars,
That might than right is stronger.

A relic of the Past thou art,
The Past so ripe and mellow,



Caesar's Tower, Warwick Castle.

When merry men ate peacock tart,
Danced May-poles round, and dressed so smart,
In lavender and yellow ;

Where Barons big in iron casque
Led forth the fat retainers,
To take whate'er they chose to ask,
And home returned the gainers ;
When every wight who had the might
A robber was, and teaser ;
Oh, good old times !—if I'm not right,
We'll ask the tower of Cæsar !

Upon his iron-hearted walls,
Where just a ray of daylight falls,
Are crosses, rudely done,
Telling how, in that horrid den,
Hope turned away from cruel men,
To look at Christ the sun ;

So, as we from the depths emerge,
We'll sing a measure choragic,
Old Tyranny shall have his dirge
Beneath the walls of Warwick !

G. S. O.



HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A POOR, lame boy was walking along one of the muddy streets of the City, trying to find a suitable place to cross. The heavy rains had fallen, and the streets were unusually deep with mud and water.

While waiting to cross another lad saw him, and cried out, 'Stop, stop! I'll carry you over!'

In a moment he took the little cripple in his arms and carried him over to the opposite side of the street. In doing it he got quite wet and muddy; but he did not mind that, for he felt amply repaid by the *inward reward* which his heart gave him. The little lame boy smiled gratefully and thanked him kindly, but the pleasure of doing a good and kind act paid him better.

Doing good to others brings its own reward, which the selfishness of the world cannot appreciate.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 156.)

CHAPTER XX.—DARK DAYS.

WHEN Paul's wound had healed sufficiently to enable him to travel, he was put into a freight-car with his comrades, and sent to the Rebel prison at Andersonville. The ride was long and hard, but the prisoners bore the jolting without a murmur, for they supposed they would soon be exchanged and sent North. They were doomed to be disappointed.



The prison was a yard enclosed by a high fence. There was a platform on the outside where the

sentinels stood on guard, and ready to shoot any one who approached nearer than what they called 'the dead line.' The prisoners had no shelter from the scorching rays of the sun through the long summer days, nor from the sleety rains and freezing nights of winter. They dug holes in the ground with their hands, and made the cold, damp earth their bed. A slimy brook ran through the grounds, foul with filth from the camps of the Rebels. There was a marsh in the centre of the yard, full of rotteness, where the water stood in green and stagnant pools, breeding flies, mosquitoes, and vermin; where all the ooze, and scum, and slops of the camp came to the surface, and filled the air with horrible smells. They had very little food—nothing but a half-pint of coarse corn-meal, a little molasses, and a mouthful of tainted bacon and salt, during each twenty-four hours. They were herded like sheep. The yard was packed with them. There were more than twenty thousand in a place designed to hold only half that number.

When Paul and his comrades reached the prison they were examined by the officer in command, a brutal fellow named Wirz, who robbed them of what money they had. The gate opened, and they passed in.

When Paul beheld the scene, his heart sank within him. He had suffered many hardships, but this was an experience beyond everything else. He was still weak. He needed nourishing food, but he must eat the corn-meal or starve. Everywhere he saw only sickening sights—pale, woe-begone wretches, clothed in filthy rags, covered with vermin. Some were picking up crumbs of bread which had been swept out from the bakery. Others were sucking the bones which had been thrown out from the cook-house. Some sat gazing into vacancy, taking no notice of what was going on around them,—dreaming of homes which they never were again to behold.

Many were stretched upon the bare ground, too weak to sit up, from whose hearts hope had died out, and who were waiting calmly for death to come and relieve them from their sufferings. Thousands had died. One hundred died on the day Paul entered, and another hundred during the night. All day long the bodies lay among the living in the sun. When the dead-cart came in, they were thrown into it like logs of wood. It was a horrible sight,—the stony eyes, the sunken cheeks, the matted hair, the ghastly countenances, the swaying limbs, as the cart jolted along the uneven ground! More than thirteen thousand soldiers starved and murdered by the Rebels were thus carried out in the dead-carts.

The keepers of the prison were cruel. Paul saw a poor cripple crawl towards the fence and reach his hand over the dead line to get a bone. Crack went the rifle of the sentinel, which sent a bullet through the prisoner's brain, who tossed up his hands, gave one heart-rending outcry, and rolled over—dead. On a dark and stormy night some of the prisoners escaped, but ferocious dogs were put upon their track, and they were recaptured. The hounds mangled them, and the Rebel officers had them tied up and whipped, till death put an end to their sufferings.

It was terrible to hear the coughing of those who were dying of consumption,—to see them crawling from place to place, searching in vain to find a shelter from the driving storms,—to hear the piteous cries of those who were racked with pains, or the moans of those who gave themselves up to despair. It was so terrible to hear the dying cries, that Paul put his fingers in his ears; but soon he became accustomed to the sights and sounds, and looked upon the scenes with indifference. He pitied the sufferers, but was powerless to aid them. Soon he found that his own spirits began to droop. He roused himself, determined to brave out all the horrors of the place. He sang songs and told stories, and got up games to keep his fellow-prisoners in good heart. But notwithstanding all his efforts to maintain his cheerfulness and composure, he felt that he was growing weaker. Instead of being robust, he became thin and spare. His cheeks were hollow and his eyes sunken. There was a fever in his bones. Day by day he found himself taking shorter walks. At night, when he curled down in his burrow, he felt tired, although he had done no work through the day. In the morning he was stiff, and sore, and lame, and although the ground was cold and damp, it was easier to lie there than to get up. His hair became matted,—his fingers were long and bony. Each day his clothes became more ragged. When he first entered the prison he tried to keep himself clean and free from vermin, but in vain. One day he went out to wash his tattered clothes, but the stream was so dirty he sat down and waited for it to become clear. He sat hour after hour, but it was always the same slimy, sickening stream.

The Rebels took delight in deluding the prisoners with false hopes,—telling them that they were soon to be exchanged and sent home; but instead of release, the dead-cart went its daily rounds, bearing its ghastly burden. That was their exchange, and they looked upon the shallow trenches as the only home which they would ever reach. Hope died out and despair set in. Some prisoners lost their reason, and became raving maniacs, while others became only gibbering idiots. Some who still retained their reason, who all their lives had believed that the Almighty is a God of justice and truth, began to doubt if there be a God. Although they had cried and begged for deliverance, there was no answer to their prayers.

Paul felt that his faith was beginning to waver; but he could not let go of the instructions he had received from his mother. In the darkest hour, when he was most sorely tempted to break out into cursing, he was comforted and reassured by Uncle Peter, an old gray-headed negro, who had been a slave all his life. Peter had been whipped, kicked, and cuffed many times by his hard-hearted, wicked master, not because he was unfaithful, but because he loved to pray, and shout, and sing. Through the long night, sitting by his pitch-knot fire in his cabin, Uncle Peter had sung the songs which lifted him in spirit almost up to Heaven, whither his wife and children had gone, after cruel whippings and scourgings by their master. It was so sweet to think of her as having passed over the river of Jordan into the blessed land, that he could not refrain from shouting,—

'Oh, my Mary is sitting on the tree of life,
To see the Jordan roll;
Oh, roll Jordan, roll Jordan, roll Jordan, roll!
I will march the angel march,—
I will march the angel march.
Oh, my soul is rising heavenward,
To see where the Jordan rolls.'

He had given food and shelter to some of the prisoners who escaped from the horrible place, and had piloted them through the woods, and for this he was arrested and thrown into the prison.

Uncle Peter took a great liking to Paul, and, when Paul was down-hearted, he cheered him by saying, 'Never you give up. Don't let go of de hand of de good Lord. It is mighty hard to bear such treatment, but we coloured people have borne it all our lives. But 'pears like my heart would break when I think of my children sold down Souf.' Uncle Peter wiped his eyes with his tattered coat-sleeve, and added: 'But de Lord is coming to judge de earth with righteousness, and den I reckon de Rebs will catch it.'

Uncle Peter dug roots and cooked Paul's food for him, for the Rebels would not allow them any wood, although there was a forest near the prison. Paul could not keep back the tears when he saw how kind Uncle Peter was. He thought that he never should weep again, for he felt that the fountains of his heart were drying up. Uncle Peter sat by him through the long days, fanning him with his old tattered straw hat, brushing the flies from his face, moistening his lips with water, and bathing his fevered brow. He was as black as charcoal, and had a great nose and thick lips,—but notwithstanding all that Paul loved him.

Thus the days and weeks and months went by, Uncle Peter keeping the breath of life in Paul's body, while thousands of his comrades died. There was no change in prison affairs for the better. There was no hope of release, no prospect of deliverance,—no words from home, no cheering news, no intelligence, except from other prisoners captured from time to time, and sent to the horrible slaughter-pen to become mahiacs and idiots,—to be murdered,—to die of starvation—to be borne out in the dead-cart to the trenches.

Though Paul sometimes was sorely tempted to yield to despondency, there were hours when, with clear vision, he looked beyond the horrors of the prison to the time when God would balance the scales of justice, and permit judgment to be executed, not only upon the fiend Wirz, who had charge of the prison, but also upon Jeff Davis and the leaders of the rebellion. And though his sufferings were terrible to bear, there was not a moment when he was sorry that he had enlisted to save his country. So through all the gloom and darkness his patriotism and devotion shone like a star which never sets.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONSECRATION.

As the weeks passed by, bringing no intelligence to New Hope that Paul was living,—when there was no longer a doubt of his death,—Mr. Surplice held a memorial service. It was on Sunday, and all the people were at church. Appropriate for the occasion

were the words which he read from the New Testament of the widow of Nain,—how, 'as Jesus came nigh to the city, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said, Weep not!'

Consoling and comforting were his own words, which sank deep into the hearts of the stricken people; and though the good man said, 'Weep not!' tears dropped from his own eyes, and fell upon the great Bible which lay open before him. It was a sad and solemn service. Though the heart of the mother was yearning for her son, yet she could say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

Mrs. Parker still lived in the little old cottage. The neighbours were very kind, and she wanted for nothing, for Colonel Dare remembered his promise. Peaceful was her life. The birds sang cheerful songs; sweet was the humming of the bees, fragrant the flowers in the garden, and steady the flowing of the river; and as she listened to the waterfall she thought of Paul as standing by the River of Life. How, then, could she mourn for him? Yet she missed him. Sometimes she listened as if to hear his footsteps coming up the garden walk. Sometimes her eyes filled with tears, as her heart went out to the lonely battle-field where she thought him lying. Oh, if she could but behold him again,—clasp him in her arms,—and once more lay her hand upon his brow, and bless him with a mother's tenderest love!

But he was gone, and for him she could work no more. His comrades were bearing on the flag, upholding it on bloody fields, fighting as he fought, suffering as he suffered, needing help and comfort and cheer from those at home. There was work to be done for them; so through the days she sat in the old kitchen, knitting and sewing for the soldiers, wishing that she had half-a-dozen hands instead of two, that she might help them more.

There was one who came to aid her every day,—Azalia, who, in the silence and seclusion of her chamber, had looked out upon the yellow harvest-fields where the farmers were gathering the first ripe ears of seed-corn, and had tried to still the wild commotion in her heart by remembering that it was just and right for the Lord of the harvest to gather His choicest grains.' Down on the lowlands by the river the nurserymen were selecting their fairest trees, and transplanting them in their orchards on the pleasant hills beyond the stream. Why, then, should she complain if the kind Father had seen fit to do the same?

It was consoling to take from her bureau drawer, where her keepsakes were stored, the letters which Paul had written, undo the black ribbon which she had tied around the package, and read again and again that which she almost knew by heart. What manly words were there! 'Life is worth nothing unless devoted to noble ends. I can see the millions yet to come beckoning me to do my duty for their sake. What answer can I give them if I falter?'

(To be continued.)



Azalia at her bureau-drawer where her keepsakes were stored.

Chatterbox.



Paul supported by Uncle Peter.

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 167.)

She read one of the letters. They were words which she could not forget. They were written from the trenches before Vicksburg, when the prospects of the country were dark and gloomy,—when craven men at home were crying, 'Peace! Peace! Let us have peace at any price!' forgetting that there can be no reconciliation between right and wrong. Paul had sacrificed everything—life itself—for the sake of those who were to come after him—for Truth and Justice. She thought of him as asleep beneath the sod of the battle-field where he fell,—of all that was mortal lying there, but of his soul as having passed up into Heaven, perhaps even then beholding her from the celestial sphere. 'What answer can I give to those who come after me?' The question haunted her through the waning days and the lonely nights. What could she do? How listless her life! of how little account! What sacrifices had she made? None. She had lived for herself alone. Was this all of life? In the silent hours, when all around were hushed in slumber, her longing soul, with far-reaching sight, looked out upon the coming years, and beheld the opening prospect,—a country saved, a nation redeemed, justice and truth triumphant, and Peace, with her white wings, brooding over the land! This through sacrifice of blood, of strength, of ease and comfort. To withhold the sacrifice was to lose all. To her the coming millions were beckoning as they had beckoned to him. With prayers of consecration she gave herself to the country,—to go wherever duty called, to labour, to endure hardship, and brave scenes which would wring out her heart's blood,—to face disease and death itself, if need be, to hand down a priceless inheritance to the coming ages.

'You will get sick, my child; you have not strength to be a nurse in the hospital,' said her mother, when Azalia told her that she must go and take care of the soldiers.

'I cannot spare you, my daughter,' said her father, tenderly taking her in his arms, and kissing her lips. She was his only child, and he loved her dearly. 'I don't think it is your duty to go; and how lonesome the house would be without my darling!'

And so, knowing that it was her duty to do whatever her parents wished, she tried to be content. But the days dragged wearily. She was ever thinking of the soldiers,—thinking through the days and through the nights, till the bright bloom faded from her cheek. Her heart was far away. She felt that her life was running to waste.

Her father saw that his flower was fading. At last he said, 'Go, my darling, and God be with you!'

'I don't think that Judge Adams ought to let Azalia go into the hospital. It isn't a fit place for girls,' said Miss Dobb, when she heard that Azalia was to be a nurse. But, giving no heed to Miss Dobb,

with the blessing of her parents following her, she left her pleasant home, and gave up all its ease and comfort to minister to the sick and wounded, who had fought to save the country.

She went to Washington, and thence to the hospitals at Annapolis. It was hard work to stand all day by the side of the sick, bathing their fevered brows, moistening their parched lips, binding up their bleeding wounds. It was painful to look upon the quivering flesh, torn and mangled by cannon-shot. But she learned to bear it all,—to stand calmly by, waiting upon the surgeon while he ran his sharp knife into the flesh. It was a pleasure to aid him in his work.

Her step was light upon the floor; soothing and tender the touch of her hand. There was no light so sweet and pure as that which beamed from her earnest eyes. The sick waited impatiently for her appearance in the morning, watched her footsteps through the day, thanked her for all she did, and said, 'God bless you!' when she bade them good night. Men who were in the habit of uttering fearful oaths wept when she talked with them about their mothers; she wrote their letters, and read to them the words of affection which came from home. She sang the songs they loved to hear. It was like wine to the weak. The down-hearted took new courage, and those who were well enough to be hobbling about on crutches, who were telling stories of the battles, forgot what they were saying while listening to her voice. Once, when through long watching and patient waiting her strength gave way, and the fever raged in her own veins, it was touching to see their sorrow. The loud-talkers spoke in whispers, and walked noiselessly along the wards, for fear of increasing the pain which racked her aching head; the sick ones, who missed the touch of her magic hand, and the sweet music of her voice, and the sunlight of her presence, when the physician went his rounds, inquired not about themselves, but her. When the fever passed,—when she was well enough to walk through the wards, and hold for a moment the hands which were stretched out on every side,—it was as if her very presence had power to heal.

How blessed her work!—to give life and strength; to soothe pain, change sorrow to joy; to sit beside the dying, and talk of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; to wipe the dampness of death from their brows, listen to their last words, and, when the spirit had flown, to close the sightless eyes, and cut from the pale brow a lock of hair for a fond mother far away, thinking ever of her dying boy.

So the months went by,—autumn to winter, winter to spring, and spring to summer.

CHAPTER XXII.—UNDER THE OLD FLAG.

THERE was no change at Andersonville, but in the loathsome prison it was ever the same terrible scene of starvation, corruption, disease, despair, and death. Every morning those who had died during the night were collected by the prisoners and laid in rows by the prison gate, where, during the day, they were piled upon the dead-cart and borne out to the trenches. There was no hope of relief for the living, and each

prisoner looked forward with indifference to his inevitable fate. Above them floated the Rebel flag. They were kept there till thirteen thousand had been starved and murdered.

Paul knew that, notwithstanding Uncle Peter's constant care and nursing, he was growing weaker; but he had learned to look death calmly in the face, and so was not disturbed by the prospect. He knew that God, Who takes care of the sparrows, would not forget his mother, and he felt that Azalia would sometimes weep when she thought of him.

But one morning there was an unusual stir among the prisoners. 'You are to be exchanged and sent home,' said the Rebel officers. They had been told the same thing so many times, and had been always so cruelly deceived, that they did not believe the statement till orders were issued for a portion of them to be ready to march to the cars at an appointed hour. Paul was among those who were ordered away. All were ready in an instant, for they had no baggage to pack up, no knapsacks, no equipments, no overcoats,—nothing but the rags upon their bodies.

Those who were so weak that they could scarcely creep from place to place rose and stood upon their feet when told that they were to go home. Paul felt a fresh wave of life sweep over him, thrilling every fibre of his wasted frame. Hope revived. Home! O the blissful thought! He rose weak and trembling from his bed on the cold, damp ground, wrapped his rags about him, and leaning on a stick, supported by Uncle Peter, he hobbled out and took his place in the long line of skeletons, and waited with eager eyes to see the gate turn upon its rusty hinges.

It was hard to part with Uncle Peter, who had been so kind to him. 'God bless you and reward you for all your kindness to me!' said Paul, bidding him good-bye, and shaking hands for the last time.

'I'm sorry to part with ye, Kurnel, but I bless de Lord you is gwine. We'll meet again one of dese days, whar de Rebs won't trouble us, and whar we will be free for eber,' said the old negro, looking up into Heaven. He could not go. He was a slave. There was no freedom for him till the rebellion was crushed, or till the grave opened.

The gates turned on their hinges, and the regiment of skeletons in rags took up its march. Such a procession never before was seen on earth. A thousand emaciated forms, tottering, reeling, hobbling on sticks and crutches, wending their way to the cars,—not to luxurious cushioned seats, but to hard, jolting cattle-cars,—for a long ride of hundreds of miles before reaching the sea-coast. But hope inspired them. They were breathing fresh air, and were gazing on smiling fields, waving with grain. They were on their way home. The birds cheered them, singing of home. 'Going home! going home!' said the car-wheels, as they passed from rail to rail. In joy and gladness they sang,—

'I'm going home, I'm going home,
To die no more, to die no more.'

It was as if they had left behind them for ever all sorrow and suffering, and that for them there could be no more distress, or pain, or anguish. It was a long, weary, dusty ride. Some died on the way, but hope kept most of them alive.

They reached the city of Charleston, passed from the cars to a steamboat, which was to take them down the harbour to the place of exchange. The waters danced joyfully around them, as if greeting them with gladness. The breezes came in from the dark blue ocean and fanned their wasted cheeks. The waves, like a loving mother, gently rocked them and sung a soothing lullaby. But oh, what joy to behold once more the dear old flag! How serenely and lovingly it floated in the breeze! They saluted it with cheers,—shed tears of gratitude,—clasped each other by the hand,—rushed into each other's arms. Those who were able to stand danced in a delirium of joy. Paul was too weak to sit up. He could only lie upon the deck, and gaze upon the flag till his eyes filled with tears, and say, 'Thank God, I have seen it once more!' Beneath that flag there was joy, peace, comfort, food, clothing, and freedom. Hospital nurses were there with blankets, and great kettles filled with soup and coffee. For the wounded there were bandages; for the sick there were cordials and medicines. There were tender-hearted men, ready to relieve all their sufferings. It was like passing from the prison of despair into a paradise of peace and rest, and in joy and gladness they began to sing,—

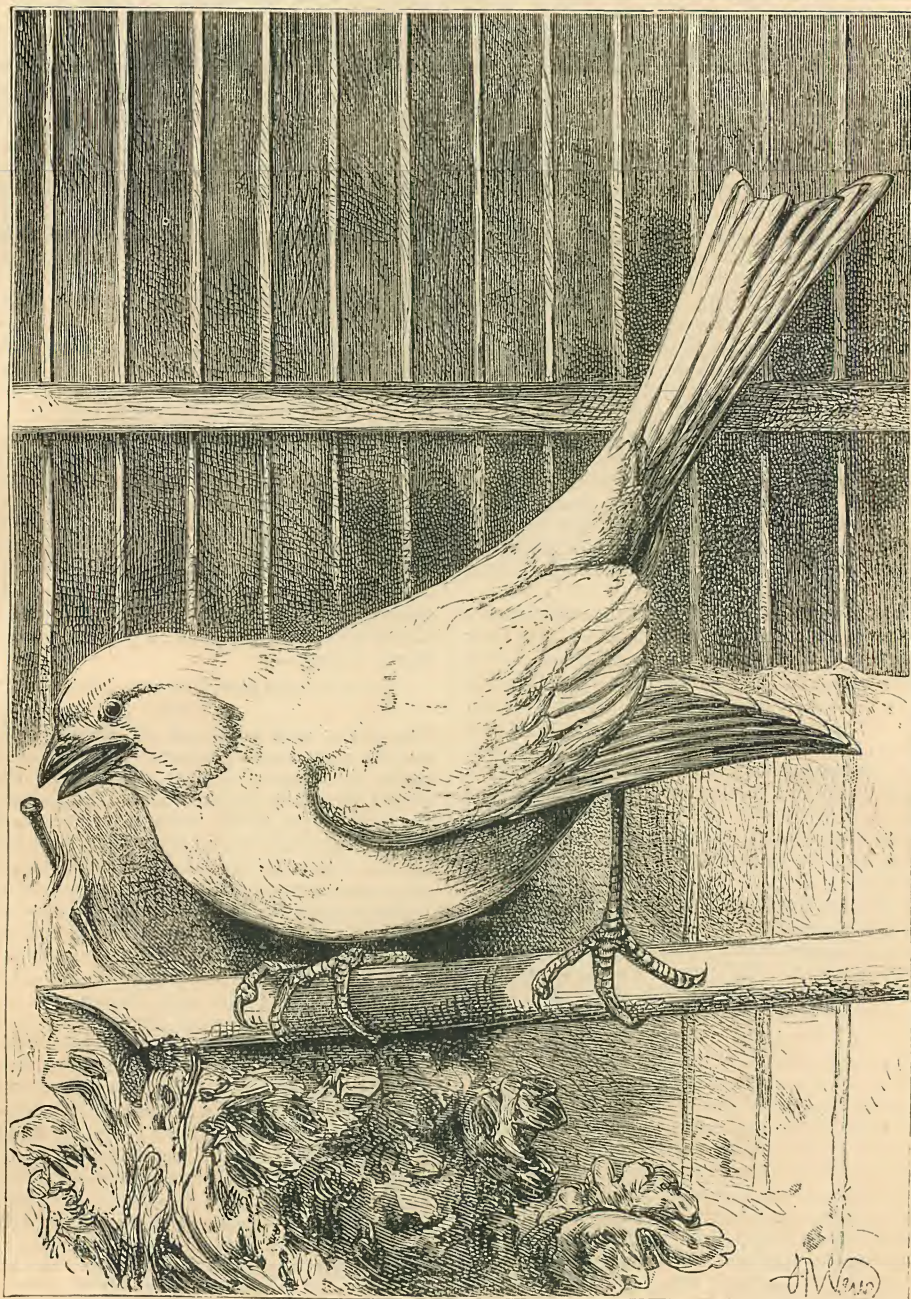
'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord.'

The strong men on board of the ship, the nurses and the stout-hearted sailors, wept like children, and spoke hard words against the Rebels when they looked upon the haggard faces, the hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, of the skeleton forms around them.

Although Paul was so weak that he could hardly lift his hands to his head, although his comrades were passing away, although every day he saw their bodies, wrapped in hammocks and weighted with shot, cast into the sea, yet he never experienced such bliss, such contentment, as while lying on the deck through the long summer day, looking up to the old flag, and the clear sky, and out upon the calm and peaceful sea, thinking of the sea of glass and the great white throne, and the calmness, serenity, and rest of Heaven. And at night, when lulled to sleep by the rippling waves, how enchanting his dreams of home, of his mother, of the scenes of other days,—the old house, the swallows twittering around its eaves, the roses blooming beneath the window, the night-wind sweeping down the valley, the church-bell ringing the evening hour, its deep tolling when the funeral train passed on to the cemetery in the shady grove,—his friends welcoming him home once more, Azalia among them, queen of the hour, peerless in beauty, with rose-bloom on her cheek,—of Mr. Crome, Judge Adams, and Colonel Dare, all saying, 'We are glad to see you,'—dreaming, and waking, to find it only a dream.

But the ship was bearing him on. The distance was lessening. One more day, and the voyage would be at an end, the ship in port. Oh, if he could but see his mother once more,—feel her hand upon his brow, her kiss upon his lip,—then he could die content! A desire for life set in. Hope revived. He would fight death as he had fought the Rebels, and, God willing, he would win the victory.

(Concluded in our next.)



A CLEVER CANARY.

IN a large bow-window, just over a table where our work is often laid, our bird's cage hangs, and the seeds used to make such a mess all over that we had to keep a muslin screen round the lower half of the cage—drawn in at top and bottom with a narrow bind. 'Dickie' used to peck at the muslin so much that it got untidy; it was also rather troublesome

having to take off the screen whenever we cleaned the cage or put in fresh seeds or water; so I have, of late, pinned a piece of plain muslin around it. But little birdie did not like it at all, and every day, and sometimes several times a-day, the muslin was found tumbled down on the table or sticking on the flowers in pots which stand in the window. I wondered how the muslin was so often down, and one day I determined to fix the pin better, so that it would not come out. I was writing some letters, and got up to fix



Trees and their Uses.—The Beech.

it, putting the pin so carefully in I was sure it could not come out unless some one took it. Well, I had scarcely left it, when I saw the muslin fall, and at the same instant something dropped from the bird's beak into the middle of the cage. Lo and behold, it was the pin! the little rogue had picked it out and dropped it in the bottom of his cage. I have observed him picking it out several times since; but I now put the pin where it cannot be easily reached.

TREES AND THEIR USES.

THE BEECH.



FINE handsome tree is the beech. Few trees are more perfect in their form. It is highly ornamental, for its leaves are ever beautiful, and less liable to be eaten by insects than the leaves of any other tree. Its wood is used for many things, and its nuts feed many creatures, such as the deer, pig, squirrel, badger, and wood-pigeon.

The beech has a thin, smooth bark, and its boughs are clothed densely with leaves. They form so deep a shadow that hardly anything can grow beneath them. The beech affords a capital shelter every night for our song-birds. They have a complete roof over their heads. In some cases the leaves remain brown on the trees all through the winter. The beech is found in nearly all temperate countries. Its favourite home in England is Buckinghamshire and Hampshire. It likes a chalky soil, and it prefers the south side of hills.

Cups are often made of beech-wood. The poet Milton says,—

'In beechen goblets let their beverage shine.'

The keels of ships are often made of this tree, and also planks for their sides and bottoms. Sleepers for railways are also made of beech. It is much used, likewise, in mill-wheels, flood-gates, and weirs, and for all such works as have to brave the constant action of water. It has been even said that beech-wood becomes more lasting by being plunged continually in water. Beech is also used for making chairs, bedsteads, the panels of coaches, screws, and wooden shovels.

The Scots make herring-barrels of this wood, and also cure their fish in its smoke.

In France, they often fashion gun-stocks of it, and the Germans use it for the carriage of their cannon. Many other things are made of it abroad. It forms often the covers of large books. 'Book' is, in fact, from the German name of beech, viz. 'Buch.' The foreigner also makes scabbards for his swords out of this wood, and many other things. But perhaps the most useful articles made of beech-wood are the wooden shoes, or *sabots*, as they are called. The beech-wood is cut into the required shape while quite

fresh, and it is dried in the smoke of the burning chips. This smoke makes the *sabots* very lasting, as no insect will now attack the wood.

The French burn much of this wood in their stoves. It throws out a great deal of heat, more than oak, or, indeed, any kind of wood, except pine, ash, and sycamore.

The bark is used in the tannery, and the leaves, gathered green and dried, form many a bed. They make a soft and easy couch, and they continue sweet for years. They give out a pleasant smell, something like the fragrance of green tea; and the only inconvenience of the bed is the crackling noise it makes when you happen to turn from one side to the other. The nut of the beech is sweet and wholesome. The French fatten turkeys with beech-nuts, and their clever cooks make an excellent oil from them. Sometimes they are roasted and used in lieu of coffee.

The great beech in Windsor forest is supposed to have existed before the Norman Conquest.

The Burnham Beeches are in Buckinghamshire, near Stoke Poges, where Gray is said to have composed his famous *Elegy*. In that poem he speaks of

'The nodding beech

That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high.'

The Burnham Beeches are very celebrated. One of the varieties of this tree is called the purple or copper beech. This is a very striking tree, especially when the sun shines on it and its leaves are ruffled by a breeze. The original copper beech is said to be in a wood in Germany, and it is the parent of all the copper beeches that grow in our land. G. S. O.

THE FLY AND SPIDER.

'GOOD morrow, dear Miss Fly!' quoth gallant Grim.

'Good morrow, sir!' replied Miss Fly to him.

'Walk in, miss, pray, and see what I'm about.'

'I'm much obliged, kind sir,' Miss Fly rejoined;

'My eyes are both so very good, I find
That I can plainly see the whole *without*.'

'Fine weather, miss!' 'Yes, very, very fine,'

Quoth miss—'prodigious fine, indeed!'

'But why so coy,' quoth Grim, 'that you decline
To put within my bower your pretty head?'

'Tis simply this,

Quoth cautious miss,

'I fear you'd like my pretty head so well,
You'd keep it for yourself, sir:—who can tell?'

'Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my dear,
And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain.'

'I've a sore finger, sir; nay, more, I fear,
You really would not let it go again.'

'You silly child! pray dismiss your idle dread;
I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head.'

Come, then, with one kind kiss of friendship meet me.'

'La, sir,' quoth miss, with seeming artless tongue,

'I fear our salutation would be long;

So loving, too, I fear that you would eat me!'

So saying, with a smile, she left the rogue
To weave more lines of death, and plans for prog.

DR. WOLCOTT.

THE BULLFINCH AND CANARY.

A FRIEND having given me a young canary just out of the nest, I amused myself by taking note of its advancement in intelligence and in power of song. When it was about a year old, and singing beautifully, a very young bullfinch came into my possession, and the cage containing the new-comer was placed on a table in the window, while the canary was hung above. The birds could hear, but could not see each other. The bullfinch was at first really an ugly little thing, but as he grew and began to wear his pretty crimson breast he presented quite a different appearance.

He also began to sing, or rather to croak, after the manner of bullfinches. The astonishment of the canary when he first heard this mysterious sound from below was very amusing. He stood in a listening attitude, but, so far as we could judge, he had only a poor opinion of the performance. It was not admiration that he seemed to feel, but intense curiosity; he flew to the side of his cage, and tried to peep over the side; in order to satisfy him his cage was also put on the table, and for several days the two birds remained side by side. They soon became quite used to each other, and after a time the canary was again hung in his old place.

But he had sung his last song: never again has his trilling voice been heard, and as two years have passed since then it does not seem likely that we shall ever hear it now.

One day, however, while sitting in another room, I felt sure that the canary was singing as in other days, and at once ran to see. No such thing! he was comfortably dining at the seed-box, while Bully was serenading from below. He had not only silenced the canary, but stolen his song! Now, the bullfinch has two distinct notes. When he is in a sleeping, cosy humour, he croaks away as a bullfinch should; but quite suddenly he puts on company manners, straightens himself up, and sings like a canary.

It is quite a common experience that a nestling bird should learn the note of any other bird singing near it; but it does seem strange that the older bird should be completely put to silence.

D. B.

TALES OF TROY.

No. V.

ENEMIES MADE FRIENDS.

E have seen how great a soldier the Greek Diomed was; one of the first of heroes then living, inferior to Achilles only. With his help, and that of Ajax (another mighty man of valour), the Greeks now drove the Trojans before them, and the famous streams, Scamander and Simois, ran crimson with blood. Each Greek chieftain slew some one famous, either for size, wealth, or manly beauty. The

fate of Adrastus deserves a brief notice. His horse took fright and ran away; and the chariot in which

he rode was dashed violently against a tree, and became a wreck, and he was thrown out upon his face. Menelaus, the king of Sparta, went up to him, and was about to thrust him through with a spear, when Adrastus piteously entreated the Greek to spare him on account of his youth. 'If you will save my life,' cried he, 'my father will give you a large sum of money.' Menelaus seemed inclined to show mercy, but his sterner brother, Agamemnon, coming up that instant, urged him on no account to spare an enemy's life; and Menelaus, heeding his advice, drove his spear through the breast-bone of Adrastus, and then, putting his foot on the body of his victim, drew out the blood-stained point.

A famous Trojan prophet, who had anxiously watched the events of the war, stole out about this time to Hector, and advised him to retire into the city and seek the mighty aid of the goddess Minerva by means of prayer and offerings. Hector at once obeyed, having first inspired his soldiers by a warlike speech to quit themselves like men. His departure seemed to quiet the furious waves of battle, and all the fighting men were no doubt glad of a little rest after their late efforts.

It was now that Diomed found time to speak to a strange warrior, whom he had been admiring. He asked him who he was, and whether he was not some god in man's shape. 'If thou art not a god,' said the fire-eating Diomed, 'I am willing to fight with thee, and give thy flesh to the crows if I can!' The stranger replied to the question by telling his own story. His name, he said, was Glaucus, and he was the grandson of that Bellerophon whose fame had filled the earth. His grandsire, Bellerophon, mounted on the winged horse Pegasus, had killed the Chimæra, a monster with a lion's head and a dragon's tail.

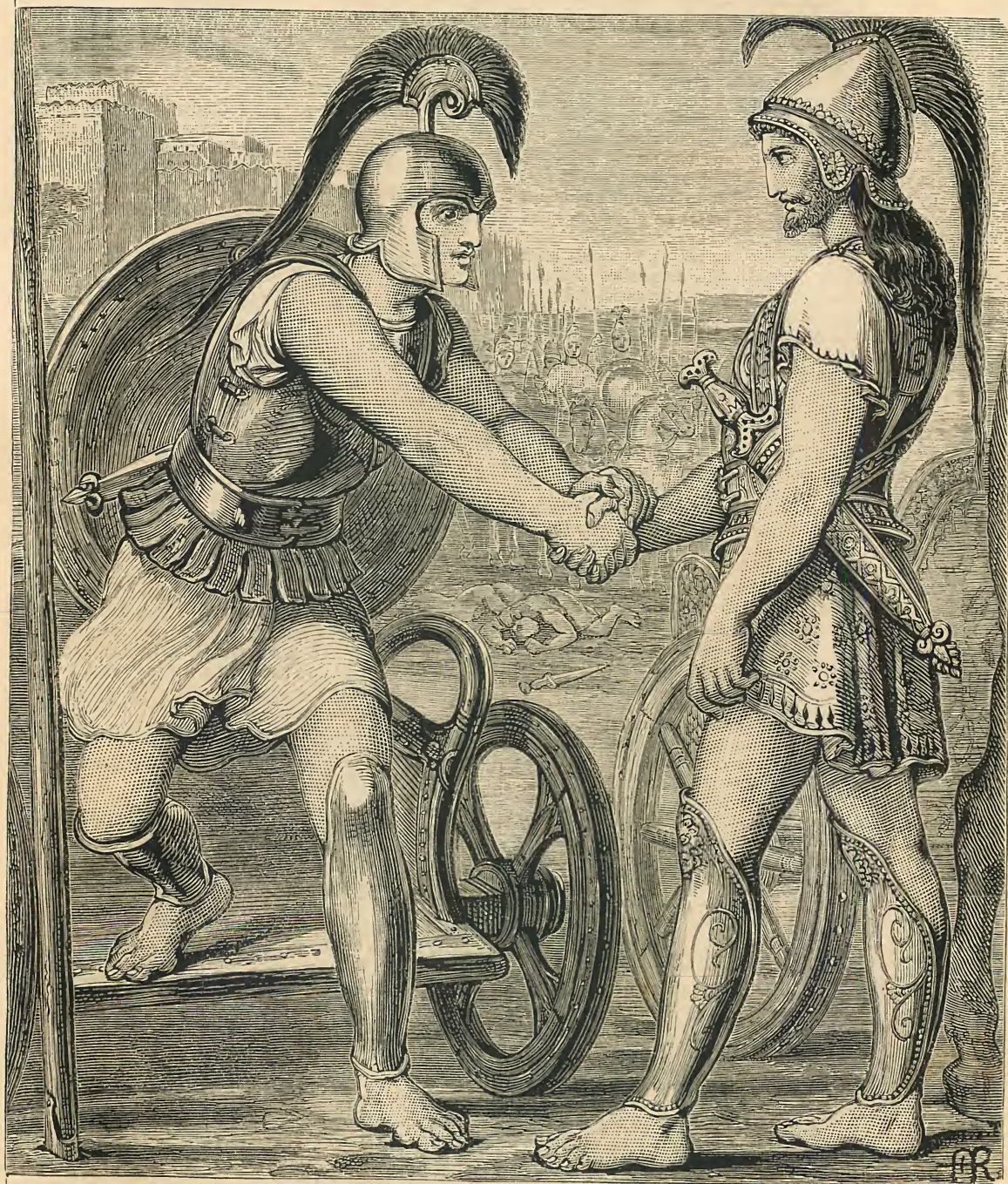
Some think this Pegasus was in reality merely a ship, whose sails were its wings, while the Chimæra was a pirate ship, with the figure of a lion on the prow and a dragon on the poop.

When Diomed had heard who the hero was he at once sheathed his spear in the earth, and looking, kindly upon Glaucus, bade him welcome to his embraces. 'Thy grandsire,' said he, 'was a guest of mine for twenty days, and he left in our old family mansion a golden goblet, while my grandfather gave him in return a splendid belt. Let us then be friends; and if we are spared, we will exchange visits in happier days. There are plenty of Trojans yonder for my spear, without its point being levelled at thee; and thou wilt find enough Greeks to fight without fighting me. Let us, at least, be friends, whoever else may be enemies.'

Glaucus answered this kind speech by alighting and shaking Diomed by the hand. They then exchanged their arms; but the arms of Glaucus were more than ten times the value of Diomed's arms. The former were of gold, the latter of brass; the former were divinely wrought, the latter were of a common, ungraceful shape.

Let us hope these valiant men lived to meet at Argos and in Lycia, after the bloody drama of Troy had been acted to the end. It is pleasant to see old friendship turning enemies into friends. May we all be as ready to find a reason for peace and love as Diomed and Glaucus!





Diomed giving welcome to Glaucus.

Chatterbox.



"Paul is alive! Paul is alive!"

WINNING HIS WAY.

(Concluded from page 171.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE JAWS OF DEATH.



HE hospital steamer, with its freight of living skeletons, had accomplished its voyage in safety, and lay moored alongside the wharf in Annapolis. Nurses and sailors were carrying the emaciated forms from the ship to the shore, to the clean and tidy wards of the hospital.

It was a sight which wrung tears from the eyes of those who did not often weep. The ship was a charnel-house. Death in its most horrible forms was there,—from starvation, from scurvy, consumption, and fever. How ghastly the scene! Men, once robust and strong, weak and helpless as babes, with hollow cheeks, thin pale lips, colourless flesh, sunken eyes, long, tangled hair, uncombed for many months, skeleton fingers with nails like eagles' claws, lying in rags upon the deck,—some, with strained eyes, looking up for the last time to the dear old flag which waved above them, for which they had fought, for which they had starved, for which they were dying, gazing in rapture on its blessed folds, till their eyes were fixed in death, and the slowly-heaving heart stood still for ever!

There was work for the gentle-hearted nurses who stood waiting in the hospital wards,—work which required tenderest care;—removing the rags, washing the fevered skeletons, bathing the bleeding wounds where the sharp bones had pierced the skin; feeding them,—a crumb at a time; administering cordials drop by drop, to bring back with delicate nursing the receding tides of life.

With a bleeding heart, but yet with steady nerves, Azalia passed among them, doing her appointed work. There was one who was lying as if asleep, with his hands clasped upon his breast. His beard had been long uncut. His cheeks were wasted, his eyes sunken, but he had a manly brow. A strange fear and trembling crept over her,—a shuddering of the heart. Alarmed and frightened at she knew not what, she brushed back the matted hair from his temples, and laid her hand upon his brow, cold and damp with the dews of death. The soldier opened his eyes, looked into her face, stared wildly around him, and tried to speak. It was but one word, and that a whisper,—her own name, 'Azalia!'

A cry rang through the ward, startling the physicians and the nurses, and waking those who were asleep. She clasped him in her arms, fell upon his face, and kissed his wasted lips. 'O Paul! Can it be that you are here?' she said.

The throbbing of her heart was like the fluttering of a frightened bird. Sweet, calm, and beautiful as the setting sun was the smile upon his face, and in his eyes the celestial light of Peace! They closed, and he lay again as if in slumber.

'They told me that you were dead!' she said.

There was no reply; she laid her hand upon his

heart, but could feel no beating there; touched her fingers to his fleshless wrist, but could find no throbbing of the pulse. The thin blood was receding from his colourless lips,—the tide was going out. 'Doctor! Doctor! O come quick! Save him!' she cried.

The doctor came and gazed upon the face of Paul. 'He is not quite gone,' he said, then moistened his lips with brandy. There was a quickening of the pulse. 'If he rallies from this, we may save him,' he said.

They wrapped him in warm flannels, rubbed his fleshless limbs, and gave him cordials, drop by drop. How long the hours,—the weary hours of hope and fear,—of expectation and distress,—while the faltering spirit, as if tired of earth, was but fluttering awhile along the shore of Time before taking its returnless flight over the dark and silent river to another land! Through the night Azalia sat by his side, watching him with sleepless eyes, fanning his pale brow. The morning sun beamed upon her still sitting there. Those who were accustomed to watch for her appearance in the early morning, restless with fever, beheld her as clothed with celestial brightness, and said one to another, 'There sits our Angel of Light!'

Through the day she was there, watching the slow heavings of his heart, holding her breath while listening to assure herself that he was still breathing; hoping and fearing, holding her hands at times upon her own heart to still its wild, tumultuous beating,—giving him atom by atom the needful nourishment,—bending over him to smooth his pillow,—opening the casement for the winds to blow upon his bloodless cheek,—thus snatching him from the very jaws of death and winning him back to life!

CHAPTER XXIV.—HOME.

A DESPATCH came clicking into the telegraph-office in New Hope that Paul Parker was alive—that he had been a prisoner at Andersonville, was very feeble, but in a fair way to get well, and would soon be at home. It was from Azalia. Mr. Magnet read it in amazement, then ran as fast as he could to carry it to the little old cottage.

'Good news!' he shouted, rushing into the house out of breath, without knocking. 'Paul is alive! Paul is alive!'

'My son alive!' exclaimed Mrs. Parker, her heart leaping wildly.

'Yes; there is the despatch!'

She read it in fear and trembling, her brain in a whirl. She must fly to him. Oh, if she only had wings! Paul alive! The old clock took up the word, 'Alive—alive—alive!' it said. A robin perched in the great maple sang all day, 'He is coming home—is coming home!' while the swallows from their nests under the eaves looked into the old kitchen through the open door, twittering together, as if saying, 'How glad we are!' Never so bright the sunshine as on that morning, nor so fragrant the flowers! All nature was glad, and rejoiced in her joy.

Mr. Magnet told the news through the village, the people listening in wonder. Mr. Chrome threw down his paint-brush, took off his old hat, swung it over

his head, and gave three cheers. Through the day he kept saying to himself, 'That beats the Dutch!' The children ran through the streets, shouting, 'Paul is alive! Paul is alive!' Mr. Surplice, Judge Adams, Colonel Dare, and the neighbours—a dozen at a time—went down to shake hands with Paul's mother, making it such a day of gladness as never was known before in New Hope.

Impatiently they waited for the day when Paul would be with them again.

'We will let him know that we have not forgotten him,' said Colonel Dare; 'but it is little that we can do for one who has suffered so much.'

So also said Judge Adams, and Mr. Capias, and all the people.

The day came at last. He was on board the train, feeble and weak; but Azalia was by his side, supporting his weary head—sustaining him when his strength was gone. All New Hope was at the station to receive him, looking with eager eyes down the level track to see the approaching train when it rounded the distant curve.

'It is coming! There it is!' shouted the boys. They loved him, their dear old teacher. The train stopped, and the conductor came out with Paul leaning on his arm, Azalia following. The people were going to hurrah, but when they saw how poor, pale, and emaciated he was, how thin his cheeks, how hollow and sunken his eyes, how languid and weary, how little there was left of one who once was so manly, they held their breath, and felt a strange choking in their throats.

Blessed the meeting of mother and son! He had come back from the grave. He was even then almost a corpse, but he was alive! She had no words to utter; his joy was silent and deep. She could only clasp him in her arms, fold him to her heart, and, looking up to Heaven with streaming eyes, give silent thanks to God.

The people bowed their heads and stood in silent reverence. Colonel Dare came with his carriage. Mr. Chrome took Paul in his arms, and lifted him into it as if he was but a child. The people came one after another and touched his hands. The children brought flowers and laid them in his arms. They all had words of welcome for Azalia. She had saved him.

'God bless you, darling!' said her father, kissing her cheeks, still round and fair, though watching, anxiety, care, and sorrow, had robbed them of the bright bloom of other days.

'The Lord sent you in the way, as He sent Joseph into Egypt,' said Mr. Surplice.

Deep, tender, and hearty the love of friends! Daphne came with choicest delicacies. How pleasant to hear her voice! How cheery her laugh! Mr. Noggin brought a box of his best honey. Mr. Chrome, who loved to hunt and fish, brought quails and pigeons. Even Miss Dobb sent up to know if there was not something that she could get for him. The birds came, the robins and swallows, singing and twittering, and brimming over with joy.

How enchanting the music which came swelling up the valley from the water by the mill, from the woods beyond the river, from the crickets in the fields, from the church-bell, blending with the night

airs, and filling his soul with peace! But more blessed than everything else on earth was the light which beamed upon him from Azalia's eyes, which went down deep into his soul.

'You have always been my angel of light and goodness, and nothing but death shall part us,' he said, as she sat by his side.

'I am glad if I have helped you, Paul,' she said, laying her soft hand upon his brow, and kissing his lips. Pure and true the love which had deepened through many years, which had beamed from each other's eyes, but which till then had never been spoken. Like a brook gushing from springs in distant mountains, so, far back in childhood, had been the beginning of their affection, and now it was a river.

Day by day his strength returned, the flesh came again upon his wasted limbs, and health bloomed upon his cheeks. Then they walked together in the garden, talking of the dear old times, and looking onward to a Future more golden than the sunniest day of all the Past.

Beautiful and pleasant shall be the coming years to them! With smiling friends around them, living not for themselves, but to make the world better, to relieve suffering and sorrow, to help those who have been maimed and wounded while fighting for the old flag, they shall receive every day the richest rewards of life—joy, happiness, contentment, peace, the blessing of God, the thanks of the poor, and the best wishes of all the 'Young Folk' in the land.

THE FOOLISH CHICKEN.

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond too,
About it white daisies and buttercups grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stooped to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair
And feast on the green water-weeds that grew there;
Indeed the assembly would frequently meet
To talk over affairs in this pleasant retreat.

One day a young chicken who lived there about
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out:
Now standing tail upward, now diving below,
Chick thought of all things she should like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
'I've really a great mind to venture in there;
My mother oft told me I must not go nigh,
But really, for my part, I cannot tell why.

'Ducks have feathers and wings, and so have I too;
And my feet—what's the reason that they will not do?
Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned?



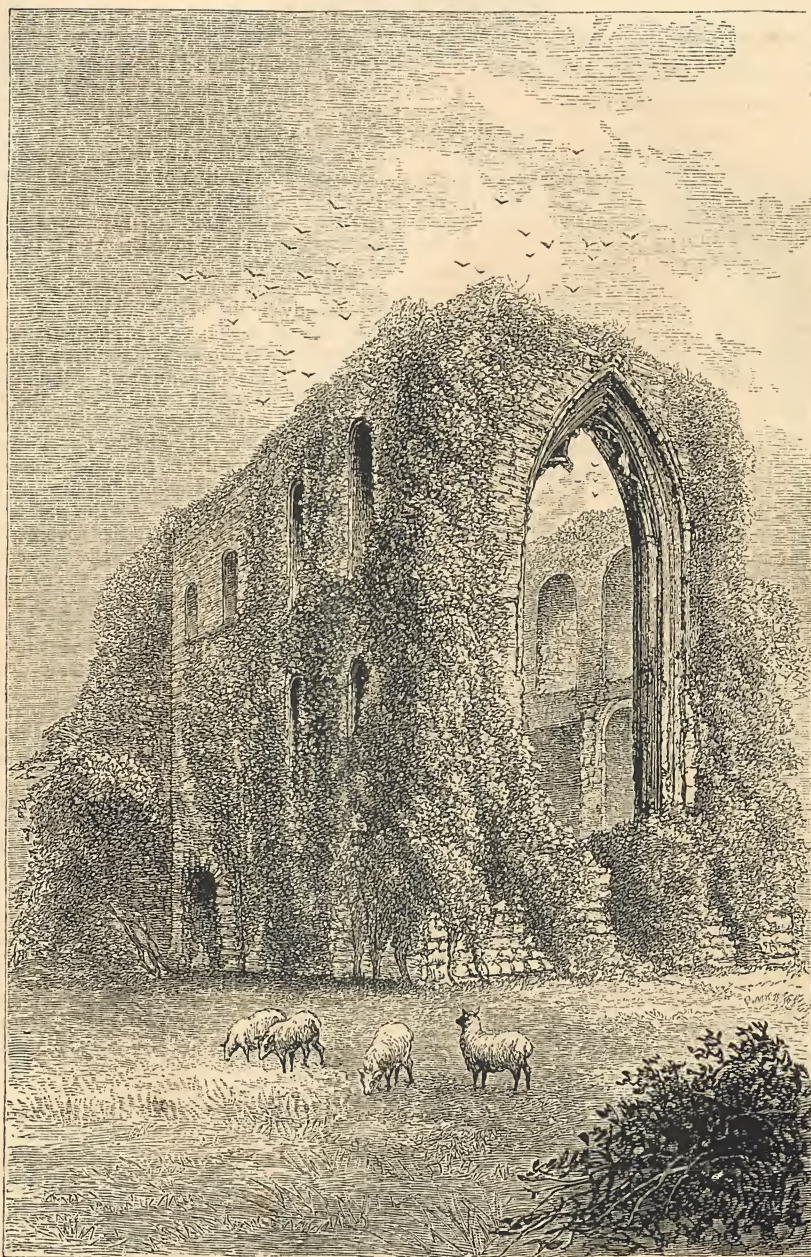
The Foolish Chicken.

'So why should I not swim as well as a duck?
 Suppose that I venture, and just try my luck?
 For,' said she, spite all that her mother had taught
 her,
 'I'm really remarkably fond of the water.'

So into the pond this young chicken she flew,
 And soon found that her dear mother's cautions were
 true;
 She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself
 round,
 And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent,
 The harder she struggled the deeper she went;
 And when every effort she vainly had tried,
 She slowly sank down to the bottom and died.

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack
 When they saw the poor bird floating dead on her
 back,
 And by their grave looks they seemed to be saying
 That this was what came of a chick's disobeying.
 D. B.



LILLESBALL ABBEY.



HAVE not much to tell you about Lilleshall Abbey; but you may judge from the picture of its ruins how beautiful it must have been in the days of its prosperity. It, or rather all that remains of it, stands in the wood of Lilleshall, in Shropshire. When Stephen reigned over England, and some monks of the order of St. Augustine came from Dorchester and built this beautiful Abbey, Philip de

Belmeir had been a kind friend to those who lived on the estates of Lilleshall; and a relation of his, Richard de Belmeir, who was the last dean of the collegiate church of St. Almund in Shrewsbury, gave up the church with all the lands and churches belonging to it to these monks, which enabled them to carry out their work. No doubt he felt an interest in the place to which his kinsman had been so great a benefactor, and very likely he may have encouraged them to build their abbey there.

M. H. F. DONNE.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

Abridged from the Flemish of H. Conscience by J. F. Cobb, Esq.



THE period of our story is the year 1299; its scene of action, Flanders and France. The king of the latter realm, Philip the Fair, had conquered Flanders a year previously. His sceptre weighed very heavily on that unhappy land, but heavier still did the hatred of his consort, Joan of Navarre, weigh upon Flanders. She had once been mortally offended by the

haughty Flemish ladies, and she now lost no opportunity of avenging herself.

The proud King and Queen are hunting in the wildest part of the Forest of Ardenne. Round about stand huge clumps of primeval oaks and ashes, whose roots partly rest in swampy ground. In the midst of these are large pieces of water, in which dark green rushes are growing, and on whose surface yellow flowers float. Here and there may be seen great trees which have been struck by lightning, around whose decaying trunks the wild ivy has wound her green stems.

Wild animals of all kinds abound in this vast forest, the strongest being the mighty bear, and next to him the wild boar. The latter is very difficult to get at. His lair is in the thickest recesses of the wilderness; and when a bold huntsman approaches him he throws himself into the midst of the swamps, whither no one is able to follow him.

Blasts from the huntsmen's horns sound forth; groups of horsemen appear on the confines of the open space; packs of splendid hounds drag impatiently at their chains. In front of them rides a tall, muscular man, dressed in a purple doublet and a mantle ornamented with silver lace. By his side a youth with a pale, attractive face, and deep blue eyes, in which might be read a very decided firmness of character. A glittering helmet with blue and yellow feathers adorns his head; a heavy coat-of-arms, which bore on its breast the Flemish lion on a golden field, gave to his tall and not less athletic figure an element of majesty. A sword, with a mother-of-pearl hilt, hangs in an ivory sheath at his side. The girdle which encloses his tunic is decorated with jewels: from it projects the massive golden handle of a dagger.

The elder of the two horsemen is the brother of the reigning King of France—Charles of Valois; the younger is Count William Van Gwyde, the son of the unfortunate Governor Gwyde, Count of Flanders, who, before its conquest by the French, ruled over the Flemish provinces with justice and mercy.

He had come to France to make an attempt, by entreaties and every means in his power, to get back his sister, who was kept a prisoner by Queen Joan, and to obtain at the same time more favourable conditions for his deposed father. Charles of Valois, who was on very friendly terms with the Gwyde family, wished to aid him in his endeavours. The

Prince's behaviour to the young man was like that of a father to a son: his suite willingly followed his example. They treated the youth with the same respect as they did Charles of Valois himself.

The chase, which naturally only extended as far as the accessible portion of the mighty forest, was taking place in honour of Philip the Fair, who esteemed it as a noble pastime, and had also expressed his wish to display his courage in this part of the world against stags, bears, and wolves.

King Philip was of well-proportioned frame, and powerfully built. He had muscles as of steel, and the story went that with his thumb and forefinger he could bend a silver piece the size of a half-crown, and break with his hands a staff of the hardest steel an inch thick. He was friendly with the noble owners of the soil in these parts. Often before had they invited him on a visit, but he had always previously been obliged to postpone the expedition owing to other engagements and weighty affairs of State which detained him at court. All the greater was the joy of the nobles when at last the sovereign was able to fulfil his promise. Philip rode immediately behind Charles and William. Where the ground allowed it he kept to the right side of the former, to exchange remarks with him about the forest and the weather. In other respects love of the chase had quite thrown into the background all matters of ceremony and precedence. Each one of the party seemed only to be bent in rousing the various kinds of game from their lair. Each wished to be the first to plunge his mighty lance into the hard hide of the boar, or into the skull of the bear.

With the blast of the signal horns the hunt had begun; with the cracking of the brushwood trodden down by the horses' hoofs was mingled the furious barking of the dogs, the hurrahing of the men, and the clang of their arms. Here and there a hare or a fox already emerged from the dark shadows of the trees, fleeing in wild terror, now to the right, now to the left. The grisly wolf was visible amid the black tree trunks. Howling, he lashed his body with his tail, and in fear with glaring eyes looked out for a way of escape. In crowds did the dogs rush on at their ancient foe and tear him to pieces before the deadly spear-blow reached him.

Soon the hunt is in full swing. Here a stag dashes out of the thicket, and with blood-stained eyes throws itself upon the dogs, wounding some of them with its antlers; there a hare falls, and close by it a deer, also struck by the arrows of the heavy cross-bows.

Philip's joy in the chase was unbridled. Before all the others he dashed at a wild boar, which had been roused by terror from his lair of reeds and mud, and with bristles erect and tusks grinding with rage was darting on the huntsmen.

'Stand back!' cried the King to his companions, in a voice of thunder; 'the noblest wild animal belongs to me! to me, the first!'

And while Charles of Valois and Count Gwyde, who with youthful ardour wished to hasten to the King's aid, retired, he grasped the lance firmer, and directed its point downwards, at the same time pulling up the reins of his horse with a strong hand. The steed stood motionless, covered with foam, but

his nostrils trembled with terror at the approach of the monstrous beast.

Now it had reached the horseman. It was just under the horse's belly, which at the least movement it must tear open with its powerful tusks. The noble steed made a spring, but just too late to avoid its enemy. The huge tooth of the monster had penetrated its body, and in a few minutes, with a singularly shrill cry of agony, it sank to the ground.

The rider slipped from his horse at the right moment; he sank on one knee, took his crossbow, and aimed at the boar's head, who in mad fury had rushed after the fleeing horse; but the arrow struck the neck, and not the head, of the boar, who continued unhindered in his wild course, and was now within three or four paces of the bold hunter. He tore his sword from its sheath and aimed a mighty blow at the boar's head; but the sharp steel unfortunately only struck one of the tusks, and in a moment snapped in twain. Still the blow was such a terrible one that the beast was half stunned in his movements. Soon recovering, he rushed again on his bold foe, a slight wound in his head being as yet his only injury.

The next action was a desperate one. The King seized the wild boar by the ears with both hands. The boar raised himself on his hind legs and put forth all his terrible strength in order to throw down his royal antagonist.

In vain. A fearful blow from the Herculean hero threw the boar back again, but the King was now dragged to the ground. Fortunately, he was uppermost, and with his iron fists held down the beast, somewhat exhausted by its fierce struggles.

Had the King had a knife in his hand it would have been an easy thing for him to make an end of the monster, but he had only his two fists, and these must at last get maimed in such a desperate encounter. He determined, therefore, to summon his companions. Scarcely had he raised his voice when an arrow cracked through the bushes, and the boar, mortally wounded in the head, sank to the ground.

At the next moment William Van Gwyde emerged from the trees, and approached the King with the words,—

'It was a venturesome enterprise, but I hope your Majesty is not seriously wounded?'

'I hope not,' replied the King, smiling; 'but the beast gave me enough to do. You shot just at the right time, Gwyde. My best thanks. I shall not forget you!'

Now Charles of Valois and a host of knights and noblemen came up. Then shield-bearers, squires, pages, huntsmen, and falconers, followed. Round about in the trees sounded shouts, hurrahs, trumpet blasts; and so deafening was the barking of the dogs that no one could hear his own voice.

There was not one of the noblemen present who did not express his amazement at the monster, and at the courage and skill displayed by his royal antagonist, to whom there was paid no lack of compliments.

King Philip appeared much exhausted, though he exercised all the strength of his will to conceal every trace of outward weakness. But he at once gave his consent when his brother, Charles of Valois, proposed

that they should repair for dinner to the neighbouring castle of Plateake.

There choice dishes and good wines soon restored the interrupted harmony. The King was cheerful and talkative. He related his recent adventure with wit and humour, and did not fail to praise the talents of the young Gwyde, whom he spoke of as his deliverer before the whole party.

'This is a favourable opportunity,' whispered Valois to the young man; 'take advantage of it; beg the King to set at liberty your sister, who is still kept a prisoner at the queen's court, and to restore his lands to your father.'

William Van Gwyde nodded a silent assent, and meditated for some minutes. During a pause which occurred in the conversation he arose, took up a brimming cup, and turned to the King, with the words,—

'To my great joy, your Majesty has expressed your satisfaction with me, your most humble servant! I ask, therefore, permission to drink your majesty's good health in this cup.'

The King signified his assent, and said graciously, 'Be it so; I esteem you as a brave man, Count Gwyde.'

William Van Gwyde lifted up his goblet, and proposed an enthusiastic toast, in which all joined rapturously. When he had emptied his glass he bent low before the King, and asked permission to request a favour of him.

'Sire,' added Valois in a tone of entreaty, 'grant his petition. I will answer for him that he will take no unjust advantage of your kindness.'

But the serious, thoughtful expression on the King's face, indicated that he already had some suspicion of the nature of the request to be made to him. He silently nodded his head, and said curtly, 'Speak, then.'

'Your majesty,' began the young man, 'it is now a full year since our beautiful Flanders has been torn from us and united with the provinces of France. For a full year has my father been mourning his lost dominions, and for the same time has he been lamenting my unfortunate sister Philippa! I implore your majesty to restore his lands to my father, and to allow my sister Philippa to return to Flanders.'

The King frowned, and motioned with his hand in refusal.

'I thought that was the request you were about to make,' he added, coldly; 'any other I would have granted, but not this. Your father has made an alliance with our enemy, Edward of England; they have taken up arms, and carried war against us, and to cement the alliance your father has promised the hand of your sister Philippa to the Prince of Wales. That is the reason why we retain that young lady at the court of our queen. No, Count Van Gwyde, don't indulge any hopes that we shall ever grant that petition.'

(To be continued.)





The King seizing the Wild Boar.

Chatterbox.



William Van Gwyde and his Sister.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Continued from page 183.)



AFTER these words succeeded an oppressive silence. With a troubled countenance William Van Gwyde resumed his seat. The King had completely lost his good humour. One saw that the cares of State, which he had forgotten for a while in the pleasures of the chase, had again obtained complete power over him.

These cares were indeed of a peculiar character. King Philip required an immense sum of money. He was very fond of splendour, and his wife, Joan of Navarre, not less so. Both understood admirably how to spend the vast sums which the people granted them. Their extravagance was very great. In spite of the discontent, which like a heavy thunder-cloud hung over the populace, new taxes were levied almost daily. The Jews, from time to time, were driven out of France, and then had to purchase permission to return by a large amount of money. At last, when all other means of collecting funds were exhausted, the King forged the coin of the realm, and kept the real money for himself and his court. Consequently a large number of merchants, who would not sell their goods for false money, left France. Thus it happened that trade was stagnant, the people made poor, and the taxes no longer paid.

In this state of things the wealthy, industrious Flanders, which the French had only conquered a short time before, was the only gold mine which the royal couple still possessed, so it may well be conceived that young Count Gwyde's simple proposal to yield it up to its lawful owner was highly displeasing to the King.

CHAPTER II.

UNDER these circumstances, it was somewhat a relief when the master of the ceremonies suddenly announced to the assembly, in a loud voice, 'Her Majesty the Queen!'

All rose at once, and the next moment Joan of Navarre entered the room. She was of a tall and graceful figure, and her face would have been handsome had it not been for the expression of pride and severity which was in it. She wore a long riding-habit of cloth of gold, and a silver girdle, which was completely covered with jewels. The ladies of her suite were similarly attired, but less costly. Most of them carried a falcon on their hands.

The Queen had also been to the hunt. With the aid of her falcons she had captured rabbits, hares, ducks, and many kinds of wild fowl. In the open hall might be seen the falconers holding perches, on which sat hawks and falcons, with leather stockings on their legs, and red caps on their heads. All this combined to make a picture as original as it was lively.

All present bowed low. The King stepped forward to meet his consort, bade her welcome in a

chivalrous manner, and led her to a seat at his side. The ladies, too, were greeted by the squires and nobles, and seated by them according to rank.

William Van Gwyde had no sooner recognised his sister Philippa among the ladies than, filled with delight, he hastened to her, and despising all ceremony, embraced her tenderly. Philippa was then in her sixteenth year; she was tall, handsome, and dignified. At this moment the joy of finding her beloved brother had made her doubly beautiful.

The first question was concerning her old father, whose days had been saddened by the loss of his crown and his dominions. With tears in his eyes, William told her all he knew. Philippa continued to ask him questions about their house, and brother and sister soon became engaged in a warm and intimate conversation, which however, the Queen regarded by no means favourably.

Several times already had she turned her black eyes with an expression of vexation towards the pair.

She did not know William Van Gwyde, and therefore did not understand the conduct of the generally so quiet and reserved Philippa, who was talking so familiarly, and without restraint, to the strange knight.

But suddenly a suspicion seemed to come upon her. She drew herself up and turned to the King, with the words, 'I request you, my consort, to explain to me who that fellow is who dares to converse with one of our Court ladies in such a confidential manner?'

'In our opinion, Madame, the young man has a right to do so,' replied the King, calmly. 'He is the brother of the young lady, who it is our pleasure to keep as a prisoner, and his name is William, Count Van Gwyde.'

'What?' continued the Queen angrily; 'and you say that so calmly, as if it were of no importance whatever? An enemy of our country—a Gwyde—is moving about as a guest at your table, free and unhindered, in the midst of honourable French knights and princes! How am I to understand this?'

'Yes, Madame, I cannot put all Flanders into prison!'

'That is not the question. But Count Gwyde and all his adherents, who hate us mortally, must be made harmless. You seem, my husband, not to be acquainted with the treachery and cunning of these people, otherwise you would have employed very different measures against them.'

'Hatred carries you away, Madame.'

'Yes! I hate them! these proud, treacherous Flemings! who beheaded my uncle, and also plot against your life and mine, and I will not rest till I have completely rooted out this proud people from the land. What makes them so haughty and impudent? The gold which they have amassed, the large liberties and privileges which they have slyly obtained. Oh! what a shame that I should experience this! I thought our deadly enemies were in chains and dungeons, instead of which they are running about freely before our eyes, plotting treason and murder!'

Though this conversation had been carried on in a very low voice, some words had been caught by those

standing near; among them was the angry Queen's brother-in-law, Charles of Valois. He had sharply watched Joan, with whom he was not on the most friendly terms, and began to fear the worst for his *protégé*. To prevent what he dreaded might occur he went up to the Queen, and whispered in her ear: 'Madame, whatever your intentions may be with regard to Flanders, one thing I must beg of you to take heed of. The son of Count Gwyde has been assured by me of a safe-conduct.'

'Ha!' cried the Queen, with a bitter laugh, 'that you take the side of traitors does not surprise me. Your indifference to the royal house and to family ties has become well-nigh proverbial.'

'You, on the other hand, are ruining the royal house! You are undermining the throne of St. Louis by your unlimited extravagance, Madame!' cried Valois. 'What can be worse?'

Philip the Fair endeavoured to mediate. He tried to calm his wife, who was burning with rage and trembling in every limb, but his efforts were all in vain. The proud, revengeful woman, demanded the young Count's immediate arrest.

'You are too short-sighted to perceive the danger which I recognise, sire,' she said. 'The adherents of the old Count Gwyde may be counted by thousands. Before we suspect it, Flanders will be wrested from us! And what then? The treasures of the kingdom are exhausted by the war and by this rebellious province. The soldiers cannot be paid, because the people will no longer bear their burdens and pay their taxes. Flanders alone can help us. Therefore it is necessary that the Flemish people be kept down and rendered harmless, by being deprived of their leaders.'

The King shook his head, and turned a look in which all his inward embarrassments might be read on his brother. Then he cast a gloomy glance on the Queen.

'I hope my words have convinced you, sire,' she continued. 'You are too wise and cautious a ruler to disregard France's welfare for the sake of these rebels. They have mocked at us, despised our commands, and given assistance to our enemies, therefore they deserve death, and their property belongs lawfully to us. If, sire, you are of a different opinion, you will oblige me to retire to my own dominion of Navarre, as I am of no mind to unite my fate to that of a falling kingdom.'

This threat came upon the King like a thunder-clap. The domineering, jealous, and obstinate character of his wife had long been known to him, and he had no doubt that she meant to carry out her threat. If she did, he would be utterly ruined. Navarre was the best part of France, and the revenues of that country belonged to Joan. Philip the Fair had nothing to say against it. But he determined to make a last attempt to soften his consort's hard heart. He dwelt on the fact that William Van Gwyde had just saved his life, and that the young man, no more than his father, who was bent down with age, meditated seizing Flanders by force of arms. He told her of the readiness with which the Flemings had paid the war contributions levied on them, on the splendid reception given to him and to Joan when they made their entry into Bruges. When, however, he found that

no arguments would avail, he made up his mind to yield, and ordered his finance minister, Enquer, and de Marigny, who were sitting near him, to summon the commander of his body-guard and have the young man put under arrest, but in as little offensive a way as possible.

William Van Gwyde had no suspicion of the danger which threatened him. By the side of his sister he was quietly pacing up and down the hall. They had so much to say to each other that they had neither time nor inclination to regard what was going on around them.

But Charles de Valois acted in their behalf. He had not let the brother and sister out of his sight for a second, and immediately he perceived how the finance minister arose with a hypocritical smile he hastened at once to Gwyde, and whispered in his ear,—

'I implore you, my young friend, leave this hall as quickly as possible. They are plotting to rob you of your liberty!'

Philippa, who heard his words, raised a cry, and nearly sank to the ground; but William Van Gwyde, motionless as a statue, stared at the messenger of such bad tidings. He could not believe such an unexampled act of treachery.

'How?' cried he, in excitement. 'Am I not here among friends? Am I not here as a guest?'

'Certainly you are here among friends, Count Gwyde; but do not forget that an irreconcilable foe is among us, who possesses the power to change all your friends into foes. Hasten away from hence, I entreat you, before it is too late!'

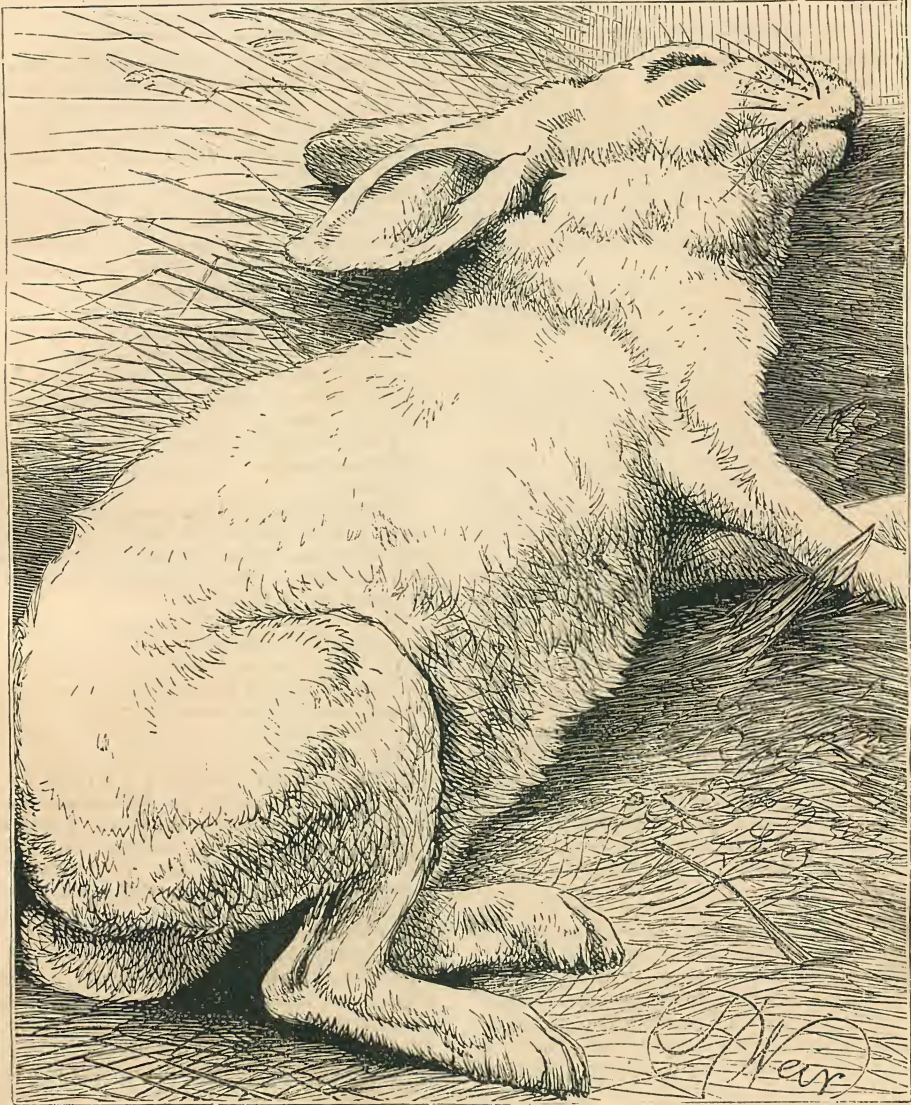
'Come with me, Philippa: I do not go without you!' cried William, to his half-unconscious sister. And therewith he rushed up to the group of court ladies, who had dragged Philippa into their midst. But it was already too late. Two guards pointed their halberds at his face, while their commander exclaimed, 'Count Van Gwyde, I arrest you in his Majesty's name!'

The young Fleming raised a bitter laugh. In a moment he had drawn his sword, and, forgetting all around him, was pressing up to his assailants. But the next moment he felt himself seized from behind by the collar. Another soldier had grasped him, squeezing his arms so tightly to his body, that they were soon able to deprive him of his sword, and then dragged him out of the hall.

All this had been the work of a few seconds. The excitement in the assembly was, however, immense, though only a few had any suspicion of the real fact.

Charles de Valois hurried after the soldiers in order to set his friend at liberty, but a compact group of guests, who had collected together expecting an explanation, blocked up his way. By force he burst through the excited crowd, then went up to the Queen and cried, with fury and indignation, 'Madame! the arrest of this unfortunate knight, who came here trusting to my protection, that he might obtain some favour for his severely tried family, is your work. I urgently implore you not to disgrace the laws of hospitality. Do not sully the blood of St. Louis, which flows in mine and in my royal brother's veins. Give back his freedom to this young man, who has never injured you!'

(To be continued.)



The Clever Rabbit.

THE CLEVER RABBIT.

I ONCE had two pet rabbits, one snow-white with long soft ears and pink eyes. This one's name was Looloo. It would come whenever I called it, and eat out of my hand. The name of the other was Topsy. It was jet black all over, and had a beautiful glossy coat; but Topsy was not quite so friendly as Looloo. It would not always come when I called it, so Looloo was the greater pet of the two. These two rabbits lived in hutches in the garden close to one another, so that there was only a piece of wood that divided them from each other. I had had the hutches made out of an old box. I always fed them myself. One day I went to feed Looloo as usual, and opening the door of his hutch I found that a tiny hole had been made in the piece of wood that separated the two hutches. Now this I thought very strange, and

at first I thought perhaps a mouse had got in and had been gnawing its way through; so I watched, and the next day the hole was bigger; but then I found out there was no place for a mouse to get in, so I was sure it must either be Looloo or Topsy that had done it. I made up my mind I would find out which was the culprit; so when I took them their food next day, before I opened the door of the hutch I listened, and I thought I heard a noise like scratching; then I listened again, and was sure I heard Looloo gnawing at the wood: so, after waiting a minute or two, I opened the door, but there was Looloo, not gnawing, as I expected to see him (and intended to scold him for), but laid down, and, as I thought, fast asleep in the straw. I was very much surprised, and shut the door again, and was going away wondering what the noise could be that I had heard,



when I heard it just the same again. Almost directly I opened the door again, but there was Master Looloo fast asleep on the straw; but this time I was not to be deceived, for I saw that he had one eye open, and by closing the door once more and opening it again suddenly, I found my little gentleman was playing me a trick. It was, in fact, he that was making the hole with his sharp teeth; but before I could catch him doing it he had lain down and pretended to be asleep, proving himself to be a very clever and sly little rabbit.

OUT OF PRISON.

A ROBIN'S nest in an old tree hung;
Like a tiny cradle it lightly swung
To and fro with each passing breeze,
That lightly ruffled the apple-leaves.

Three little bright-brown heads peeped out,—
What was the mother so long about?
'O for a worm!' or 'O for a fly!'—
This was the baby robins' cry.

Under the tree, and under the hill,
 Stood a cottage beside the mill;
 And idly leaning over the gate
 Two boys were sealing the robin's fate.

'I'll sell the bird for your jack-knife, Ben;'
 'All right—we will call it settled, then.'
 So Tommy the robin mother took
 To sister Bessie, across the brook.

Oh, mischievous boy! I greatly fear
 You paid for the purchase very dear;
 Already the birdie has dropped her head,
 In the stifling cage she will soon be dead.

But Bessie laughed in her childish glee,
 And cried, 'Don't grieve, I will set you free.
 Wake up, dear robin! look up, look out,
 See for a minute what I'm about!'

Then she gently opened the prison door,
 And birdie was free to fly home once more;
 Free to fly back to the swinging nest,
 And baby robins in soft down dress.

Over and over the fields of clover
 Merrily fluttered the redbreast rover;
 Bursting out sweetly in thankful song,
 Carolling loudly and carolling long.

Only to think what a merry tea
 They had that night in the apple-tree;
 Worms and crickets and blue-winged flies,—
 How the baby robins opened their eyes!

And then to fancy the stories told
 Of robbers, prisons, and giants bold!
 And oh, such a queen!—who would ever guess
 That the fair^{est}'s name could be good Queen Bess?
 M. R. H.

A WORD ABOUT PROCRASTINATION.

PROCRUSTINATION is a long word, but it is one most of us know something about. It has, you know, a connexion with the Latin word *Cras*, which means to-morrow, and the boy or girl who is fond of procrastination is the boy or girl who imagines that to-morrow, or presently, is the proper time for everything. Hapless mistake! There is danger in it.

A noble ship had sprung a leak, and lay upon the ocean with a signal of distress flying. To the joy of all a ship drew near, and at last came within hail.

'What is amiss?' called the strange captain through his speaking trumpet.

'We are in bad repair, and are going down. Lie by till morning,' was the answer from the sinking ship.

'Let me take your passengers on board now,' called back the ready helper.

'Lie by till morning,' was the only answer.

The strange ship did so.

Morning came at last, but the *Central America* went down within an hour and a half of the last refusal; and passengers, crew, and procrastinating captain went down with her.

One matter in which the evil of putting off an action is much seen is in early rising.

'I'm going to turn out at six to-morrow,' says Tom, with an air of most thorough determination.

At half-past five the next morning, Tom awoke with a feeling of having something on his mind.

'Halloo! It's time to get up! Stay a minute though, I can dress in less than half an hour.'

Tom accordingly lies upon his back and follows the movements of an early fly, which now and then makes dashes at his face. This position not being satisfactory for long, he turns upon his side, and, whilst experiencing a sensation of relief, his eyes show a tendency to close. 'This will not do,' cries Tom, arousing himself with a jerk. 'But they say it is bad to jump out of bed in a hurry.'

Acting upon this caution Tom's head once more returns to the pillow; and we are hardly surprised that the next time he thinks of turning out, it is because there is a loud knocking at the door and somebody is calling out, 'It's half-past eight, Master Tom, and breakfast is begun!'

So Master Tom's procrastination ends in his coming down to breakfast an hour late, with a sleepy face and in a bad temper for the rest of the day.

If Master Tom goes on through his life like this in every matter, we know well enough that there is but little success awaiting him. This is a busy world, and, whilst one is thinking of doing something 'presently,' another comes up and does it at once. When one has work before us, let us go cheerfully to the task. In this there is happiness and security.

A. R. B.

A GRATEFUL CAT.

I WAS once on a visit to a friend in the country, who had a favourite cat and dog, which lived together on the best possible terms, eating from the same plate, and sleeping on the same rug. Puss had a young family, and Pincher was in the habit of making a daily visit to the kittens, whose nursery was at the top of the house. One morning there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Pincher was in the drawing-room, and puss was attending to her family in the garret. Pincher seemed annoyed by the vivid flashes of lightning; and, just as he had crept nearer to my feet, some one entered the room, followed by puss, who walked in with a disturbed air, and mewing with all her might. She came to Pincher, rubbed her face against his cheek, touched him gently with her paw, walked to the door, stopped, looked back, and mewed—all of which said, as plainly as words could have done, 'Come with me, Pincher;' but the dog was too much alarmed himself to give any consolation to her, and took no notice of the invitation.

The cat then returned, and renewed her application with increased energy; but the dog was immovable, though it was evident that he understood her meaning, for he turned away his head with a half-conscious look, and crept closer to me, and puss soon left the room. Not long after this, the mewing became so piteous that I could no longer resist going to see what was the matter. I met the cat at the top of the stairs, close by the door of my chamber. She ran to me, rubbed herself against me, and then went into the room, and crept under the wardrobe. I then

heard two voices, and discovered that she had brought down one of her kittens, and lodged it there for safety; but her fears and cares being so divided between the kitten above and this little one below, I suppose she wanted Pincher to watch by this one while she went for the other, for, having confided it to my protection, she hastened upstairs. Not, however, wishing to have charge of the young family, I followed her up, taking the kitten with me, placed it beside her, and moved the little bed farther from the window, through which the lightning flashed so vividly as to alarm poor puss for the safety of her progeny. I then remained in the garret till the storm had passed away.

On the following morning, much to my surprise, I found puss waiting for me at the door of my apartment. She accompanied me down to breakfast, sat by me, and caressed me in every possible way. She had always been in the habit of going down to breakfast with the lady of the house; but on this morning she had resisted all her coaxing to leave my door, and would not move a step till I had made my appearance. She had never done this before, and never did it again. She had shown her gratitude to me for the care of her little ones, and her duty was done.

TALES OF TROY.

No. VI.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.



WE have seen how the prophet of Troy warned Hector to sheathe his sword awhile, and try the power of prayer, and how that hero at once obeyed the good man's advice and repaired to the city. Just within the Scean gate there was a pleasant spot, shaded by old beech-trees. Here Hector found a large gathering of married women and maidens, all anxious to hear tidings of the war outside. He did not say much, as time was pressing, but he bade them all form a procession and go to prayer in Minerva's temple. Hector then hastened to the palace, where he met Hecuba, his mother, who wished him to refresh himself with wine. He, however, put the cup from him with words about the evils of strong drink—words that would have gladdened the heart of a teetotaler. He then, with a soldier's decision, bade his mother go at once and burn incense in Minerva's temple, and offer her rich gifts, while he would go and stir up his soft brother Paris to do something for the good of his country.

Theano, the priestess, was ready to undo the doors of Minerva's temple, and to offer up with prayer the shining veil (bright as the morning star), which Hector's mother, Queen Hecuba, had chosen as her offering. The priestess asked that Diomed's spear might be broken, and he be slain in battle.

Meanwhile Hector went to upbraid his brother Paris, whom he found looking idly on while Helen and her women brightened his armour.

'Ungrateful man!' said Hector. 'Is it not for

thee the soldier bleeds and his widow weeps? Ought not thou to share the toils thou hast brought upon Troy?'

'Thy words are just,' replied Paris; 'but do not blame me. I am preparing, thou seest, for the conflict.'

'Brother,' sighed Helen, 'if thou wilt let me call thee by so dear a name, I wish I had died the day I was born; or had known at least a braver spouse than Paris. But wilt thou not rest awhile here after thy great labours?'

Hector said he could not rest, for he was urgently needed in the field. He must go and see his wife and child for a minute or two, and then leave them, perhaps for ever.

He then went to his own home, but his wife, Andromache, was not there. She was standing on the tower watching the fight below, and by her side was a nurse holding her child, Astyanax.

When the husband and wife met the tears were trembling in her eye, and she blamed him for loving danger more than he loved his wife and child.

She felt sure Hector would fall, but she hoped she would die before him. She told of her bygone sorrows; how the sword had slain her father and her seven brave brothers, and how her mother had died of a broken heart; 'yet,' continued she, looking tenderly at Hector, 'thou art father, mother, and brethren, all in one, and all I have lost I shall lose again if Hector falls. But hear, my dear husband, what I advise. See yonder, where the wild fig-trees touch the wall of Troy. There take thy stand, and defend that important post. Let others go out and fight in the field, but Hector should stay inside and guard the city.'

Hector in reply said he would take care the spot should be guarded, but he must not quit the field as his wife advised. He then drew a picture of the fall of Troy, and he said nothing moved him so much as the griefs he feared his dear wife might have to suffer; and he wished that he might lie cold in death, so as neither to hear her sigh nor see her weep.

The warrior then stretched out his arms to embrace his little one. The child, alarmed by the shining helmet and its waving plumes, shrank from his father; who, with a smile, took off his head-piece and laid it on the ground. He then took the sweet child in his strong arms and kissed him, and prayed the gods to protect him and make him another Hector; yea, a better than Hector, one who would bring joy and gladness to his mother's heart.

He then restored Astyanax to his mother, who clasped her darling to her bosom and quieted his alarms. Her tears now fell fast, and Hector dried them as best he could, and he did all that in him lay to comfort her. 'The hour of our fate is fixed,' said he, 'and we cannot escape it, be we cowards or be we brave men. But I must away: do thou, Andromache, go home, and I will to the field of battle.'

And so they parted, the weeping wife to her palace, where she nursed her woe; and the hero to his warlike toil, so soon to end with his death.

As he drew near the gate he met Paris, in gleaming armour; and the brothers passed together through it, and out into the sea of passion which was soon about to rage again below the city towers.



“The warrior stretched out his arms to embrace his little one.”

Chatterbox.



The old Minstrel visiting Van Gwyde in Prison.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Continued from page 187.)



CARRIED away by her revengeful hatred against the Flemings, the Queen interrupted the speaker with an authoritative motion of her right hand.

'Do not give yourself any further trouble, Lord of Valois,' she said. 'It is a well-known fact that you defend the enemies of France. We have hitherto, in consideration of your relationship with the royal house, endured your proceedings, much as

we in heart disapproved them. However, should you continue to be guilty of unfaithfulness against the throne and the country, we must think of taking measures for your removal.'

Charles de Valois felt himself possessed by the wildest rage, which he in vain attempted to overcome. He cast a look on his royal brother, who was gazing bewildered on the scene of uproar and confusion: for a moment love and reverence struggled within him against his furious passion.

'Madame!' he roared, and his voice sounded like rolling thunder over the assembly; 'if I ever forget the insult you have now done me, may the Almighty forget me in my last hour! Yes, Joan of Navarre, it is a calamity for our beautiful France that you should have come into that land. You are plundering our country by your foolish extravagance! You alone, by falsifying the coinage, and by shameful exactions, have made the subjects of my royal brother miserable. You are the disgrace and the shame of France! I curse you and your adherents, false, treacherous woman! Here the sword which served you is dishonoured by its shameful service. I break it in pieces, that I may not be dishonoured myself!'

With these words he drew his sword from the scabbard and broke it in pieces. These he dashed down at the Queen's feet and then rushed out of the hall. So great was the confusion and excitement that no one thought of stopping him.

Joan was terribly agitated. Her face was as pale as ashes, and every trace of womanliness had vanished from her features. With a scream she cried to the guards, 'Hasten after him! It is my wish that this wretch be at once arrested, and flung into a dungeon!'

Those of the soldiers still present in the hall who were sent to carry out this threat were prevented by the King from executing it. He suddenly rose, and all eyes were at once turned upon him, as, pale and trembling, yet with a loud voice, he cried,—

'Let no one dare to touch the Lord of Valois! Whoever ventures to do so risks his head!'

It would, however, have been impossible to arrest the king's brother; he had at once thrown himself into his carriage, and ordered his coachman to take the road towards the South.

Philip, who felt that he must do something in order to lessen the painful impression which this unedifying

scene had produced, endeavoured to appear as unmoved by it as possible. He calmed, first of all, his furious wife, and then turned, first to one, then to another, of the knights and friends, with a reassuring explanation.

'My lords,' he said at last, to the whole assembly, 'we lament extremely this untoward circumstance, and one so contrary to etiquette, and would much rather have seen to-day's festival end as happily as it began. To our great grief this, in the interest of our crown, was not possible. We were obliged to order the arrest of William Van Gwyde to prevent disturbances, and hope that you will all acknowledge the necessity of this act.'

The knights and nobles bowed assent. They talked of other things; but the feast had once been disturbed, and with the best will the former cheerfulness could not be restored. They broke up earlier than usual, and long before midnight a deep silence reigned throughout the beautifully situated hunting castle, with the thick darkness around, and gave no sign of the noisy festival which had just been held there, nor of the singular manner in which it had terminated.

CHAPTER III.

WILLIAM VAN GWYDE was conveyed to the French town of Compiègne, where Philip the Fair then held his court. In the old castle built by St. Louis, a remote but comfortably furnished chamber had been allotted to him. But an attempt to escape could not be thought of. The walls were of extraordinary thickness, the windows were furnished with strong iron bars, and the chimney protected in a similar manner.

The young Count, too, was far from occupying himself with plans for escape. He had lost the reversion on his land. His family were separated from one another. What profit was there in his life? A gloomy resignation had taken possession of him. He sat moodily on a wooden seat in a corner of the vaulted apartment, entirely taken up with the one thought that death alone could free him from his sufferings.

The Governor of the Castle was, fortunately, a friendly old man, who did not consider himself at all bound by the instructions which had been given him. He appeared three times daily in the prisoner's room, providing him with good nourishing food and wine.

On these occasions he would say a kind word to the young Fleming; but he continued sad and reserved. All his inquiries turned on the one question—whether they would soon come and lead him away to execution.

The windows looked on a very large park, planted with trees. Amid the gray trunks of the beeches glittered the waters of the Oise. Among the woods on its opposite shore rose the tower of a church, whence the wind frequently bore to him the sweet tones of its bells. They roused him for a short time out of his dreams, and then he would think of the days of his childhood, how he had prayed with his family at home in the Cathedral of St. Salvator at Bruges. Then was Flanders proud and powerful, and the inhabitants of the flourishing, prosperous

country, had looked with reverence on their ruler, Count Van Gwyde. How all this was changed now!

One pleasant autumn afternoon, when, according to his usual custom, he was sitting at the window, gazing on the varied and brilliant tints of the trees beneath him, he suddenly heard the song and notes of the harp of one of those travelling singers who, under the name of minstrels, in those days wandered from place to place. The song, as well as the tune, were well known to the young man; he had often heard them at merry feasts in his father's palace. The remembrance of former happy times overpowered him, and when at that moment the friendly old Governor entered, he had need of all his self-control to hide his emotion.

But his prisoner's manner had not escaped the old man's notice, and as his interest in the unhappy young man had rather increased than diminished, he said kindly,—

'If the minstrel's song gives you joy, young Sir, I will send him up to you, so that you may hear him nearer.'

'Do so,' replied Gwyde, with a slight inclination of his head. 'Those are songs which carry me back to happier times, and charm my soul once more with pleasures which have vanished for ever. Yes, yes, send up the minstrel to me. I shall, indeed, be grateful to you, old man.'

The Governor replied with a good-natured look and departed.

A few minutes after a broad-shouldered man, of middle height and advanced years, entered the room. He wore a long black robe, held together by a leather girdle; a gray but well-kept beard hung down upon his breast. Of the same colour was his long mane-like hair, which flowed down from beneath his low, black hat. Very piercing were the fiery black eyes of this singer. They fixed themselves on the prisoner with such a peculiar expression that he could not evade their gaze. It seemed as if he must somewhere or other before have seen those features, which indicated as much cunning as determination.

Now the stranger seized his harp, and sang in a powerful voice a song, of which this is a translation:

In our lion's realm
The sky is now dark;
The Fox alone is sly;
He'll come to the lion's side,
Bravely to help him in the strife.
The Fox is very clever;
I think you know him, friend!

'Dietrich the Fox!' cried the prisoner, joyfully. 'Is it possible? How could I fail to recognise you, even for a moment? But what a rash fellow you are! Suppose you are discovered?'

'Bah!' cried Dietrich; 'I shall find a way out. A fox is not so easily caught, and you must know that I am come here to risk a good deal more.'

'You come direct from Bruges, do you not? How fares it at home, Dietrich? How is my poor father?' asked William Van Gwyde.

Dietrich, with a serious countenance, shrugged his shoulders. 'Your father has already received tidings of your fate. He has sent an earnest request to King Philip to set you at liberty, which, as you may imagine, was curtly refused.'

'That is the work of that worthless Joan de Navarre,' groaned William.

'There is no one in Flanders that doubts it. And it is not the only crime she has on her soul. Her uncle, a certain Chatillon, she has appointed Governor over Flanders; and this cruel, intolerant ruler, has but one object, which is to plunder and harass the unoffending citizens. His soldiers commit every kind of crime, and when the injured Flemings complain to the Lord of Chatillon he answers them with mockery and insult. Almost all the foreign merchants have left Flanders. Trade is daily diminishing. But,—here the speaker's voice was lowered to a mysterious whisper,—'great things are in preparation. The Guilds will no longer stand the tyranny. Meetings are held almost daily. The country's troubles are discussed, and measures of relief planned. The enthusiasm of the lower orders is universal. I do not think we knights ought to hold back when the summons comes to rise and break our bonds.'

'Doubtless every brave Fleming will fight like a man, friend Dietrich,' replied Gwyde; 'but the question is whether we shall come out of the struggle as victors. The French lie in thousands about our unfortunate towns and villages. One part of the fortifications of Bruges they have already repaired; and how are they getting on with the castle which they had begun to build before I left that city?'

'The building has stopped because money failed, and the brave Flemings persistently refuse to pay the taxes. So be of good courage; the citadel will not easily terrify free citizens, and we shall yet conquer. A nation which fights for its freedom is perfectly irresistible.'

As he was speaking these words, Dietrich laid aside his black cloak and hat, then he tore his wig from his head, threw his sham beard to the ground, and stood up as a stalwart knight before his astonished companion.

'So much is certain,' said the latter; 'you have played your part admirably.'

'And not in vain shall I have played it. Listen why I decided on this comedy. I have determined to release you. You are required at home—your old father wants you, and in these troublous times the people have need of an intelligent leader. Do not then refuse to employ the means which I offer for your deliverance. Make use of all this hair, put on the false beard, and wrap yourself up in these clothes. Your figure is almost the same size as mine. Pass the guards in the castle-yard bold and erect. Every one will take you for me, and you will get through unhindered. Don't forget to strike the harp-strings—you understand the art—and to sing merry songs. At the approach of darkness you will reach the high road which leads to St. Quentin; at the first cross-way you will find a horse saddled, held by an old man. He will have another costume in readiness for you,—a peasant's dress. Hide among the bushes, throw aside your hat and clothes, put on the peasant's disguise, give your harp to the old man, and then gallop off to the frontier!'

'I must confess, friend Dietrich, that all this is very well planned; but supposing I were selfish enough to accept your proposal, what would become of you?'

'Don't trouble yourself in the least about that,



My Dolly.

Count Gwyde,' replied Dietrich. 'I have got out of worse cages than this, and I am not wrongly named the Fox. But above everything I entreat you, I command you, do not make me angry by longer delay. Think of your old father and of your dependents! Come! Make haste! Put on the disguise!'

In spite of his reluctance he helped the youth into the garment, fastened the beard on to his chin, put the wig on his head, and gave the harp into his hand. 'Well, then,' said Gwyde, at last, 'I go as you order me: if my own person alone were at stake, no power on earth should force me to accept this sacrifice from you. But the deliverance of the fatherland is concerned. My life belongs to Flanders, and it is my duty to give up to my country that which belongs to it. Farewell, friend! If all goes well, you shall soon hear from me!'

Dietrich once more narrowly scanned his friend's figure, and gave him further advice for his journey. Then they parted.

(To be continued.)

MY DOLLY.

WHO lies so calmly in my lap,
And takes, whene'er I please, a nap,
Nor heeds me if I kiss or slap?

My Dolly.

Who always looks 'as good as gold,'
Nor smiles less if I frown or scold,
And ne'er grows cross, however old?

My Dolly.

Her bright blue eyes are open wide,
They never had a fault to hide;
No wonder they have never cried,—

My Dolly.

I hold her gently in my arm,
I fain would shield her from all harm,
But I can't kiss her cold cheeks warm,—

My Dolly.



Alas! she does not feel my tears,
 She knows not all my hopes and fears,
 She's only just what she appears,—
 My Dolly.

THE BOYS AND WOLVES.

A HUNGARIAN merchant once told the following story:—"In my home the country is very mountainous, and near my house the inhabitants are very poor. In a village near there lived a poor widow; she was very ill and in need of firewood, so she sent her two children out into the forest with a barrow: one of these boys was twelve, the other ten years old. It was

winter, and the ground was deeply covered with snow.

"As they were on the way with their barrow, they came to a church. "Janko," said the younger, "I feel very strange. It seems to me as if some misfortune would happen to us to-day. Let us go into the church before we go any further."

"His brother said, "I am quite willing."

"So they left their barrow at the church door, went in, knelt down, and prayed to the Lord Jesus.

"Then they went on further, feeling cheerful and of good courage, although they often fell down in the snow. They found plenty of dry wood, and while they were busy gathering it up and binding it fast upon the barrow, they saw two wolves in the distance running straight upon them. What could the poor boys do now? To run away from the wolves was perfectly impossible. There was not a tree near, into which they could have climbed, for round about them there was only low brushwood. Even if there had been a tree ever so high, it would not have helped them, for the wolves would have kept watch below, and they must have starved to death. What did they do then in their distress? The eldest, a brave, deter-

mined boy, made the little one lie down on the ground, then he covered him with the barrow, threw as much wood as he could upon it, and called to him, "Do not move; I am not afraid."

"Ah, Janko!" said the younger one crying, "if we should perish our mother will die of grief."

"The little fellow remained under the barrow and the dry wood; the elder stood up before him holding his axe. When one wolf, which had run the fastest, came up, he dealt him such a blow on the neck that he fell to the ground dead. At this moment the other wolf seized him by the arm and threw him to the ground. In terrible pain and fear he seized the monster with both hands by the throat, and held his open jaws away from him, without screaming, however, for he did not wish his brother to come out and show himself to the wolf, and so risk his life. But a terrible fear came over the younger boy in his hiding-place. He threw off from him the barrow and the wood, seized the axe which had fallen on the ground, and smote the wolf on his back several times with all his might. The beast now turned upon his new enemy, whom he would, undoubtedly, have torn to pieces, had not the other boy sprung up, quick as lightning, and struck the wolf on the head with his axe, so that he fell down dead. Thus the two boys, by God's help, overcame two ravenous beasts without receiving themselves any dangerous wounds.

"They now gazed at each other with amazement: they then looked at the beasts, who, with open jaws, lay dead upon their backs, and were astonished at their strong teeth and huge mouths. Then they knelt down and thanked God for their wonderful preservation, and they returned home rejoicing, with the wood and the carcasses of the wolves upon their barrow."

THE THREE WISHES.

CHAPTER I.



ONE winter evening three children sat round the fire; they were tired with play, and it was too early for candles to be lighted; so the eldest said, "Now let us talk," and they had brought their chairs quite near the fender, and sat looking into the bright flames that danced up and down amongst the coals. But they did not seem to have very much to say, for, instead of talking, they were all quite silent. Outside the window the rain was beating, and the wind howling as it rushed against the house, and between the gusts the children could hear the roar of the great waves as they dashed upon the shore. It was very pleasant to sit cosily by the fire while the weather was so rough out of doors, and perhaps that was what made the children sit still for so long a time without wishing to do anything else.

At last the youngest (who was quite a tiny girl, and sat on a low chair that did not nearly reach to the top of the nursery fender) looked up and said, "Why don't we talk?"

Then the others laughed, and the second child said, "What shall we talk about? Shall we make up

stories, or play at being "company" and grown-up, like big people?"

"I wish I *was* big like papa," said the eldest, who had been silent for some time, and had sat with his elbows on his knees, looking into the fire.

"Let us all wish!" cried the youngest little girl. "Oh! do let us wish!"

And so it was settled that they should think for five minutes by the nursery clock, which was just then striking five, and then each should say what they wished for most in the world. They all began to think very hard what they should like best, and a great many things that they wished for came into their heads, and were pushed out again by other things that they seemed to wish more. The youngest thought of that beautiful doll, with blue eyes and long curly hair, that was under the glass case in the toy-shop, and, at first, she wished for that. But before the five minutes were over she remembered her favourite story of 'Puss-in-boots,' and wished she had a cat in boots who was as clever as the one in the story-book; but she recollected just in time that nurse had said it wasn't a true story, and that there were no real cats like that, and she was glad she had not told the others of her wish, because Tom would have laughed.

Then the five minutes came to an end, and little Nellie was not ready to say what she wished for. And presently it turned out that the other two were not a bit more ready than she was, so they agreed to take ten minutes more, and then everybody was to be sure and have their minds quite made up.

They all began to think again harder than before, but little Nellie found it very difficult—she would have liked to be one of the princesses in the fairy tales, but there was just the same fault to find with that as with Puss-in-boots, so she had to give it up; and then she could not remember anything she wanted, except the doll, and, somehow, it did not seem worth while to wish so very much for that. At last, all in a minute, something came into her head. She recollected how her mamma had kissed her last night, just before she went to sleep, and had said, "God bless my Nellie, and make her good and happy!"

"I'll wish what mamma wishes," thought Nellie; "that's sure to be right, and that means so much. Perhaps if I wish that I may get the doll, or *even* Puss-in-boots. But no, that's not likely; but the doll might come, and lots of things—and then, if I'm good, nurse won't scold, or mamma won't be sorry."

And with a sigh of relief the little golden head sank against the bars of the fender, and Nellie waited patiently till the ten minutes were ended. At last they were gone, and Tom said, "Are you ready?"

And the other two children said, "Yes," they were quite ready, and listened eagerly for Tom to tell them what he wished.

"I should like to go away over the sea to foreign countries, where there are lions and bears; and I should like to be a great man like Julius Cæsar, and fight battles and win them, and have the people shout when they saw me come home."

And then the second child told her wish: "I should like to write a book, and that everybody should read it, and to get a great deal of money, enough to build an hospital like the one at Wentham."

And Nellie said, 'I should like to be good and happy.'

The three children sat round the fire talking over their wishes, but in the meantime something happened. Although none of them had known it, or even thought of it, each child's guardian angel had been near them while they wished; and as soon as they had done, the three angels spread out their great white wings and flew straight up through the sky towards the most distant star. They flew up and up, till they reached heaven, and when they came into the presence of the Great Father they bowed their heads, and, folding up their great white wings, they stood waiting. And then leave was given them to speak, so they told the wishes of the children. And the Great Father gave the angels leave to do what they had asked, and they flew down and down through the dark night, each with their own message to fulfil.

CHAPTER II.

FIFTY years passed away, and once again the rain beat against the window and the wind howled amongst the trees, while inside a large house the fire-light danced and flickered on the walls and furniture, bright with gold and rich silks. On one side of the hearth sat a tall man with white hair. He looked very worn and ill, and he bent forward towards the blaze, as if he could not keep enough warmth in his body unless he were close to it. Opposite to him sat a lady, with a grave, quiet face. Her hair, too, was gray, and she sat looking into the fire, with her white, thin hands clasped together on her lap. And then into the room came a child—a child with golden hair—and took a place between them on the hearth; but they did not see her. They did not know she was so near them, but they were thinking of her; and presently the gentleman looked up at a picture over the mantelpiece—a picture of the very child who stood close by him—and said, 'Do you remember our wishes?'

And the lady answered, 'Yes, she remembered.'

And, just for a minute, the grand, bright room faded away, and they saw instead a nursery, with a high fender and three children sitting round the fire. Then the lady spoke again, 'You have had your wish; you have been across the sea to wild countries, and hunted lions and bears, and fought battles and won them, and to-day when you came home the streets were full of people, who shouted as you came. Has it made you happy?'

And the gentleman shook his head sadly, for he thought of two graves out in that distant country, and how his wife and little child lay sleeping there, while he was alone. And besides, though he did not think of it, there was another thing that made him miserable. All the time that he had been growing great and rich he had let his heart grow hard, proud, and discontented; and so, though he had had his wish, he felt as if he had had nothing at all, and rebelled against the Great Father Who had sent some sorrow into his life. No, his wish had *not* made him happy.

And the lady spoke again, 'I have had my wish. I wrote a book, and everybody read it, and money came, enough to build the hospital at the gate; and many sick people have blessed me for giving them health and strength once more.'

And the gentleman asked, 'Are you happy?'

She bowed her head as she answered, 'I am content.

My life has been very quiet; sometimes very sad. I am growing old now, and, till to-day when you came home, I have lived here always alone. Once I thought it would have been different, and that I should have had children of my own to love. But God has given me many sick children to take care of for His sake.'

Then the gentleman pointed to the picture (though the child was standing close beside his knee he did not see her), 'And what of her? She wished to be good and happy.'

The lady looked up and smiled.

'Surely she had her wish fifty years ago, when God took her to be one of the angels that always behold His face in heaven.'

'We did not think so then,' said the gentleman. 'Why have you changed your mind?'

'No,' answered the lady, 'we did not think so then. We found her sleeping in her crib, with a smile on her face as if the angels had called her, but we never thought how happy she was, or that God would keep her always good; we only wanted our Nellie back again. Would she have been always good and happy had she stayed with us on earth? Have *we* been so? It was only so that her wish could be fulfilled; ours bound us to earth, but hers led her straight to heaven. She will be waiting for us there, and even now I know we have a child in heaven who loves us.'

While she spoke the figure of the golden-haired child grew brighter and clearer, and the glistening white robes shone like the stars. And then the child glided across to the lady and kissed her forehead. The lady thought a little breath of wind touched her; but that night she dreamed of the little Nellie who loved her still in heaven.

Then the child went to the other side of the hearth, and put her hand softly on the gentleman's heart.

He did not know it. But as her hand touched him all the proud, bad things that he had gathered into his heart in those fifty years dropped away from him one by one, and he grew humble and loving once more, with no hard thoughts, no angry murmurings against the Great Father's will; and two tears rolled slowly down his cheeks, as he gently murmured, 'Thank God that we have a child in heaven who loves us!'

ALMANACKS.

THE word Almanack is derived from two Arabic words which mean 'to count.' In one form or another their use is very ancient, but the precise date at which they were first used amongst us is not known. The Library of Lambeth Palace is said to contain an almanack written in 1460. The first printed almanack was published at Buda, and for it the compiler received a handsome present from the King of Hungary. Richard Pynson, in the year 1497, was the first to issue a printed almanack in England. Predictions soon began to be one of the chief features in them, owing, in a great measure, to the success of Michael Nostradamus, who in his almanack was supposed to have predicted the deaths of Charles I. of England and Henry II. of France, the fire of London, and other great events. Some almanacks are still printed which try, but with little success, to rival his fame.



The Three Wishes.



"JUST ARRIVED."

Chatterbox.



“What do you want in the City?” he asked, rudely.”

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Continued from page 196.)

CHAPTER IV.



IMITATING as far as possible Dietrich's walk and carriage, William Van Gwyde passed first through a vestibule supported by columns, and then through a long corridor which led to the iron spiral staircase of the castle. Three or four servants of the palace, whom he met on the way, took no notice of him, so he got down the steps unhindered. In the lower apartment, close beside the gate which led into the courtyard, was the castle guard. The commander of these men, a martial-looking captain of gigantic stature, of the Royal Musketeers, looked at him searchingly, and, as it appeared to him, with suspicion; but the sham minstrel at once struck his chords boldly, and sang such a merry comic song, that the officer was obliged to laugh. Thus the fugitive reached the courtyard unchallenged, and thence passed into the road.

The darkness which had come on meanwhile favoured him. Wandering minstrels were in those days of too frequent appearance to excite particular notice. He reached the high road, and found the old man with a tolerably good steed waiting for him. In a few minutes he effected a complete change in his appearance, and soon, in a wild gallop, was flying onward in the direction of his home.

He only stopped to give the beast a little rest, and to get some refreshment for himself. For a few hours in the afternoon he would sleep in some village inn, stating everywhere that he was hurrying to the nearest town to make important purchases. It was in the evening of the third day that he stopped before the south gate of his native city. The gate was shut; he got down from his horse, and holding the reins in his left hand, knocked on the door with his right. Immediately he heard the rattling of a chain. The door opened and a French corporal stood opposite to the young man.

'Who are you? Whence came you? What do you want in the city?' he asked, rudely.

'A peasant from the neighbourhood of Zedelghem. I want to sell my horse here and buy another—one fitter for the plough. To-morrow is the great horse-fair here, as you know.'

This was, in fact, the case. The corporal grumbled out a few words, and then allowed the young man to pass through. Leading his horse he passed into the deserted streets. A mysterious silence brooded over the sea of houses, only broken by the dull sound of the tread of the horse's feet. William Van Gwyde looked in vain for a light in any of the houses. The city mourned. In the arms of Sleep did the oppressed citizens seek forgetfulness of the insults and persecutions they had endured in the day.

From time to time a military patrol passed along, but no one stopped him, and the Count came to the conclusion that the garrison was living in a certain degree of careless security. Their large numbers probably made them feel completely at ease. The people were bound in fetters. Why, then, should they fear?

After William Van Gwyde had passed through several streets he reached an open square, in which rose his father's palace. Here, too, all the windows were dark. But when he knocked an old servant of the house opened the door, who, when he recognised his young master, raised a cry of joy.

'Besilent!' said the new-comer: 'no one must know that I am here. Is my father still awake?'

'The Count retired to rest about an hour ago,' was the reply; 'but I think he will be glad to see you if I awake him.'

The servant led the horse to the stable, and then went to the old Count's chamber. In a few minutes he returned, and told the young man that his old master was quite ready to receive him.

William Van Gwyde entered his father's study. He was sitting in an arm-chair dressed in a black velvet coat. The light from the candles on his writing-table fell upon his face. It was pale; furrowed, too, by anxieties of all kinds. But when his gaze fell upon his son as he entered the room a cheerful smile brightened up his countenance.

'To the All-merciful be praise that thou art come, my son!' he began, in a weary tone. 'Our friend Dietrich is a brave fellow. Hast thou brought our Philippa with thee?'

'No, father. I have left no means untried; but all my efforts have been in vain.'

'I thought so. She is a tigress in human form, that Joan of Navarre! Cursed be that woman and her race!'

'We shall avenge ourselves, father!'

The old Count sighed deeply.

'Certainly, my son,' he replied, with a sad smile; 'but shall I survive to see the hour of vengeance? My days are numbered. At any moment it may please the Almighty to call me away. Ah! and I cannot endure the thought of leaving the world without having once more embraced my beloved daughter.'

'Hope on, father; don't despair. The hour of vengeance is nearer than you think. The people will no longer stand the tyranny of the French rule. The cords are strained to the breaking.'

'I don't see any work in progress,' complained the old man. 'The weavers and some other trades unions meet in their house of assembly and make such speeches that the walls tremble; but it stops there—nothing comes of it. Words! nothing but words! and not a single deed!'

'Peter Koning, the weaver, leads the revolt of the people, father; he is a man of rare talents. He will act when the right hour comes.'

The old Count shrugged his shoulders, as if he had not too much confidence in the famous man of the people. For a long time he continued to express his doubts as to the liberation of Flanders, until weariness overcame him and his eyes grew heavy. William summoned the servant, told him to see his father to bed, and then retired himself to his own room, to enjoy some refreshing sleep after the great exertions and fatigues of the last few days.

But this did not come immediately. The young man lay awake for a long time, thinking about the fate of his country. Plan after plan for its deliverance occupied his mind, and the morning star was

already shining into his chamber when the pictures which his imagination had called forth were further transformed into happy dreams.

He awoke as the morning sun was sending his first beams into his room. The servant who brought him his breakfast informed him that his father was still asleep. He dressed himself, and left the palace to visit a friend who possessed his special confidence and affection.

This friend was neither a knight nor a nobleman. The party of the nobles in Bruges had long ago declared in favour of the French dominion, because they considered by it that the pride and increasing power of the guilds would be broken, and the nobility be re-instated in their lost rights and privileges. He was a modest man of the people, named John Bredler, a butcher who understood his trade and loved his family, his country, and his lawful prince, above everything.

He was still young, not far over twenty, but distinguished by intelligence, energy, and power of will, on which account the post of foreman of the guild of butchers in Bruges had been conferred upon him.

Why the son of the governor of the province felt himself so drawn to the young master-butcher was not a question of doubt to any of the inhabitants of Bruges. Not only did the young citizen's brilliant qualities of mind and heart exercise a magic power of attraction on William Van Gwyde, but a still stranger influence over him was that of Sophie, Bredler's young and attractive sister—a beautiful girl of eighteen, with whom the young Count was deeply in love. Warmly did she reciprocate this love, while her mother repeatedly gave them to understand that she fully sanctioned the attachment.

'So soon as Flanders is freed from its tyrants I shall lead Sophie home as my wife,' William had openly and honestly declared to his friend John, and thus the friendship of the two men was sealed for all time.

When William Van Gwyde turned into the street in which the Bredlers' house was situated he perceived a certain degree of excitement among the inhabitants. Everywhere the inquisitive faces of women and children were peeping from the windows, while here and there one or other of the butchers who inhabited this quarter of the town might be seen hurrying along, armed with his knife or big axe.

'What is the matter?' inquired Gwyde of one of them.

'Ah, gracious, sir! is it you, indeed?' was the reply. 'Yes, our foreman-master, John Bredler, has received a terrible insult from some Frenchmen, so we are all summoned to the Guildhall to consult together as to how the shame may be avenged!'

He ran on, and Gwyde continued his way. He had, however, only proceeded a few steps when John Bredler ran against him, showing every sign of passion and excitement.

At the sight of Gwyde he remained standing, and endeavoured for a moment to quench the terrible rage which seemed to guide all his movements. Then he seized Gwyde's arm, and his pressure was so violent that the Count raised a cry of pain.

'I entreat thee, Bredler, tell me what has happened? Calm thyself, and relate to me quietly what all this is about.'

The young butcher drew a deep breath; a heavy groan arose from his breast, while his eyes rolled like those of a madman. He cast his heavy axe down on the pavement and exclaimed,—

'Yes, I will be calm, though the fires of hell seem to burn within me. Thou shalt know all. Listen, then! I went early this morning—perhaps some two hours ago—to the inn, to drink a tankard of beer. I sat down without looking round the table, at which, besides myself, three of these cursed French soldiers were sitting—those fellows who are the ruin of our beautiful Bruges. I was thirsty, and I told the landlord to make haste. Then one of those men offered me his tankard, challenged me to drink, and wished me my health. I replied very quietly that I did not like French wine, and, moreover, that my principles forbade me from drinking out of the same tankard as an enemy of my country. "Hoho!" cried he; "this foolish pride shall soon be humbled; only a little patience. The corn is ripening quickly, and our scythes are already sharpened. I tell you, that before you are aware of it Bruges will be plundered, and that after that not one stone will remain upon another; for that we will take care to provide, we soldiers of France." I endeavoured to assume as insolent a smile as possible, and then sang the song of the "Lion of Flanders," who conquers everywhere, and reaps on all sides honour and renown. He then poured forth gibes and insults against Flanders. "Long live the Lily of France!" said he, "before which the Lion of Flanders will have to creep and crouch," and so on. Enough! One word followed another; and to make a long story short, it ended in our deciding to fight the matter out to the very death in honourable single combat. So far well; we went out. Close to the churchyard there is, as you know, a little thicket. There we were to fight. The other two Frenchmen accompanied us to act as witnesses, and see that all was fair. As it had been settled, I threw down my dagger, and the Frenchman did the same with his weapons. Then we set to work. The Frenchman aimed a blow from his fist at my breast: it fell like a sledge-hammer on an anvil; but, upon my honour, I gave it him back again with interest. What a terrible fury possessed me! I struck at him, grasped him with the whole power of my arms. He did the same to me, and so we wrestled together without either of us being able to heave the other an inch from his place. Ah! never in my whole life have I put forth so much strength as in that terrible moment; and yet I don't know what trick in the art of wrestling that French dog made use of. Enough; I suddenly felt my throat tightly squeezed and my head pressed forward, and then I received such a violent blow on my skull that the blood flowed from my mouth. But in order to strike me the Frenchman had been obliged to let go of me with one hand. Then I succeeded in tearing myself loose; and now I made a fresh attack with head bent forward. I ran against my opponent, and gave him such a tremendous blow in the chest with my head that he staggered. Then, naturally, he received back with heavy interest the cut he had given me on my skull. With a cry he fell to the ground. "See," said I, "now you have felt the lion's claws!"

(To be continued.)



A Puzzle Picture in Grecian History.

A FAMOUS GREEK.

A CITY famous far and wide,
A city fair to see,
And it is very long ago:
What may this city be?

And who is this who slowly walks
Adown the street to-day;
At whose command men deal out gold
And silver on the way?

The poor folk love his bounty well,
His name they loudly bless:
They cry, 'Long live ——!' I must not tell
His name, for you must guess.

This and this only I will tell,
His father was the pride
Of all the soldiery of Greece,
Yet in a prison died.

[Answer in next number.]



VIXEN AND SQUATTIE.



ONE day there was great excitement when the children came home from their walk. Looking for the cause of it, I saw one of those bandy-legged, long-backed beagles, which the French call *bassets* (low ones), the Germans badger-dogs, and the English turnspits; though they are a different dog from the old English turnspit. The turnspit has entirely died out in England, but traces of the breed are still to be found in Hanover and the North of Germany, where they are used in the same way as the badger-dogs. From her squat form, I called the little foundling Squattie, and got very fond of her, as she showed great intelligence. For various reasons, I found it

necessary to send the little dog to a friend in the country. There she was among the big dogs, thinking herself one of them; and all went well, till she discovered that there were such things as rabbits, and, moreover, that she had a nose, which told her where the rabbits were. But, besides the rabbits, pheasants were preserved in those covers, and these did not feel easy on their perches at night when hearing the loud barking of Scoody-wops, as I called her too. So her master was warned by the keepers that she might get shot or trapped; and he, not liking either to annoy a neighbour, or that harm should befall Squattie, gave orders that she should be stopped from going hunting.

But that was sooner said than done, because Squattie, somehow or other, had made friends with a little, bold, sandy Skye-terrier, who was named Vixen, and taught her all the mysteries of woodcraft, and they set off with double zeal together.

They knew they were in the wrong, because they were scolded first, and afterwards whipped, when they were found on the way to the woods. So at last they used to sneak off singly; but managed to meet.

The servants, when I stayed at the house, used to say, 'The little dogs have been talking together, they are sure to go hunting.' True enough they did go. And one night all went to bed, and the little dogs had not come home. I heard a howl between eleven and twelve o'clock, and found Vixen at the door. But where was Squattie? Thomas was sent next day to inquire, and found her at the keeper's. She had been caught in one of the traps, where she passed the night, and had a terrible wound in her fore-leg, which much swelled.

But even this hard lesson did not cure her, and so now the dogs are tied up by turns for twenty-four hours, for they do not like to go alone on their poaching expeditions. But, you see, it is very disagreeable for them to be tied up outside, when they might both be free to run into the kitchen and sit by the warm fire, and listen to the talk of people and of the two poll-parrots, and have the company of Bess, the Persian cat, and her kittens, and get nice little bits from Wilcox the cook, who is never put out by the animals, and manages to keep everything straight, and clean as clean can be. But then she says, 'Where there is a will there is a way.'

And I say, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' and bad companions often lead astray; for Vixen was tempted by Squattie to poach. Little dogs may be excused if they yield to temptation, although they may know what they ought to do, or not to do; but—ah, well, I see that you know what I mean, so I will not say any more.

WALDECK.

THE Princess of Waldeck, who is married to the Queen of England's youngest son, the Duke of Albany, has caused many English minds to be directed to her home. Waldeck is in Germany, and it consists of two parts, Waldeck and Pyrmont. The area of the whole is about 450 square miles. It is a mountainous and well-wooded district—the most hilly part of all Western Germany. The air is pure and bracing. The soil is not very first-rate, but the people are industrious, and contrive to grow much food, especially potatoes. They make their own woollen cloth and stockings, the latter in quantities large enough for exportation.

The Prince of Waldeck lives at Pyrmont, where he has a fine town, with a very handsome lime-tree avenue in its principal street. There are some capital springs of water at Pyrmont. They are almost unequalled in their health-giving qualities. An immense number of bottles of this water are sent yearly to all parts of the world. One of the springs, being not very clear, is used by bathers. The great bath has more than one hundred rooms, all handsomely fitted up.

The bulk of the Waldeck folk are of the Lutheran faith.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

IN LAST summer, on a beautiful sunny day, a young lady, whom we shall call 'Mary Campbell,' went to bathe with some companions on the beach at North Berwick. This is a delightful bathing-place, but as the tide and currents are very strong, it is better not to bathe during ebb-tide; which precaution, however, these young people entirely disregarded. The girls amused themselves for nearly half an hour, plunging about, and trying who could float most successfully, and for the longest time.

As Mary lay on the surface of the water, with her arms fully extended, and the bright sun overhead, she felt as though she could remain there without inconvenience for hours. Gently paddling with one hand, to maintain her balance, and listening to the talk and laughter of her friends, she at length seemed almost to fall into a dreamy sleep. From this, she was suddenly aroused by hearing herself called by name, 'Mary, Mary! come back! come here! Suddenly attempting to sit up, she plunged forward, overhead in a moment! She had floated out, quite beyond her depth! Immediately, however, she again rose to the surface and as it seemed to her, almost by instinct, she threw herself on her back, and felt that she was again floating easily. This gave her some confidence, but the tumult at her heart was terrible, and her brain seemed to be whirling round. She no longer heard any voices around her. Had she floated far out on the receding tide? Where were her companions? Oh! surely they would not desert her! Then she thought of her aged father, all unconscious of her position, and she almost entirely lost heart and courage. Still, Mary was a girl with steady nerves, and a good deal of sense, so that even in this terrible position she was able to keep from utter distraction. She felt that, under God, everything depended on her coolness and courage. She could not swim, and if she attempted to rise or look about her all would be lost.

It seemed to the poor girl that she had lain there for hours, when she again heard voices, and oh! welcome sound! her name was distinctly called. With a great effort she lifted one arm and waved it for a moment in the air, and how it rejoiced and comforted her heart to hear the clapping of hands and cries of encouragement that were sent over the water to her. But the very nearness of help seemed to add to her danger. It excited her nerves almost beyond endurance; a terrible exhausting bewilderment was creeping over her, and the tumult at her heart was suffocating.

But now, a new sound broke on her ear, the dip of oars, the excited voices of friends coming to the rescue, and in a few minutes more she was lying in her father's arms, wrapped in a blanket, and dimly conscious that the terrible danger was over.

In considering the position of this young girl, it must be admitted that to a person of steady nerves there was not much danger of drowning. She could float perfectly well; the sea was calm; boats, and men able to manage them, were close at hand; so why should we describe her position as 'frightful?'

Just because everything depended upon coolness and steady nerves, and these are just the qualities in which so many of us are deficient.

But these things may be fostered and encouraged in ourselves and others. Let boys and girls learn to be ashamed of screaming when any sudden danger presents itself. A child's dress catches fire, and its little life is lost because no one is calm enough to know what ought to be done. Or some friends are enjoying a drive, when one of the horses becomes restive, and the difficulty of managing the animal is greatly increased if some one screams or attempts to get out of the carriage. Women and girls are the chief offenders in this respect. It is possible to be both brave and self-possessed, and at the same time gentle and feminine. In bathing especially, it is to be feared that many lives are lost for lack of a little self-possession; and this applies much more to boys than girls, as they are more adventurous, and so more likely to find themselves in sudden difficulty and danger.

D. B.

TALES OF TROY.

No. VII.

THE FATAL GIFTS.



WHEN Hector was seen once more in the field, the battle began again in good earnest; and even Paris dented a few Greek helmets. A sort of panic set in among them, and Minerva, a great friend of the Greeks, thought how best she could turn the tide of war. So she moved Helenus, the Trojan priest, to persuade Hector to dare the best of the Greeks to a mortal combat. This caused the battle to cease awhile, for Hector trusted in Helenus, and believed the advice was good. He perhaps thought he might vanquish and slay some great Greek hero. This was not promised him, but he was told he should not himself die in the duel.

'Choose your best man,' cried Hector to the Greeks, 'and let us fight together. If I fall, he shall have these arms; but let my body be carried to Troy, and burned there. If he falls let his arms be mine, and hung up in Apollo's temple, and let his body have this epitaph, "Here lies a brave Greek, slain by Hector."'

The Greeks were, for a time, surprised and silent. No one was willing to meet Hector in mortal combat, Menelaus at length came to the rescue of the nation's honour, saying,—

'I will dare this danger, if no one else will.' He put on his blue armour, and would have perished in it, for he was no match for Hector; but his brother, Agamemnon, would not allow him to go.

'Brother,' said he, 'you cannot cope with Hector. Even Achilles dares hardly fight with him. Be still, and some one will surely be found to contend with this boastful Trojan.'

Old Nestor noticed the slowness of the Greeks to fight Hector, and he saw it with much sorrow. How he wished, said he, he was young again, that he might

roll away the disgrace from his country. He then related aloud several of his own brave deeds, and his words so stirred the Greeks, that no less than nine heroes offered to meet the great Trojan fighter. The names of the nine men were written on bits of wood or shells, and put in a helmet. After a brief prayer, Nestor shook the helmet, and one of the lots jumped out. It belonged to Ajax, perhaps the second best of the Greeks.

'I claim the lot,' cried he with joy. 'Be it mine to conquer this Trojan chief. I was born in warlike Salamis, and I fear nobody.'

While the Greeks prayed for success to rest on Ajax he put on his bright steel armour, and looked every inch a warrior. Hector almost trembled when he saw the tremendous man draw near, behind his great shield of bull's hide and brass, and when he heard him bellow forth,—

'Come here, Hector, and feel the strength of my arm. Greece has sent thee a sample of her soldiers in me. But—no more words; come, let us begin!'

'I am neither a boy nor a woman to be frightened by thee,' retorted Hector; 'in me is one born to combats, and skilful in all kinds of warfare.'

Hector, having had the last word, took the first throw—his spear went through six of the bulls' hides composing the shield of Ajax, and lodged in the seventh. But the spear Ajax hurled back went clean through Hector's shield, and tore his corslet, without wounding his skin. Each drew the spear from his shield and made a second attack. Hector's spear this time was bent at the point, while that of Ajax went through Hector's shield, and wounded him in the neck.

Hector now picked up a large stone, and hurled it at his enemy's brazen shield, on which it loudly rang. Ajax replied with a jagged piece of rock, which burst through Hector's shield and brought him to his knees. He recovered instantly, and then each hero, drawing his sword, brandished it in a glittering circle round his head. Before, however, they had time to deal a blow at each other, Idæus and Talthybius, the Trojan and Greek priests, went forward, and putting their rods of peace between the combatants, ordered them to stop fighting.

Ajax said, if Hector wished the conflict to cease he was quite willing to agree, but, as Hector gave the challenge, he was the one to ask for the fight to be ended. Whereupon Hector, after praising Ajax as the first of the Greeks, and saying they would meet again another day, requested that the combat might cease.

'But,' said Hector, 'let us exchange some gifts, that the world may say it was not hatred but glory which made Ajax and Hector fight.'

So saying, Hector offers to Ajax a beautiful sword, studded with stars; and Ajax, in return, presented to him a rich belt of purple. Then, as night was drawing nigh, each hero retired; the one to the rejoicing Trojans, the other to a grand banquet held in his honour within the Greek lines. Little thought Hector, as he carried his belt home, that he would be dragged by it three times around the walls of Troy; and, as little did Ajax foresee his own life-blood would dim the sheen of the starry sword which Hector had just given him!



Ajax hurled a large stone at Hector's shield, which brought him to his knees.

Chatterbox.



The Master-Butcher pointing to the Fortress.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Continued from page 203.)



UDGING that the affair was now over, I went back to the inn to get a fresh tankard of beer to refresh myself, for such unusual work had made me very thirsty. While I was quietly sitting there I heard the door open behind me, and several men entered. "What does it concern you?" I thought to myself, and took a draught from my tankard. At that moment the rascals rushed upon me and threw me to the ground. I struggled against them with all my might. In vain; there were far too many against me. Then, with mockery and insult, the band dragged me along. My heart within me trembled with rage; but what could I do alone? Two of the fellows held me by the arms while four others went before and behind me. For a long time I kept silence, notwithstanding all their outrages. Oh, what an effort it cost me! At last one of the rogues carried his insults to such a length that I could not help letting loose the words, "Cowardly dog!" at a fellow who was mean enough thus to mock at a bound and defenceless enemy. And what dost thou think, friend, happened then?"

The butcher ground his teeth, his bloodshot eyes flashed fire, and every muscle trembled.

"The dog struck me!" he groaned in agony; "smote me on the cheek!"

Painfully affected, the young Count shook his head: he felt the mortal injury which his friend had suffered.

"Naturally now my patience was at an end," the butcher continued. "Fury must have given me a superhuman power, for to tear myself free, to seize my cowardly foe by the throat, so as almost to choke him, was the work of a second. Of what happened further I can give no exact account. I only know that I held one of these louts in each hand, and that I shook them so roughly backwards and forwards that their heads were nearly broken by knocking against each other. When I perceived the two fellows hanging weak and stunned on my hands, I flung them to the ground and fled away like the wind. Strangely enough, no one followed me. The Frenchmen have had enough of me. They might well be convinced that I had a little of the devil in me, and that they had better leave me alone. However that might be, I was allowed to reach my home unmolested; and, naturally, the first thing I did was to hunt up my comrades throughout the city, so that all the butchers might meet together in the Guildhall. The insult which had been offered to me, a free citizen of Flanders, must be terribly avenged. Come, friend; let us hasten to the assembly. The guildsmen have all met, and my brave fellows must not be kept waiting!"

Then he eagerly seized the Count's arm to draw him in his hasty course, but Gwyde followed with visible reluctance.

"I can quite understand, John, how deeply indignant and angry thou must feel," he said; "but for goodness' sake tell me what thou proposest to do?"

"Propose to do! I have already told thee. I have my revenge!"

"How?" In what way dost thou mean to avenge thyself?"

The master-butcher pointed to the towers of a fortress, the outlines of which, about a mile off, rose sharply against the clear sky.

"Look yonder! that is the Castle of Mole, of which the French hold possession, and from which they threaten our fair Flanders in every direction. From thence came the soldiers who struck and wounded me. I recognised them by the number of their regiment. We shall storm that castle and slaughter all the Frenchmen in it. Yes! that shall be done, so sure as my name is John Bredler!"

"You, with your two hundred butchers, propose to storm the Castle of Mole?" asked William Van Gwyde, shaking his head.

"I'll do it with my two hundred butchers!" was the confident reply.

The young Count endeavoured to draw his friend's attention to the risk as well as to the aimless character of his project, but the excited master would not listen to his representations.

"Let what will come of it," he cried, passionately, "that castle shall be stormed. Not one stone shall remain on another; and the whole garrison shall be put to the sword as truly as I am foreman of the honourable Guild of Butchers!"

He tore himself away from his friend and rushed onward. The Guildhall was now before them. A large crowd of guildsmen had assembled before the entrance, who greeted their president with a thundering hurrah. Hundreds of axes were swung in the air, and the polished steel sparkled brightly in the sun's rays.

"I do not require that thou shouldst accompany me, William," cried Bredler, as he turned back to his friend; "thou hast other duties at this time: but wilt thou do me a friendly service, and go to our house and try to comfort my poor mother and sister? God grant that I may see you all again sound and well!"

With these words he vanished inside the building, leaving his friend full of anxious surmises and suspicious fears. He waited for a while before the Guildhall, into which all the butchers, together with their apprentices and boys, were pressing in crowds. He soon heard the threatening, passionately excited voice of the foreman, who was relating to the assembly the story of the insult he had received. Terrible was the cry of "Vengeance!" which now arose from hundreds of throats and met his ears, convincing him that any attempt to stem the popular torrent would be utterly useless. He turned, therefore, in the direction of Bredler's house, where he was sure to find a picture of peace and quiet happiness.

The mother of the impetuous master was busy in her shop. Traces of anxious care were plainly to be read on her kindly, good-tempered face. She nodded affectionately to the young Count, and opened a door which led into the dwelling-room, with the words,—

"We have had to wait a long time for your visit,

Count William. I hope it is nothing serious which has thus deprived us of your presence?"

The Count was about to tell her in a few words of his unfortunate mission for the liberation of his sister, and of his own imprisonment, when an inner door was hastily opened and shut again. Light, elastic footsteps, were heard on the sand with which the floor was strewed, and then a blooming young girl of eighteen flew up to the Count with the joyous words,—

"William! dear, dear William! thou art back again, then? Ah! how good it is of thee not to have forgotten us!"

The beautiful daughter of the burgess was plainly dressed in black. Her silk dress, which fitted well to her elegant figure, was open at the breast, and showed a bodice of blue velvet with silver clasps, between which was a golden plate, or large brooch, in which the black lion of Flanders stood in relief. All other ornaments she had laid aside. Her countenance, which was surrounded with an abundance of fair hair, betrayed, in spite of the joy which at that moment brightened it up, anxiety and suffering. Neither did the traces of tears in the deep blue eyes escape her visitor's notice.

"I forget thee?" asked William, in a tone of gentle reproach. "The girl whom I love, and whom I mean to lead home as my wife, could I ever forget? Is that like me? But thou hast been weeping, dear Sophie?" he continued, interrupting the girl's answer. "What has happened? I hope that I am not the cause of these tears?"

"Ah, my dear William, thou dost not yet know what has happened to my brother."

"I know everything already from his own mouth, dear Sophie. But do not be afraid: I am here to protect thee."

"Thou canst not imagine, friend, the anxiety which John causes us. He is so wild, so impetuous. Now he has summoned together all the guildsmen, in order, as he says, to consult with them upon measures of revenge. Our warmest entreaties, our most urgent prayers, were of no avail to hold him back."

"Calm thyself, dear Sophie! John is undoubtedly violent and passionate, but he is filled, too, with deep love to you and to our country. This love will, I trust, preserve him from any ill-considered attempt at vengeance, which would rather increase than diminish the dangers which surround us."

Sophie sighed, as if she did not altogether share this opinion. Then she went with her lover into the adjoining neatly furnished apartment, where he sat down by her side, while her mother was occupied in preparing a simple meal.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE they were thus sitting together the door opened, and John Bredler entered. To his family's great surprise he appeared calm and cheerful. The fearful excitement which a short time before had agitated his whole frame seemed to have vanished. He shook hands with his friend across the table, nodded kindly to his sister and mother, and then sat down opposite to Gwyde.

"Well," asked his mother, "what decision have you come to? What are you going to do next?"

"I must not betray the secrets of our guild, dear mother," replied the young man, seriously. "Thou knowest well what a terrible oath binds me!"

"Whatever it may be," said his mother, "I trust it is something good—something which will benefit our poor country that you have decided to do."

"Above all things, let us have no ill-timed deed of violence," said Gwyde. "Flanders must rise as one man. The French must be attacked after a well-considered plan of campaign, and driven out of the country!"

"That is my opinion, too," answered John; "only it lasts too long a time for me. We have already borne the enemy's yoke for a pretty number of months, and the longer we hesitate the more at home does our foe make himself, and the stronger becomes his position. A long delay is quite as unwise as a rash and untimely act of force; and if one is finally obliged to choose between the two evils, it would be better to decide for the latter."

"We must hear, too, what the foreman of the weavers' guild has to say in the matter," said Gwyde. "Peter Koning is praised as a man of great intelligence, determination, and energy!"

"I readily acknowledge all these gifts," replied John, "notwithstanding that my confidence in Peter Koning is but small. He is too slow, too cautious. How often has he allowed the favourable moment for action to slip away! No; he is not fit to be a leader in such an emergency as this."

"I have grown up in the service of arms," said Gwyde, with flashing eyes; "and I would well trust myself to undertake a bold *coup de main* with a regiment of our Flemish soldiers. I believe that I possess sufficient strength, energy, and decision, to win a victory; courage enough to die for Flanders. But still, with all this, I would not rush on blindly, but only according to a plan which had been well considered and discussed by our assembled leaders; and I must, too, be assured of the timely assistance of my allies. Would it not be playing with men's lives if I acted otherwise?"

Sophie and her mother were of opinion that their guest was right; John, however, shook his head in dissent, and as if to stifle the passion which was rising afresh within him poured out a glass of wine and quaffed it hastily.

(To be continued.)

THE WATCHMAN'S CAT.

ONE of the most singular instances of attachment or fancy in the common cat took place with one which we have often seen in attendance upon the watchman in St. James's Square, Edinburgh. When the man commenced his rounds the cat was as regularly at its post, and continued walking with him during the whole night. This continued, we believe, for nearly two years; and when we last saw the man the cat was in his company. Upon the approach of any person the cat would run up to the guardian of the night, and rub against his legs until the individual had passed. In the quieter hours, towards morning, he ventured to a greater distance, but would always appear at the call or whistle of his protector.



HASTINGS CASTLE.

I HAVE no doubt that you have read of the Battle of Hastings, when William the Norman defeated Harold the Saxon, and thus became the first king of the Norman line that reigned in England. He was naturally anxious to strengthen his position as much as possible, and he quickly saw what powerful means of defence towns built on the shore of the English Channel would be; so of these he chose five: Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, and Romney, henceforth known as the Cinque Ports, and made them independent of all authority except that of a special warden. Thus they each possessed a little

government of their own, and had, besides, many other privileges. When a king or queen was crowned, the freemen of these ports, arrayed in a gorgeous uniform of scarlet and blue, with Spanish hats and white kid shoes, carried the canopy over the royal head; and the pulpit cloth in the church of All Saints at Hastings, which is scarlet fringed with yellow silk, is said to be part of the canopy used when Queen Anne was crowned. But this custom is now discontinued. In return for these privileges the Cinque Ports were obliged to provide ships of war whenever they were required, and thus each town,



THE APE.

with its fleet ready equipped, riding at anchor before it, became indeed a strong means of defence to William the Conqueror and his successors.

Some time before William the Norman came to England the Danes overran the country, and it is believed that the founder of Hastings Castle was a Danish pirate named Hasting, who built himself there a place of shelter and retreat. But, probably, not much remains of the rude edifice constructed by him, and the Norman arches show that the castle was chiefly built by Norman hands.

It is said that William Rufus once stayed there while waiting for the storm to subside and enable him to cross over to Normandy.

Changed, indeed, is the scene since those days; for no ships of war are now to be seen at Hastings, and the once noble castle is only a ruin.

M. H. F. DONNE.



THE Ape exhibits some differences in the formation of the cranium and the profile of the face, but otherwise generally shows the same characteristics. They manifest a certain degree of the reasoning faculties,* but fall far below the chimpanzee in point of intelligence. When young they are mild and docile, but as they advance in age they become degraded to the last degree. Ferocious, gluttonous, and filthy, they seem a parody on man, and show what he would be were not his reason kindled and invigorated by the divine flame which is constantly streaming around him from the ideal world. Some of the

* *Ourang*, in the Malay language, signifies a reasoning being, and *outang* signifies of the woods.

species are remarkable for great activity, others are sluggish and indolent. The females manifest an ardent attachment to their offspring, and will endanger their lives to save them. All show various degrees of that restless mobility which indicates how much they are under the exclusive influence of sensation, without being able to form conclusions from their repeated experience. They are capable of imitating man in many things, and yet fail where imitation would be useful. They enjoy themselves greatly in warming themselves at fires which hunters have left in the woods; but although they have seen the men a hundred times replenish the fire by throwing on fresh fuel, they seem to have no power to imitate this important action, and consequently allow the fire to go out.

An English officer in India relates the following story:—

"A wealthy zemindar, or land-owner, named Hoosian Kahn, was found one morning dead in his bed, with his throat cut in a most shocking manner. It was not cut clean across, as a suicide would have done it, but it was hacked frightfully. Upon the floor, close by the bedside, was found a razor covered with blood, its stout horn handle broken, and the shank bent. The zemindar had been an excellent man, respected by the people, both high and low, and his shocking death was the cause of much excitement. At first it was thought that the murder might have been committed for the purpose of robbery; but not an article had been stolen from the house. The English watch, the jewels, the purse, and the leathern pocket-book, which were with the clothing in the room, were undisturbed. I was called to the scene of the murder as soon as it was discovered, and, with other officers, did my best to unravel the mystery. There had been some struggling on the part of Hoosian, as was evident from the condition of the bed; but he had not struggled much. We found a large bunch of hair upon the pillow, where the murderer had held the head back while the fatal work was being done; and this, together with the broken handle and bent shank of the razor, signalled to us that the assassin must have been a fellow of immense physical power.

"While I was gathering up this hair, one of my companions called my attention to some marks upon the floor. A quantity of blood had run down upon a grass mat by the side of the bed, and not far from this, upon the floor, were several bloody prints, which appeared to me to have been made by a man's hand. They were certainly not the prints of a human foot. I could only account for them upon the supposition that the murderer had either slipped and fallen, or had been pushed over by the struggling zemindar, and that here was where his bloody hands had struck. The window was open, and we found stains of blood upon the stool very much in the shape of those upon the floor. This sleeping-room was the only chamber, and the murderer had made his exit by the window into the tree, the limbs of which dropped towards the house.

"The first person whom we called as witness was an old woman who had been employed for some years in the family. The zemindar's wife was just then too deeply affected to give us any coherent in-

formation. This old woman, whose name, I think, was Zaloh, recognised the razor as having belonged to her master, and she also showed us the little closet where it had been kept. The closet door had been opened, and the razor taken from the dressing-case, and that, too, in the dark, from all which it appeared that the deed had been done by some one familiar with the premises. There had been no robbery; so we were led to the further conclusion that the murder had been an act of vengeance. And who could have entertained such feelings towards Hoosian Kahn? We had questioned Zaloh, but she shook her head. She did not reply with that promptness which might have been expected from one who had no suspicious; but she seemed rather to avoid the subject. I questioned her closely, but she was not inclined to speak. "Do you know," said I, "if any of the servants in the house have had any feelings of ill-will against your master?"

"She begged of me to ask her mistress. The mistress had just then entered the room, and, as she heard this remark, she spoke. She said there was a servant who had such enmity against her husband; and she mentioned a table-servant named Gholam, and he was the most powerful fellow on the place. I knew him well. He was high-tempered and bold, but I had never thought him vindictive. It seems that two or three days before the zemindar had punished Gholam for some slight misdemeanour, and the latter had declared that he would have vengeance. Finally the woman Zaloh confessed that she heard the man make such a threat; and she had hesitated about telling it because Gholam was a good-hearted man, and had been very kind to her.

(Concluded in our next.)

ON THE RIVER.



LISON, come along! jump in! This is our boat! Won't we have fun! Any two boys who have passed the swimming-school may take a girl with them in their boat, so we've chosen you. It is jolly to have a cousin!

And so saying, Arthur Morrison stretched out a hand to the very willing little girl on the river bank,

and his brother George following her, the three soon pushed out from the shore.

It was a real holiday at Courtfield. From dawn to dusk the bells rang and the crowds hurrahed, for the Squire's family had just returned from a long residence abroad, and the little Squire's birthday (he was seven years old this day) was being kept with all honour in his native place.

Every sort of amusement was provided for the villagers, but the river was the favourite spot for rallying. The lads ran to it like ducks; laws had to be framed and enforced all in a minute for the safety of the young people, and a final one was shouted at

the last after the boats which had already started,—
‘No schoolboys to go beyond the Court Ferry.’

Arthur Morrison’s pleased face darkened as he caught the words from the anxious schoolmaster.

‘What a shame! We shall have no fun! It’s the best part of the river! I say, George, there are a lot of fellows got beyond the Ferry already. They didn’t hear. Let’s pretend we didn’t hear, either. Pull hard, I say.’

‘Oh, Arthur,’ pleaded quieter George, ‘hadn’t we better look out?’ We *did* hear, you know.’

‘I don’t care. The Squire said we were to enjoy ourselves; and because old Archer chooses to be miffish I don’t see that our day ought to be spoilt. So here goes for the Ferry!’

‘Please, Arthur, no!’ said Alison, speaking for the first time: ‘do keep the bounds. It’s so pleasant here, too; I like it so, and we shouldn’t be half so happy if we were breaking rules.’

‘That’s girl’s talk,’ said Arthur. ‘It cuts us out of all the sport, I say, being mewed up in this millpond stretch here, when there’s the weir beyond, and all the fun of keeping out of the broken water. Why, Mr. Archer himself took us to the dangerous part the other day, and told us it was a capital thing to know how to manage the boat there, and now—’

‘Allie wasn’t with us then,’ put in George.

‘And I like rowing so much,’ said the bright little girl. ‘Arthur, dear, say this is delightful.’

But no! Arthur was quite sulky. Mr. Archer had spoilt his day, he said; and indeed all the force seemed gone out of his arms and the brightness out of his face. Those lads beyond the Ferry were having the best of it all, and if George had not been such a softy they might have been with them.

That was what he muttered, and poor George and Alison had to bear his ill-temper as best they could. He had quite determined that there could be no fun in this part of the river.

‘Never mind; it’s right to try and do right,’ whispered Alison consolingly to her younger cousin. Then she spoke louder: ‘Georgie! Arthur! look on the Court lawn! All the ladies are coming down to the river, and the little Squire in blue velvet and with such golden hair! Oh, isn’t he like a fairy prince? See, they are making for that rock! Let me steer nearer; I do want to have a good look at them all.’

Yes, it was quite true, it was the Court party—the ladies and children at least. Alison was delighted, but Arthur still murmured something about ‘fine feathers’ and ‘he didn’t care,’ while he lazily made for the desired spot. Even he, however, could not help feeling a little excited when the ‘fairy prince’ noticed them, and clapped his hands in approval of their gaily-painted boat and its young crew.

The children of Courtfield, however, if at times they lost their temper, were well-mannered, and Alison would not steer too near the Court gardens. ‘We can pass them again by-and-by,’ she was saying, regretfully, when there was a sudden splash in the water and a chorus of shrieks from many ladies. The young Squire had been tripped up by his little dog, and had slipped off the rock into the river.

Arthur’s ill-temper went to the winds at this mishap. ‘Back her, George! Alison, sit still! steer for the bank! Steady! steady! we’ll have him!’

It was all the work of a minute, but it was a fearfully anxious minute, and the terrified ladies on the bank above were still shrieking in most bewildering fashion.

But the children were calm in their one aim to make for the bright curly head bobbing on the water. Twice it went down; but the moment it appeared again Arthur was leaning well over the side of the boat and taking firm grasp of the blue velvet collar.

‘Right the boat, George!’ he said.

And George moved a little to the further side to prevent an upset. Alison was very pale, but she kept perfectly still, knowing that the least movement now might upset them.

Do what they would, however, they could not get the poor little boy into their boat, and Arthur’s arms were aching with holding him up, when a new voice above cried out, ‘Keep quiet, lads! I’m coming!’ and there was another splash in the water; but this time it was a bold swimmer who came to their rescue, a park-keeper, strong and self-possessed. He helped to place the little child in the boat, and then he swam alongside while it was rowed to the steps, some fifty yards further off.

Oh, what a scene then ensued! The ladies flew like a flock of scared birds to meet them: but the park-keeper was a wise man—he carried his little master off straight to the house, to be wrapped in hot blankets and rubbed back into life.

‘It was a good thing we were there,’ said George, as the children, quite forgotten, rowed quietly back to the opposite meadows. ‘The keeper wouldn’t have been in time to save him.’

They were all shaken and silent after the great event, and willing enough to leave the boat and take Alison home to have her wet frock changed.

After that it was time for the tea in the tents, and the children were making their way thither when a messenger from the Court came up in hot haste.

‘The little Squire has come round, and the Squire is in the large tent asking for the brave children who rescued his son.’

George and Alison blushed rosy red, but Arthur looked down on the ground.

‘You are the ones he wants,’ he said. ‘I should never have been there if I had had my own way.’

‘Oh, Arthur, you held him up—you saved his life!’ said Alison. ‘We won’t go without you—will we, George?’

Perhaps Arthur Morrison never felt more ashamed in his life than when he received the heartfelt thanks of the grateful father, nor when he felt in his waistcoat pocket the gold watch the Squire transferred from his own.

‘You held my boy up; under God, you gave him back to me,’ were the Squire’s words.

There was a sovereign each for George and Alison, and the park-keeper was well rewarded, and they all smiled at the cheering and the unlooked-for gifts; but Arthur only said to himself, ‘I don’t deserve it.’

And he didn’t. But, all the same, the reward did him more good than a punishment. H. A. F.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE PICTURE.

CIMON, the Athenian son of Miltiades.



"Alison, come along! jump in!"

Chatterbox.



The Butcher, armed, leaving his house.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Continued from page 211.)



JOHN said, 'Thou art right, friend, from thy point of view, but where are the other leaders who can be assembled together to consult upon a plan of attack? Where is the general who will conceive the idea, and then carry out the whole plan in unison? Your father, they say, is too old, you are too young, I am too headstrong. The other Flemings bear the yoke murmuring, but still in patience. Who, then, remain to us?'

'Peter Koning the weaver,' answered the Count, with quiet dignity. 'I expect everything from his foresight, his warm love of his country, his tough endurance.'

'It is Peter Koning! always Peter Koning!' cried John, in a tone of irritation. 'What has he done hitherto? With empty, inflated speeches, he has kept us back. It is not time yet—the populace is not sufficiently embittered—the enemy must be irritated more, so that the oppression which he exercises may become unbearable; and such-like words. I ask you, is that the view of matters we should expect from a man who is desirous to place himself at the head of a revolution?'

'I am firmly convinced that Master Peter has his reasons,' replied Count Gwyde. 'I will ask him for them myself. Till then, friend, I implore thee, do not attempt any rash deed on thine own account.'

John said nothing. He gazed gloomily before him.

'Will you promise me what I ask thee?' inquired Gwyde.

'I can promise nothing at all!' was the determined answer. 'If it were possible that accident might lead me in my enemy's path, it stands to reason that I should then cleave his skull with my axe, and then in thy eyes I should be a breaker of my word. No, no, friend: I promise nothing!'

Gwyde rose. 'Farewell then, John; may Heaven protect thee, and prevent thy hot blood from bringing heavier troubles on our poor city! I am going, as I told you, to the foreman of the weavers, to consult with him.'

John nodded his head doggedly, and held out his hand to his friend across the table, while his mother and Sophie accompanied their guest to the door.

'I am very sorry to see you leave us,' said Madame Bredler, in a choking voice. 'John has some dreadful plan in his mind: I see it by his dark, stern look: were you to remain with us, he might, perhaps, be restrained.'

Gwyde tried to calm the good woman. 'Your son can do nothing alone,' he said; 'and I don't believe that the other butchers in the city will give in to his wild ideas. Watch him, and try above everything to divert his thoughts to other matters. Don't let him out of your sight. Hide his axe; terror reigns in the town. He is lost so soon as he sets foot in the streets.'

Sophie as sadly saw her lover depart. But it must

be. Count Gwyde had long been separated from his family. He had many other duties, and he was specially eager to obtain information as to the position of the various enterprises which Peter Koning, the leader of the revolt, had arranged with the representatives of the other Flemish cities.

When Madame Bredler returned to their comfortable room she found John no longer in his place. He had gone to the slaughter-house, and was immersed in his usual business. His mother felt rather more at ease when she saw him thus employed.

Thus evening came on; John was cheerful and talkative. He did not, in a single syllable, allude to the fearful scene of the morning. He went so far as to remark in the course of conversation that very likely William Van Gwyde was right in his assertion that no plan must be undertaken against the enemy which had not been carefully thought out and prepared.

Mother and sister had no suspicion of the terrible double sense contained in these words.

At ten o'clock the butcher, according to his usual custom, closed the shutters, looked carefully round the stable and the slaughter-house, said 'Good-night' to his family, and betook himself to his bed-chamber, which was immediately above the room in which his apprentice slept.

But he did not go to bed. Noiselessly he opened the window, and looked out into the night. The belfry clock struck eleven—he waited till midnight. In the house all was still. He gave a low whistle, upon which the window below him opened, and a suppressed voice said, 'We are ready, master!'

The young man shut the window, turned up the sleeves of his leather shirt, took down the bright well-sharpened axe from the wall where it hung, threw a quiver with arrows over his left shoulder, and a crossbow over his right, and then softly descended the steps to the ground-floor, where his three apprentices awaited him.

'Take the house-door off its hinges,' he ordered, 'so that its creaking and rubbing does not rouse the women from their slumbers.'

'It is already done, master,' was the reply. 'We thought of that.'

At the same moment the house-door was put on one side, and the cool night air blew into the men's faces. They stepped into the street. Immediately a dozen figures wrapped up in long black cloaks approached, and whispered words of greeting were exchanged.

'Let us proceed along the canal separately, till we have the city behind us,' ordered Bredler; 'those cursed patrols are running about to night again just like sheep.'

In single file and some way apart they went as quietly as possible through the streets, and at last came to a gate opening on to a high road, which led to St. Kruis, a village in the vicinity of Bruges. They made short work of the sentry, and passed through. The moon rose slowly behind the trees, and was illuminating the battlements and towers of a castle built in the Gothic style. On the way, which led through the village, it was lively enough now. Hundreds of men might be seen moving with rapid steps in the direction of the castle, and then vanish in a wood which lay between it and the village.

John Bredler, too, with his companions, approached

the dark pine-wood. At the edge of it, sentinels were pacing up and down slowly, the glittering axe on their shoulders. One of them greeted the new-comer with the question, asked in a sharp tone,—

'Stop! who comes here?'

'The men of action!' was the reply.

'The watchword?'

'The Black Lion!'

'The war-cry?'

'Flanders!'

'It is the foreman!' cried a voice out of the gloomy shadow of the wood, and at once it was whispered from mouth to mouth: 'Master Bredler, the foreman of the butchers' guild.'

Two or three torches were kindled, and their red flame shone weirdly upon the wide circle of dark figures who had come thither to avenge the insult done to their chief.

Bredler cast a glance of triumph over the assemblage. A feeling of joyful satisfaction swelled his breast. Some well-nigh 700 men were ready, under his leadership, to storm the proud fortress from whence proceeded the oppressors of the city. Not only had the butchers of Bruges and the whole neighbourhood put in their appearance, but many a brave man too had joined them who was not a member of the butchers' guild, but would not allow the opportunity to pass of satisfying, to his heart's content, his patriotic ardour.

A council of war was now held by the most influential men of the guild; the question discussed was, as to which side the fortress was to be attacked.

The castle was surrounded by a deep and tolerably broad moat, from which the walls, built of huge blocks of stone, rose perpendicularly; the iron draw-bridge was the only means of entrance.

'Have we ladders with us?' asked Bredler.

'More than we shall want,' was the reply; 'we have a hundred ladders, both of wood and of rope.'

'Very well; we must fill up the moat with trunks and branches of trees, place the ladders on these, and then climb the walls!'

The men dispersed at once, and for the next few minutes nothing was heard but the heavy blows of the axes, the crash of the falling trees, and the rustling of branches and bushes. A number of boughs and branches were bound in bundles, and in a long and seemingly endless train dragged to the moat.

Completely absorbed by their mission, not one of the men uttered a word. The dragging along the ground of the tree trunks and bundles of brush-wood sounded like the rustling of the wind. The barking of all the dogs in the neighbourhood, who had been frightened by the unaccustomed scene in the woods, threatened to rouse the attention of the sentries on the walls!

Meanwhile the procession had emerged from the wood. The moon shed her pale light on the open space before the castle, making the surging mass of human figures crowded together upon it look weirder and still more mysterious. At the same time it disclosed a sentinel who was standing at a prominent post on the walls, and with his body bent forward over the parapet was intently listening to the sounds proceeding from below.

(To be continued.)

THE MONKEY ON THE SOUNDING-BOARD.

A CLERGYMAN in England had a monkey, which became so much attached to his master that he desired to accompany him wherever he went. Consequently, on the Sabbath it was necessary to confine him in the house, as his presence in the church would not conduce to the solemnities of the place. One Sunday, however, he stole away, entered the church, and concealed himself on the sounding-board, directly over the clergyman's head. The sermon having commenced, the monkey moved to the edge, where he could observe his master, and began to mimic his gestures and motions. The effect was ludicrous enough. The whole congregation shook with suppressed laughter. The clergyman, not knowing the cause, felt himself insulted, and sharply rebuked his people for their levity. The laughing continued. The good pastor, growing excited and angry, harangued his audience in a loud voice and with more emphatic gestures. The violence and rapidity of the monkey's gesticulations and grimaces increased in the same proportion, until, unable any longer to control the impulse, one simultaneous shout of laughter burst from the people, and resounded through the sacred place.

At length one of the audience called the attention of the clergyman to the cause of all this disturbance, which seemed to him so extraordinary. When he saw his monkey playing the minister over his head, he could not refrain from joining in the laugh himself. The monkey was soon made to descend from his pulpit and retire to his quarters, and good care was taken to prevent his going to church again.

ISOLA DEI PESCATORI, LAGO MAGGIORE.



AS its name suggests, Lago Maggiore is the largest of the Italian lakes, its length being 37 miles, and its width $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Taken as a whole, its scenery is not so beautiful as that of Lake Como, though in parts it closely rivals it. The northern banks are bounded by lofty mountains, for the most part wooded, while the eastern shore slopes gradually away to the plains of Lombardy, and the western affords a succession of lovely pictures. On the western shore, where the lake opens into a bay of some extent, stands Baveno, a small town of about 1300 inhabitants, where our Queen made a stay of some weeks in the year 1879. Here the banks are studded with villas, and clothed with a luxuriant growth of chestnut, mulberry, vines, figs, and olives, while from the blue waters rise the Borromean Islands, so called from two of them, Isola Bella and Isola Madre, being the property of the Borromeo family. On the first of these is a château, about two hundred years old, containing a collection of pictures. The scenery around the Borromean Islands is magnificent. The lake, with



Isola dei Pescatori, Lago Maggiore.

its deep-blue waters, when seen at sunset, is a scene beautiful beyond description.

The island best seen in our picture is Isola dei Pescatori, or the Fishermen's Island, so called from its being the property of the fishermen who inhabit it. It is less elegantly cultivated than the two former, which, from being mere barren rocks, have been made terraced gardens of orange, lemon, and oleander-trees. Rising as it does from the blue waters of the lake, the Fishermen's Island has almost

the appearance of a small town half covered by a flood. A little steeple rises from the centre of the cluster of houses, and adds greatly to the picturesqueness, while the fishermen, drying their nets in the brilliant sunshine, on the only open space of ground unbuilt on, give life and animation to the little place. There is one curious feature about the waters of the lake worthy of notice, that while in the northern branch their colour is green, in the southern it is blue.

E. W.



LAME GERTY.

PLEASE, ma'am, will you buy my matches?'
 Cries little Gerty, as she stands,
 And stretches out her little hands,—
 Hands covered o'er with dirt and scratches.

Dirt! yet we must not blame poor Gerty,
 No one has taught her to be clean;
 She would not know what you would mean,
 By saying its naughty to be dirty.

She has not known a careful mother;
 Her father she has never seen;
 He lies beneath the ocean green,
 And with him lies her only brother.

Last winter Gerty had a tumble,
 And o'er her rolled a carriage-wheel;
 You know how snow will noise conceal,
 And Gerty did not hear the rumble.

They lifted her upon a stretcher;
 She to the hospital was borne;
 But when the wounds and pain were gone,
 No loving friends she had to fetch her.

Upon her crutches forth she hobbled;
 She had not where to look for bread,—
 She had not where to lay her head;
 No wonder she was mazed and troubled.

But not for long; she begged some pennies,
 And bought of matches quite a store;
 And honest lives, though low and poor,
 When she could steal the worth of guineas.

So, though she's low, and poor, and dirty,
 She had a good heart under all;
 And in God's sight how mean and small
 Some rich ones look beside poor Gerty.



THE APE.

(Concluded from page 214.)

HOLAM was arrested and confined, and two days afterwards he was tried and condemned. Still he was not immediately executed, as is generally the manner in capital cases in this country. His protestations of innocence were so strong and consistent, and his previous good character was so well known, that the judge sent him back to prison, there to remain awhile previous to his execution.

'Hoosian Kahn had furnished considerable provisions and forage for our regiment, and after his funeral I went to his house to look over his account, which he had kept with his own hand. I was accompanied by Mr. Cranstown, one of my lieutenants.

'It was in the evening when we reached the house, and as all the zemindar's papers and books were in the room where he had slept, we were conducted thither, the woman Zaloh leading the way, and bearing candles. The bed was still in its old place; but the clothing had been exchanged, and the blood-stains had been washed from the floor. Zaloh set the candles upon the table and then withdrew; and shortly afterwards we were joined by Hoosian's clerk, an intelligent Mohammedan named Ben Abbas. As there was quite a current of air coming in at the open window, we moved the table up into one corner, opposite the foot of the bed, to take the light from the flickering draught, after which Ben Abbas produced the books and papers. We had been engaged over the accounts half an hour, when a noise out of doors arrested our attention. It was a chattering sound, accompanied by a sort of hoarse grunt.

"Abba!" cried the clerk: "that is surely Kaka."

"And who is Kaka?"

"He was my master's ape," replied Ben Abbas.

"He ran away more than a week ago."

"Why did he run away?"

"Because Hoosian Kahn whipped him. He came into this very room while his master was out, and ransacked the closet, and pulled the clothes from the bed. Hoosian caught him in the very act, and beat him without mercy. Kaka leaped from the window, and ran away to the woods, and has not been seen since."

"As the clerk ceased speaking I heard the ape mounting the tree; and I at once extinguished the lights, and bade my companions draw back with me into the extreme corner behind the table, for I had a great curiosity to see what his baboonship would do. I remembered the animal very well, as I had frequently seen him about the premises. The zemindar had captured him when young, and reared him for a pet. Up the tree the fellow came, and presently he swung himself upon the stool, and thence to the room. The moon was shining brightly, and as the rays shone in through the window, leaving us in the shade, we could observe the movements of the interloper without being ourselves detected; and you

will remember, furthermore, that we had the table as a screen.

'Kaka was of a large species, standing five and a half feet high when erect, and presenting a pretty good specimen of physical development. As I saw him enter the room, looking so ugly and dangerous, I instinctively clapped my hand to my pistol. Perhaps you will imagine the suspicion which had already flashed upon me. This brute, and not the knidmutger, had killed the zemindar. Crouching behind the table, and remaining perfectly still, we watched the fellow's movements. As he entered the room he stood erect upon his legs and gazed upon the bed. Then he went to the closet, and opened the door, and took down the dressing-case, the contents of which he overhauled almost as systematically as a man would have done. Presently he uttered a loud cry, and dashed the case upon the floor, and then sprang towards the bed. He seized the clothing and tore it off, chattering and gnashing his teeth in a most frightful manner. Coverlets, sheets, pillows, and mattresses came off in quick succession; and when the brute found that he was only spending his rage upon inanimate substances, he caught one of the pillows and tore it into fragments, scattering the feathers over the room.

'I could bear the scene no longer. As the ape moved back, after having rent the pillow, he stood directly in the moonlight, and I think I never beheld a more savage and repulsive-looking monster. I carefully raised my pistol above the table and aimed it at his head. I am not apt to miss my mark, and I did not do so in this instance. As I fired, the fellow reeled and clapped both his hands to his ears. In an instant I was upon my feet, with my sword drawn; and before the brute could recover himself, I had run him through the heart.

'By this time the family was aroused, and in a little while we were investigating the subject of the murder under the light of this new and wonderful circumstance. One look at the feet of the ape enabled me to account for the curious blood-prints which I had attributed to the hand of a man. There were the very outlines and proportions which had been stamped upon the floor. And now, too, I could account for the breaking of the shank, and for the mass of hair that had been pulled from the head of the murdered man. Hoosian's widow, as soon as she saw the body of Kaka, and heard our story, cried out that the ape had killed her husband. She informed us that Kaka had been in the habit of seeing his master shave, and that several times he had been found with the razor in hand, standing before the mirror. Then she told us what Ben Abbas had already communicated—how that Hoosian had whipped the ape severely, and that the brute thereupon ran into the woods.

'On the following morning the native officers were called in, and, after a very short consultation, it was decided that Gholam was innocent, and that the ape had done the murderous deed. There could be no mistake about it. One experiment, which had not been thought of at the time of the trial, was now tried. It had been evident that the murderer had gained entrance to the zemindar's chamber from the tree; but when we came to experiment, we could not find a man able to perform that feat. There were several branches drooping towards the house, but they were

not strong enough to bear a man; and we now had it demonstrated that a man of Gholan's bulk, in order to reach the window from the tree, would have to make a clean leap of at least twelve feet. In short, the evidence was plain and substantial. The ape was the criminal.'

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slewed his quid
And said to Billy Bowline,—
'A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Heaven, help 'em! How I pity them
Unhappy folk on shore now!

'Fool-hardy chaps as live in towns,
What danger they are all in!
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in!
Poor creatures! how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean!

'And as for them that's out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night returning home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

'Both you and I have oft-times heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks these landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors.'

TALES OF TROY.

No. VIII.

THE THUNDERSTORM.



NEXT day the fighting went on, but there were storms of thunder and lightning, which alarmed the Greeks very much. For the black clouds seemed to burst right over their heads; and most, even the braver ones, as Ajax and Agamemnon, retired, supposing the Omnipotent Jove was against them. Nestor happened to be detained among the Trojans in the storm, for Paris had wounded his horse in the head, and so maddened it that Nestor was obliged to cut the traces and leave his steed to its fate.

Just then, Hector came dashing on in his usual fashion, and Nestor would most certainly have perished, had not Diomed seen his danger and urged Ulysses to go with him to the old man's rescue. But Ulysses would not hear, so Diomed had to go alone.

'Father,' said he to Nestor, when he reached his side, 'get up into my chariot, and we will yet do some damage to those Trojans.'

Nestor complied, and took the reins, leaving his servants to do the best they could with his own chariot.

As Diomed and Nestor were carried swiftly along, the former hurled his spear at Hector's chariot. It missed Hector, but slew his servant, Eniopeus. Diomed, taking advantage of the confusion caused by this, dashed on, driving the Trojans before him like a flock of frightened sheep. Suddenly, however, a thunderbolt fell before his horses' forefeet, and a horrible smell of sulphur nearly choked them. The noble animals dropped, and old Nestor was greatly alarmed. He felt the heavens were fighting that day against the Greeks, and he implored Diomed to retire, and fight no longer against the gods.

'I will, if you desire it, O reverend prince!' replied Diomed. 'But what grief will it be if haughty Hector boasts he made me flee?'

'Well,' answered the wise old man, 'but who would believe him if he did?'

So saying he turned the chariot, and the steeds of Tros galloped away, the Trojans pursuing, and Hector loudly reviling. Hector encouraged his own horses in the pursuit. He promised them corn steeped in wine if they would overtake the famous steeds, once Æneas's, and now, alas, Diomed's!

'If we could but strip old Nestor of his golden shield, and Diomed of his costly cuirass, we might see the Greek ships on fire to-night.'

It was, indeed, a terrible moment for the Greeks, and several of the leaders seem to have given up all for lost. Agamemnon now showed, by his piety and presence of mind, that he was worthy of the exalted post he filled. Lifting up his purple robe as a banner, he made a speech and a prayer. And Jove answered him by a happy omen. An eagle, with a fawn in his talons, hovered high over the awe-struck host; and a sudden revival of courage took place at once. Diomed was the first to wheel round and face the exulting foe. His boldness kindled bravery in others, and all the great Greek leaders rushed hastily to the battle. Among them was an archer named Teucer, who, skilfully hiding himself behind the tower-like shield of Ajax, laid low with his bitter arrows many a stout Trojan. His ninth arrow he aimed at Hector. It missed him, but killed his chariot-driver. Stung with this, Hector hurled a stone at Teucer. It smote him just where the neck is joined to the body, and the skilful archer was borne away, groaning with anguish. This mischance caused the Greeks once more to retire, but a good stand was made close to the ships.

And now came welcome night, as night ever will, at its proper hour. It was as great a blessing to the Greeks as to the hard-fighting English on the blood-stained slope of Mont St. Jean, when Wellington exclaimed, 'Would to God night or Blucher were here!'



"Suddenly a thunderbolt fell before his horses' forefeet."

Chatterbox.



Attacking the Fortress.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Continued from page 219.)



THAT fellow up there must be got rid of, first of all,' ordered Bredler; and one of his men immediately levelled his cross-bow.

The arrow whizzed through the night air, hit the mark too, but broke on the Frenchman's breast-plate; he turned round at once, and in a loud shout called out—

'France! the enemy! the enemy! To arms!

'Forward! forward! throw down the bundles!' cried Bredler, and in heaps the wood and branches were flung into the moat, which in no time was quite filled up. Immediately after the ladders were fixed, and the assailants clambered up the walls like squirrels.

They found the broad surface at the top completely empty. The garrison had not expected an attack, and lay in deep slumber. With the deafening cry, 'Hurrah for Flanders! Hurrah for the Black Lion of Flanders!' the butchers rushed on, scrambled down the perpendicular wall which led to the interior of the castle, thus reaching the entrance. The watch at the gate, which consisted of hardly twenty men, warned by the sentry above, had as quickly as possible taken up a position, and greeted the assailants with a hail of arrows.

Some ten or twelve of the Flemings fell, pierced by the deadly missiles, but the rest pressed on irresistibly, and in less than a quarter of an hour all the besiegers were inside the walls. But a large portion of the garrison had meanwhile risen from their beds, and armed themselves as well as was possible under the circumstances. They hurled themselves against the surging host, but after a short resistance were completely overpowered. Like a plough which cuts its way into the hard earth did Bredler himself make a way for his followers through the Frenchmen. In terrible blows did his glittering axe hew down his foes to the right and left. The blood of his victims flowed in streams over his doublet. With equal fury did the other butchers fall upon the soldiers, while their deafening shouts of triumph drowned the sound of the death-shrieks of their vanquished enemies.

In the middle of the courtyard stood the commander of the castle; he had succeeded in getting a few horses saddled, and in despatching three or four of his men along the road to Bruges to implore General Chatillon, who resided in the city, to send him reinforcements.

That was his last work, for scarcely had his horsemen galloped out of the castle-yard than an arrow pierced him through the heart. Without uttering a cry he fell from his horse, dead, unto the ground.

Deprived of their leader, it was impossible for the French to offer any further resistance. The Flemings, too, were more than double their number.

The butchers continued their cruel work. 'No quarter!' was the word, and so nearly all fell as

victims of the insatiable revenge of the young foreman of the butchers' guild. Only a very few succeeded in escaping by a secret door into the open country.

Gradually the roar of the battle ceased. The bloody axes had nothing more to do. A horrible silence succeeded, which was only interrupted by the groans of the dying.

John Bredler stood in the midst of his fellow-guildsmen, and gazed with beaming eyes on his successful work of vengeance.

'Triumph, my friends! we have conquered!' he said. 'Let us now put the finishing touch to our work. Kindle the torches and search carefully through every apartment. I have sworn that no one shall leave the castle of Mole alive! But woe to any one of you who dares to touch even a pin which does not belong to him!'

The young foreman's behest was conscientiously carried out. More torches were kindled, and every room, cellar, and corner, was lighted up. But no more traces of the enemy could be discerned. The work of destruction was therefore crowned by the stately castle being set on fire at its four corners. Soon the glowing flames shot up on all sides, the walls fell in with a crash upon the dead and dying; the trees, too, in the courtyard, as well as those in the adjoining park, the bridges and the portcullis, were all hewn down and destroyed, so that literally not one stone remained upon another. And whilst the bells in the neighbouring villages were ringing out the alarm, and the peasants with scared faces were hastening up to put out the fire, the butchers arranged themselves in a long procession, and singing the hymn of the 'Lion of Flanders,' marched away from the burning ruins.

CHAPTER VI.

MORNING had already dawned. Behind them a dense red cloud of smoke and fire in the horizon indicated the spot where lay the smoking ruins of the once so imposing castle of Mole. With head erect, pride and triumph in his glowing countenance, John Bredler marched at the head of his butchers along the road which led to Bruges. His heart was filled with joyful confidence. He thought himself strong enough at that moment to cope with the whole French army.

But he could not altogether suppress a certain painful anxiety when he perceived a dense and confused mass of people streaming forth hurriedly from the city on to the high road, and increasing in numbers every moment.

With his butchers he took up a position on either side of the road. The roar of thousands of voices, like the sound of the waves of the sea in the distance, fell upon his ear, and soon the young man beheld weeping women with children in their arms, old men wearily dragging themselves along by the help of their staves, whilst their stronger sons, bent down beneath the weight of their furniture and bedding, followed after them. The little carts containing the household goods they had saved in their haste, and the heavily laden beasts of burden, left no doubt that this must be an endless caravan of fugitives.

Here and there among the crowd Bredler recognised an acquaintance. His men, too, had already entered into conversation with those among this long

procession with whom they were on friendly terms, and learned that the whole garrison of Bruges was under arms, and that at the gate a gallows had been erected, from which that mad rebel, John Bredler, was immediately to be hung. The French were in terrible fury, were storming through the streets, and had set fire to several parts of the town. Nothing could save the lives of the inhabitants but speedy flight!

The young man laughed wildly and bitterly at these words. 'And you quietly allowed this to come to pass?' he cried in an angry tone to the men. 'You did not defend yourselves? You did not call together all who are capable of bearing arms to resist these oppressors? You allowed the cursed enemy to burn and plunder our beautiful city and reduce it to a heap of ashes, and before this handful of Frenchmen disgrace yourself by immediately taking to flight? Shame upon you, cowards! who did not understand the blazing signal out yonder; the success I have won with the blood of your fathers and your sons! Where is Peter Koning and his brave weavers, whom for the last half year he has been secretly drilling and exercising, so that he might be ready to strike a blow at the first opportunity? Ha! you cowards! I thought you would assist me in the struggle against our oppressors, and now, instead of finding the Frenchmen put to flight, I find you with your backs turned to the enemy! Oh, shame! shame! Cursed be the axe which I carry; it is covered with disgrace by your conduct!'

With these words the infuriated man threw his axe into the ditch by the roadside, and covered his face with his hands. Violent sobs shook his breast. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned round and looked into the flashing black eyes of a plainly-dressed man of short, thick-set figure, and calm, dignified bearing.

'Peter Koning!' cried Bredler, as he involuntarily turned his eyes to the ground before the piercing glance of the famous leader. 'Well, you have heard what I have just said? Where are your brave weavers? Why are you here, and not where you ought to be? Why do you leave our houses to be burned to ashes, our property to be destroyed, and our women and children to fall victims to a horrible and uncertain fate?'

'Foolish, hot-headed fellow!' cried the foreman of the weavers' guild. 'Art thou really so blinded as not to perceive the folly and rashness of thy deed? What thou callest a bold, high-handed enterprise, is nothing but an unsuccessful boyish prank. An arm that blindly and rashly strikes without being guided by any previous forethought is like a flash of lightning which falls on the head of the innocent instead of the guilty. Behold the misery and sorrow around us! All is thy work! Not the enemy hast thou smitten. Not the enemy's stronghold, but our city, hast thou destroyed! And all this contrary to my counsel, John Bredler! Have I not told thee, a hundred times, that thou must wait till the other cities of Flanders are ready to strike the decisive blow? Oh! hadst thou only waited three days—perhaps only twenty-four hours longer!'

'I had no wish to wait for what will never come,' answered John, gloomily. 'Our city is the Capitol. If the French are driven out of it, the other towns

will follow our example. It is necessary that we make a beginning—and, in truth, a very good beginning we have made. All that is wanting is that thou and thy weavers had made as good an ending.'

With sad and serious look the foreman of the weavers shook his head. 'Thou art wrong, if thou thinkest to have made a good beginning, friend,' he said. 'So soon as the first fugitives came to Bruges and gave information of thy attack, the garrison was summoned to attack you in the rear. Chatillon, the commander, however, reversed this decision, because he would not leave the city without troops. He preferred despatching couriers to every point of the compass to demand reinforcements, and, as that was not enough, he delivered up the city to his infuriated soldiery; then began a burning, plundering, and murdering which made us all fear for the worst. I thought, indeed, of summoning my weavers, and resisting the enemy, but I perceived that our small numbers could do nothing against the vast majority of our foes. Moreover, I had not time to summon my men, who were scattered here and there all over the town, and most of whom were busy rescuing their families and their property. From all sides, too, reinforcements were coming in for the French. But granted that we had won a hasty success, I assure thee, friend, that in the end this victory would have turned out for us a shameful defeat!'

'At any rate I should have liked to try it,' exclaimed Bredler, passionately. 'I am firmly convinced we should have accomplished something grand, and the victory which we won would have been no defeat for us, for we would have profited by it. We should have pursued the enemy till we had completely driven them out of the country. Come, summon thy weavers, then, and let us storm Bruges as I stormed the Castle of Mole. I will myself, alone, answer for a hundred Frenchmen!'

'Oh, thou wild, passionate fellow, who will be taught by nothing! Wilt thou fill the streets of Bruges with the corpses of our fellow-citizens? Wilt thou completely reduce our houses to ashes? In order to free thy native city, wilt thou utterly ruin thy native land? How often must I repeat to thee, that the fetters of the French tyranny can only be broken by the aid of the other Flemish towns? The French must be driven out of the country, not only out of this city. What would it profit if Bruges were free while the circle of towns and villages which surround it were still possessed by the enemy? Would Bruges then really be free? No; it would still be in bonds, though in another form. In thy wild hot-headedness thou only jumptest over obstacles without really throwing them out of thy way!'

'Something must be done, Master Peter! I have already gone too far, and cannot go back now. Either victory or death. Are not clouds of flame already rising from our city? Are not the streets already filling with the corpses of our fellow-citizens, while we are holding aloof from the conflict? And we are standing here wasting our time and looking coldly on! No, no! forward, my brothers! Our honour is at stake; the honour and the lives of our wives, sisters, and children are at stake! Hurrah for the Lion of Flanders!'

(To be continued.)



Pericles.

ATHENS UNDER PERICLES.

I.



MUCH of the beauty of ancient Athens was due to the great statesman, Pericles, of whom it was said that he found the city 'of brick and left her of marble.'

The Persians, under the famous Xerxes, had invaded Greece, and, entering Athens, had plundered and set fire to the buildings, thus

leaving the once fair city in ruins. Themistocles, who was then at the head of the State, began to repair the mischief which had been done, but when, soon afterwards, the chief power fell into the hands of Pericles, the work of restoration progressed much more rapidly under his direction.

Phidias, one of the most celebrated of the Grecian sculptors, was employed to adorn the new city with his exquisite statues, and also to superintend the erection of the various public buildings. The people expressed some doubt as to the wisdom of spending



"His brave spirit gave way."

such a large portion of the State revenue over works of art, but Pericles having generously declared his willingness to bear the whole cost of the work himself, the Athenians withdrew their opposition. He was allowed to follow out his own ideas, and succeeded in making his beloved Athens the pride and wonder of all Greece.

The Parthenon, some of whose pillars are still standing, was built at this time. It was placed upon the rocky hill of the Acropolis, and overlooked the city, to whose guardian goddess, Athena, it was dedi-

cated. This magnificent temple was constructed of marble, brought from the mountain of Pentelicus, and was adorned within and without with colours and gilding, and with sculptures which are regarded as the masterpieces of ancient art. Here stood the colossal statue of Athena, the work of Phidias himself, and considered to be the second-best of his productions, being surpassed only by the statue of Zeno, which he afterwards executed for the temple in the sacred grove at Olympia. These wonderful figures, the former nearly forty, and the latter nearly sixty

feet in height, were not composed of marble, but of ivory and gold.

The Propylæa, or 'entrances' of the Acropolis, were also built in the time of Pericles, and under the guidance of Phidias. Both the Parthenon and the Propylæa weathered the storms of more than twenty centuries before they were laid in ruins. In the year 1656 the Venetians besieged Athens, and the Turks, who then held possession of the city, chose the Acropolis for their stronghold, and converted its beautiful buildings into powder-magazines. As might have been expected, explosions took place, and of those matchless monuments of the art and wealth of ancient Greece nothing now remains but a few stately columns, standing amidst heaps of broken marble.

II.

UNDER the care of Pericles, Athens enjoyed great prosperity. Not content with beautifying and enriching the city, he also, to the best of his ability, improved the customs and character of its citizens. He did much to encourage art and commerce, and endeavoured to provide wholesome amusements for the poorer classes. His uprightness and gentleness could not fail to win the love of the Athenians, and the power and wisdom which he displayed as the leader of their armies and the head of their councils called forth their respect and admiration. He is said to have been a very eloquent speaker, but, unfortunately, no specimens of his oratory were preserved by the writers of his time.

In his youth he had received instruction chiefly from the philosopher Anaxagoras, whose belief that the world was governed and preserved by one Supreme Being, and not by a multitude of gods and goddesses, drew down upon him the dislike of his fellow-countrymen. The affection of Pericles for the good philosopher remained unchanged, although the voices of the citizens were constantly raised against him. At length Anaxagoras was openly accused of impiety, and all the eloquence of his former pupil was readily employed on his behalf. His life was spared, but he was fined, and ordered to leave Athens.

The enemies of Pericles, finding that the serenity and sweetness of his disposition kept him from being disturbed by their frequent attacks upon his character, and, not being able to stir up the people against one whose integrity and piety could not fairly be questioned, had to content themselves with seeking to wound him through his friends. Phidias, the sculptor, who had so greatly assisted him in the rebuilding and adornment of the city, was also accused of impiety, and, faring worse than Anaxagoras, was thrown into prison, and soon died there.

But although, like all popular men, Pericles had to suffer many things at the hands of his enemies, he never seems to have revenged himself upon them, as he might have done; and so gentle was his rule, that when he lay dying he was able to rejoice that he had never caused any Athenian to put on mourning.

Shortly before his death a plague broke out in Athens, and through it he lost many of his friends and relatives. Though accustomed to meet all the trials of his life with calmness and resignation, his brave spirit gave way when his favourite son, Par-

alus, fell a victim to the terrible disease. He came to place a wreath upon his child's body, but the sight of the dear dead face was too much for him, and his grief showed itself in a sudden flood of tears.

His own death occurred not long afterwards, and in him the Athenians lost one of the wisest and best men who ever guided the affairs of their city.

H. L. T.

A DOG'S REVENGE.

A DOG had been worried by another of greater strength, and when he returned to his home it was observed that he abstained from half the proportion of his allotted food, and formed a kind of store from his savings. After some days he went out, and brought several dogs of the vicinity back, and feasted them upon his hoard. This singular proceeding attracted the attention of his master, who, watching the result, observed that they all went out together, and, following them, he found they proceeded, by several streets, to the skirts of the town, where the leader singled out a large dog, which was immediately assailed by all his guests, and very severely punished.

A similar case happened in the precincts of London, where a person on business from Devonport had taken his dog. This animal having been maltreated by a watch-dog, returned with his master home; but he was missed a day or two after, as well as a favourite companion of his, a very large house-dog, and neither were seen for about ten days. They had scarcely returned before a letter arrived, informing the owner of the dog that that animal, in company with another, had been seen at the place where he had been maltreated, and that they had killed the dog who gave the first offence.

A FIRST AND LAST PIPE.



BE very careful about this letter, Jack. Remember it is about money matters, and must be in time for the five-o'clock mail.

'Very well, father,' said Jack, 'I will not forget it.'

And so Jack put on his cap and went out. Glancing up at the clock over the market, he saw it pointed to three o'clock.

'Plenty of time for the letter,' he said to himself, stopping to watch the clumsy antics of a small bear, which two foreigners were exhibiting to a thin crowd of boys.

'Hi, Jack!' said a voice from the other side of the crowd.

'All right, Pickle,' was the reply.

'Pickle,' it may be observed, was not the baptismal name of Athlone Tooker. Its application to him was no doubt due to two causes. First, the impossibility of finding any satisfactory 'short' for Athlone; secondly, the surprising skill of the bearer in getting into every 'scrape' or 'pickle' in which it was possible for him to share.

'Pickle,' said Jack, with the air of an experienced financier, 'I owe you twopence. Here you are, and many thanks.'

'All right; but, Jackie, who has been tipping you all that tin?'

'Nobody. I earned it.'

'Earned it?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, come now!'

'I did though. I addressed about a thousand circulars for father, and he came out with a half-crown.'

'Jack,' said Pickle, with a meditative air, 'I have some coin, too. Only had it about half an hour. That's why it isn't gone. Come up the street, and let us look in the shops as we go.'

'I have a letter to post,' replied Jack, tapping the pocket in which he had now placed the letter for safety.

'Well, we are going that way.'

So they left the crowd and passed on.

'Jack,' said Pickle, as they stopped before Slogan's, the tobacconist's, 'did you ever smoke?'

'No. Did you?'

'No-o-o; I was just going to try a cigar—a three-penny one, mind you—when old Smaier saw me out of his window. I had it warm that time. But—'

'What?'

'Bill Spouncing smokes.'

'And Dicker.'

'And I shall, too—some day.'

'Pickle,' said Jack, fingering his money, 'what do you say—'

'To a smoke now? The very thing!'

'Agreed,' said the other. 'Let us go in here and get an ounce of tobacco. We can get the pipes somewhere else, so they will not think it is our first time.'

'A good idea! But what sort of tobacco are we to get?'

'Oh, I know. I asked Spouncing the best kind to begin with, and he said Shag was the thing, if I wanted to be a man.'

'In you go, then: I can pay you after.'

So Slogan's furnished the tobacco, and a small shop down the street provided two brier-wood pipes and a box of matches.

'What a lark!' said Jack, as he came out with these last purchases in his hand. 'Now let us off to the meadows. Nobody will see us there.'

Arrived at the shady banks of the river, they selected an enticing spot and sat down. Then the pipes were brought out and inspected.

'How much do you put in, Jack?'

'I don't know. Enough to fill, I suppose.'

'Here you are, then. Mine is filled. Pass the matches.'

'Now I call this jolly,' said Pickle, as he reclined on the grassy bank, and gravely sucked at his pipe.

'Ditto,' said the other, with equal gravity.

Then there was silence for a few minutes.

'Pickle,' said Jack presently, 'it strikes me that fellows tell any number of crams when they talk about getting sick over one pipe. Why—halloo! what's up?'

'Nothing; only I think this pipe doesn't draw well. Another match.'

'Take a few good pulls like this;' and Jack sucked strongly at the pipe, sending out volumes of smoke.

'Bother!' said Jack in a moment or two.

'What's the matter?' asked the other.

'Why, I remember now that we had rhubarb pie for dinner. It doesn't suit me.'

'Jack,' said Pickle, solemnly, 'you feel—'

'Queer. Uncommonly so.'

'So do I.'

'Never mind. Stick at it. Perseverance—'

'Oh, stuff! I believe there is something wrong with these pipes.'

'Or this tobacco. It is not like Spouncing's.'

'Ugh,' said Pickle, with a face like a sheet, 'I think I am going—'

Master Athlone Tooker did not announce his destination, but staggered to the edge of the stream, and began to be horribly sick. He was presently aware from the sounds behind him that Jack was having a bad time of it under the tree.

'Call this pleasure?' groaned Pickle.

'I don't,' came from the tree.

'It's all your fault,' said Pickle.

'Yours, you mean.'

'No, you proposed it.'

'Not I.'

And so they squabbled, when their strength would let them.

And we will leave them for a while, and return to Jack's home.

Mr. and Mrs. Peploe, his parents, have a visitor this afternoon. It is Jack's uncle, an old sailor, who has a capital cottage away by the sea, to which Jack has often longed to pay a visit.

'I thought I would just look in, as I was in town,' he was saying. 'And I want to ask you about Jack. He might be a good deal of help to me for a few weeks this summer. Could you spare him?'

'Willingly. He will be very glad to go. It is very kind of you.'

'I have work for him. He is thoughtful and truthful, I hope.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Peploe, 'he can be trusted. My dear, there is some one in the passage.'

There *was* some one there. That some one Mrs. Peploe presently led in.

'Jack!' said his father.

'Halloo!' said Uncle Stephens.

'Are you ill?' asked his mother.

'Smoke,' said his uncle, with a sniff.

'Jack,' said Mr. Peploe, sternly, 'come with me. But stay a minute. Is that letter gone?'

That letter! It was drawn crumpled from one of his pockets.

'Then I am twenty pounds the poorer,' said his father: and Mrs. Peploe began to cry.

We will draw a veil over the rest of that scene, merely explaining that Jack did not go to the seaside cottage that summer; that he thinks he will remember that day for many years to come; and that he is resolved, as that was his first, so also it shall be his last pipe.

A. R. B.





My First and Last Smoke.—No. 1.

Chatterbox.



ON BOY-SMOKING.



SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, M.D., F.R.S.

—‘Boys, even at the best schools, get the habit of smoking, because they think it manly and fashionable to do so: not unfrequently because they have the example set them by their tutors: and partly because there is no friendly voice to warn them as to the special ill consequences to which it may give rise, where the process of growth is not yet completed, and the organs are not yet fully developed.’

Professor Parkes, M.D., F.R.S.

—‘When a boy takes to smoking he frequently becomes pale, and he has an unhealthy skin. Moreover, boys who smoke much are less disposed to bodily exertion. Smoking interferes with appetite, impairs bodily activity, and in some way must damage the circulation or the composition of the blood.’

Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S.:—‘Smoking tobacco, and the use of tobacco in every form, is a habit better not acquired, and when acquired, is better abandoned. The young should specially avoid the habit. It gives a doubtful pleasure for a certain penalty.’

Mr. John Ruskin:—‘It is not easy to estimate the demoralising effect on the youth of Europe of the cigar, in enabling them to pass their time happily in idleness.’

THE STORY OF THE JOLLY HARPER-MAN AND HIS GOOD FORTUNE.

MANY, many years ago—as long ago as the days of Fair Rosamond, when Henry Plantagenet and his unruly family governed England, and some think as long ago as old Henry I.—there lived in Scotland a jolly harper-man, who was accounted the most charming player in all the world. The children followed him in crowds through the streets, nor could they be stopped while he continued playing; even the animals in the woods sat on their haunches to listen when he wandered harping through the country; and the fair daughters of the nobles even fell in love with him as often as he approached their castles.

King Henry had a wonderful horse—a very wonderful horse—named ‘Brownie.’ He did not quite equal in dexterity and intelligence the high-flying animal of whom you have read in the *Arabian Nights*, but he knew a great deal, and was a sort of philosopher among horses, just as Newton was a philosopher among men. King Henry said he would not part with him for a province—he would rather lose his crown. In this he was wise, for a new crown could have been as easily made as a stewpan; but all the world, it may be, could not produce such another intelligent horse.

King Henry had fine stables built for the animal—a sort of horse-palace. They were very strong, and were fastened by locks, and bars, and bolts, and were kept by gay grooms, and guarded day and night by soldiers, who never had been known to falter in their devotion to the interests of the king.

So strongly was the animal guarded, that it came to be a proverb among the English yeomanry, that a person could no more do this or that hard thing than ‘they could steal Brownie from the stables of the king.’

The king liked the proverb: it was a compliment to his wisdom and sagacity. It made him feel good—so good, in fact, that it led him one day quite to overshoot the mark in an effort that he made to increase the people’s high opinion.

‘If any one,’ said he, after a good dinner—‘if any one were smart enough to get Brownie out of his stables without my knowledge, I would, for his cleverness, forgive him, and give him an estate to return the animal.’ Then he looked very wise, and felt very comfortable and very secure. ‘But,’ he added, ‘evil overtake the man who gets caught in an attempt to steal my horse! Lucky will it be for him if his eyes ever see the light of the English sun again.’

Then the report went abroad that the man who would be so shrewd as to get possession of the king’s horse should have an estate, but that he who failed in the attempt should lose his head.

The English court, at this time, was at Carlisle, near the Scottish border. The jolly harper-man lived in the old town of Striveling, since called Stirling, at some distance from the border.

The jolly harper-man, like most people of genius, was very poor. He often played in the castles of the nobles, especially on festive occasions; and as he contrasted the luxurious living of these fat lords with his own poverty he became suddenly seized with a desire for wealth, and he remembered the proverb, which was old even then, that ‘Where there is a will there is a way.’

One autumn day, as he was travelling along the borders of Loch Lomond, a famous lake in the middle of Scotland, he remembered that there was a cave overlooking the lake from a thickly-wooded hill, in which dwelt a hermit, who often was consulted by people in perplexity, and who bore the name of the ‘Man of Wisdom.’

He was not a wicked magician, nor did he pretend to have any dealings with the dead. He was gifted only with what was called clearness of vision; he could see into the secret of things, just as Zerah Colburn could see into difficult problems of mathematics, without study. Things that were darkness to others were as clear as sunlight to him. He lived on roots and herbs, and flourished so wonderfully on the diet, that what he didn’t know was considered not worth knowing.

It was near nightfall when the jolly harper-man came to the famous hill. The sun was going down in splendour, and the moon was coming up, faint and shadowy, and turning into gold as the shadows deepened. Showers of silver began to fall on Loch Lomond, and to quiver over the valleys. It was an hour to fill a minstrel’s heart with romantic feeling, and it lent its witchery to the heart of the jolly harper-man.

He wandered up the hill overlooking the lake, where dwelt the Man of Wisdom, to whose mind all things were clear. He sat down near the mouth of the cave, partook of his evening meal, then, seizing his harp, he began to play.

He played a tune of wonderful sweetness and sadness, so soft and airy that the notes seemed to glide down the moonbeams, like the tinkling of fairy bells in the air. The wicked owl pricked up his ears to listen, and was so overcome that he wished he was a more respectable bird. The little animals came out of the bushes, and formed a circle around the jolly harper-man, as though enchanted.

The old hermit heard the strain, and came out to listen; and, because he had clearness of vision, he knew that music of such wonderful tenderness could be produced only by one who had great gifts of nature, and who also had some secret longing in his heart.

So he came up to the jolly harper-man, walking with his cane, his gray beard falling over his bosom, and his long white hair silvered in the moonlight.

The jolly harper-man secretly expected him, or at least he hoped that he would come out. Like the Queen of Sheba, he wished to test the wisdom of this new Solomon, and to inquire of him if there were no way of turning his wonderful musical genius into bags of gold.

'Why do you wander here, my good harper?' asked the hermit, when the last strain melted away in low, airy echoes over the lake. 'There are neither lads to dance nor lassies to sing. This hill is my dominion, and the dominion of a hermit is solitude.'

'See you not Loch Lomond silvered in the moon?' said the jolly harper-man. 'Nature inspired me to touch my harp, and I love to play when the inspiration of Nature comes upon me.'

The answer pleased the hermit as much as the music.

'But why is your music so sad, my good harper-man? what is there that you would have that fortune denies?'

'Alas!' said the jolly harper-man, 'I am very poor. My harpings all die in the air, and leave me but a scanty purse, poor clothing, and no roof over my head. You are a man of wisdom, to whom all things are clear. Point out to me the way to fortune, my wise hermit. I have a good, liberal heart; you could not do a service to a more deserving man.'

(Concluded in our next.)

TALES OF TROY.

No. IX.

OLD NESTOR'S ADVICE.



THE Greeks had had a terrible day of it, and were quite downhearted. Even Agamemnon, at a council of war, said he thought as Jove was fighting for the Trojans it would be better for the Greeks to go home at once. But Diomed plainly told Agamemnon that he was giving cowardly advice.

'The gods have made thee only half a king,' said he.

'They gave thee a wide kingdom, but they did not give thee a brave soul. Go home, if thou wilt—thy ships are nearest the open sea—but we will

remain till Troy is taken—at least I will, if every other Greek forsakes me.'

There was a murmur of applause at these manly words; and old Nestor, who had so lately benefited by Diomed's bravery in the field, rose up to commend it in the council.

'Greece approves thy words, my son. Young as thou art, almost too young to be a son of mine, thou canst yet blame even kings when they need it. Let me advise something as well, O king! Order the young and bold to guard the trench; but do thou call the elders together for advice. See how near those Trojan watch-fires are to our ships! The crisis is at hand, and to-morrow must see Troy in flames, or Greece vanquished.'

No sooner said than done. Seven hundred spears went forth to guard the trench and wall, and Agamemnon invited a large party to his tent, where, after a brief repast, Nestor spoke again, and advised the king to try and appease the wrath of Achilles.

'Thou didst wrong that hero by forcing the damsel from his tent—now go, and move him with prayers and gifts to come and help us.'

'What thou hast said is reasonable,' replied Agamemnon. 'I know the worth of Achilles, and if I can persuade him to fight again for us I will gladly give him large presents—gold, horses, slaves; and if Troy falls, he shall lade his ships with what he likes. And if he chooses to wed any of my daughters, glad shall I be to own him as my son-in-law, and he shall have seven cities with the bride as her dower.'

Nestor said the offer was worthy of a king, and he then named five men to go to the tent of Achilles. Phoenix was to be the spokesman, and Ajax and Ulysses of the party.

They found Achilles amusing himself with his harp, and attended by his dear friend Patroclus. When they saw the visitors he stopped playing, and bade them welcome. Patroclus prepared a repast, and then Ulysses began to explain the purpose of their visit. Said he,—

'Greece is on the brink of ruin, and thou alone canst save her. The tents of the Trojans cast their shadow on our wall. Let but to-morrow's sun arise, and the furious Hector may fire our ships. Shall it be so? Return, Achilles, and save thy brothers in arms! Check thine anger, and be truly brave!'

Ulysses then recounted the gifts offered by the king. Achilles replied that his mind was not to be changed.

'I have borne much in the cause of thankless Greece, and what have I gained? The wealth I have won has all been laid at Agamemnon's feet. And why does he want me? Has he not walls and trenches? will they not keep out one Hector? No, I decline all terms—I hate his gifts: though he offered me all he had, I would refuse it. Go back, then, digest my message as you may—my mind is made up. But Phoenix shall remain with me to-night, and I will take him in my ship to Phthia, where he shall die in peace.'

Old Phoenix then essayed to move Achilles,—

'Wilt thou thus retire?' implored he. He then reminded Achilles of the services he had done him when he was a little boy. He pointed out the sad



Achilles amusing himself with his Harp.

results of unabated anger, and he besought him to draw his conquering sword, and be for ever an object of worship to the Greeks.

But he might as well have spoken to a stone, and got a blunt refusal; at which Ajax, as bluntly, said,—
 'Let us go—why do we waste our time here? His iron heart retains its stubborn purpose, and gifts can conquer every soul but his. But I would thou wert

of a better mind, Achilles, and be gracious to those who prize thy courage.'

'Thou speakest well, Ajax; but when I think of Agamemnon my soul is on fire. Go back, and say I mean to fight no more, unless the ships are in flames. In that case Hector shall feel the weight of my hand.' And so the princes returned, leaving Phoenix with Achilles.



Puzzle Picture.—The Great Man tending his Sick Servant.

‘What success have you had?’ was the first question asked by Agamemnon.

‘His wrath is fixed, O king! He scorns thy proposals. To-morrow morning he intends to sail, and to take Phœnix with him.’

A sorrowful silence fell on all; but the brave Diomed cried out,—

‘Why need we send gifts to that proud man? Let him go or stay—it matters not to us! What we can do, we will do. Come, let us go to supper, and strengthen ourselves for the morrow!’

It was brave and good advice, and was received with shouts of app'ause.

A KIND MASTER.

URBINO was the servant's name,
He dwelt in Italy;
He was with his master dear:
The master, who was he?

Painter and sculptor, nobly born,
His works are works of fame;
The friend of many a prince and pope:
What was the great man's name?

[Answer in next Number.]

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Continued from page 227.)



WITH a shout of enthusiasm Bredler swung his glittering axe in the air, and his butchers all joined in the cry. Wild excitement took possession of the dense crowd, while the men who stood nearest and had overheard this conversation showed every inclination to give themselves to the fiery, enthusiastic Bredler. Then Peter Koning ventured once more to stem the raging torrent.

'Thou art wrong, Bredler!' he cried, in a voice of thunder. 'I entreat thee to be prudent, and not to plunge us into utter ruin. At the most critical moment, when I could no longer endure to behold the distress and grief of our fellow-citizens, I sought and obtained an audience of the Governor Chatillon. He granted my request, which was that the citizens with their families and property should be allowed to retreat unmolested, and I heard immediately afterwards that he had strictly forbidden his soldiers to burn or plunder. The fire in the city is already nearly extinguished. But I was obliged to promise the Commandant, in the name of the citizens, that we would abstain from every deed of violence against his men, and would by no means oppose the search which he was about to make for the destroyers of the Castle of Mole. You know now what you are about, Master Bredler. I have done what I can answer for before God, before my conscience, before my country. I have the firmest assurance that I have acted rightly. Will you now go and lose all that I have with such difficulty gained? I can take no further trouble about it, for I have warned you to the best of my power. But one thing I tell you, not one of my men shall follow you. Do you hear me, weavers? Let no one dare to lay his life, which belongs to his country, at the feet of this man.'

The murmur of assent which rose loudly from the ranks of the weavers plainly told the young butcher that he could not reckon on any assistance from that quarter. He burst into his accustomed bitter laugh, and cried in a voice of thunder to the crowd,—

'Well then, you, my brave butchers, come and let us finish our enterprise! We alone must drive the French out of the city, and save our country. Yes; we alone will make these men free and happy against their will. Take care of yourself, Peter Koning; what you call magnanimity and conscientiousness is in my eyes nothing but cowardice. Come on, men!'

He began to push his way through the crowd, and did not remark in his excitement that a great many of his men, on whom the representations of the weaver had made an impression, remained behind.

Peter gazed after him with a sad shake of the head. He knew only too well that his young hot-headed friend was rushing on to destruction.

Bredler had only advanced a few steps when an extraordinary incident suddenly fixed his attention.

In the midst of the crowd he beheld a plainly-dressed, pale-faced woman, with dishevelled hair, fear and anguish depicted in every feature of her agitated countenance. By exerting all her strength she was endeavouring to work her way up to Bredler, and was already crying out in the distance in a tone of terrible agony,—

'Master! Master! hurry home as quickly as you can. Your house was one of the first seized by the flames, and Madame Bredler and her daughter were fast asleep at the same side of the house whence the fire proceeded. I heard them cry for help; but God is my witness I had trouble enough to save myself, and——'

It was Dora the maid, who, in hurried, broken words, gave the report. John interrupted her with a heart-rending cry, then he stood motionless for a few seconds, unable to utter a word.

'Hearest thou, Bredler?' cried Koning to him. 'That is the finger of God. Thou thyself art their murderer!'

'Not I!' he shrieked in despair. 'I did it not; the cursed foe!'

'Whom thou, at the wrong time, hast roused from their lair, Bredler. Thou hast destroyed thy father's house, and done no service to our city or our country. Dost thou not now understand that I was right?'

The young man stared fixedly before him without uttering a sound. It seemed as if he could not yet fully comprehend the terrible blow which had fallen upon him. At last, however, he seemed to realise it; he turned pale, staggered, and then sank unconscious to the ground. At this moment a troop of cavalry, whose uniforms showed the arms of France, approached from the city. The leader of the company wore over his armour a silken doublet, which hung down to his knees, and was without sleeves. A silver helmet adorned with feathers in the French colours covered his head. He wore gloves of badger-skin with iron clasps; and his greaves, which were decorated with gold, sparkled brightly in the sunlight. When he reached the troop of butchers he exclaimed, in a loud voice, turning to the other citizens,—

'Are these the incendiaries and destroyers of Mole?'

As no answer followed he repeated his question in a louder tone, and now a very short man stood out from the group, one who had been for a long time regarded by his fellow-citizens with a certain degree of mistrust. With a piercing glance he pointed to the butchers, and cried,—

'Yes, those are they, Lord of Chatillon, and many more of them are coming from St. Cuis! Take them prisoners, and let them be hanged. They deserve nothing else!'

A cry of indignation passed through the multitude, and all eyes were turned with anger and contempt on the speaker, a citizen of Bruges, who, in consequence of a dishonourable action, had fallen into discredit with his fellow-townsmen, and had since, out of revenge, been on good terms with the French. A few men at once prepared to seize and exercise Lynch law upon him; but the traitor managed to skulk away through the crowd, and was nowhere to be found.

The tumult and the vast throng on the high road had meanwhile reached such a pitch, that it was extremely difficult for the fugitive families to advance any further. Chatillon, moreover, had no sooner heard the traitor's words than he ordered his men to surround the butchers on all sides, and call upon them to surrender. By this manoeuvre the people were pressed together in a confused mass, and men, women, children, carts, horses, cattle, and furniture, might be seen huddled together in a wild state of perturbation.

The excitement was indescribable. Here and there one or other of the victors of Mole tried to break their way through the chain of horsemen, but such an attempt only cost his life to the maker of it, as the soldiers at once struck down the fugitives with their heavy broadswords. It was a long time before order was so far restored that the caravan could proceed on its way.

Chatillon, posted with his officers in the midst of his company of horsemen, watched with a keen eye every movement made by the butchers. The latter saw only too plainly that their last means of retreat was cut off. It would be folly to attempt a struggle against such an overwhelming majority. A considerable number had already thrown down their arms, and, weary and exhausted, yielded themselves up, trusting to the mercy of the commander.

Peter Koning had caused the unconscious Bredler at the right moment to be carried by two of his men out of the crowd, and to be placed in a cart filled with straw. He had succeeded in getting him out of the way undiscovered. It was all that he could do at the moment. A petition for the lives of the doomed and completely surrounded butchers would, he felt, not be of the least avail with the severe and thoroughly embittered Chatillon. He confined himself, therefore, to preserving as much order as possible among the host of inhabitants on the high road, and to causing the new fugitives from the city to take a different direction, so as not to come into collision with the soldiers, who in a wide circle were encamped in the fields to the right and left.

When all the butchers had laid down their arms, and the few who had ventured to resist had fallen victims to the merciless swords of the French, Chatillon raised himself in his saddle and commanded the ring-leaders to stand out.

But not one of them moved. Silent and erect stood the prisoners, and raised their dark looks with a threatening expression on the commandant.

'If you wish that I should pardon any who deserve it, name your leaders!' cried he.

An elderly man with gray hair stood out and answered boldly,—

'We have had no leaders, Lord of Chatillon! There is not one among us who did not know what he had to do and what to leave undone!'

'Very well!' said Chatillon; 'then you are all equally guilty. I am really glad to learn that it is so. Every tenth man among you shall swing on the gallows. I will make an example which shall for ever after take away all desire from you rebels to resist the authority of France and King Philip!'

In a low voice he gave some orders to his adjutant, and a few minutes after several soldiers were seen to

dismount and proceed with axes and ropes towards the neighbouring wood. The prisoners turned pale, and cast restless looks at each other. It was plain that they had not expected such a shameful death. The man with gray hair again stood forward, and, casting himself down in the dust before the horse of the cruel governor—

'Lord of Chatillon,' he entreated, 'I implore you, spare us and our families this disgrace! Let us die an honourable soldier's death by the arrows of your crossbows, and not by the hangman's hand!'

But Chatillon shook his head with a grim smile.

'As you have transgressed, so shall you be punished!' he said, coldly, as he made a sign to his adjutant. 'The execution will take place at once.'

The butchers were arranged in ranks, and then the numbering commenced. Every tenth man was, in spite of his resistance, bound and carried off to the gigantic gallows, which had been erected with all haste. Forty victims stood ready to suffer death by the hangman's hand. When the first of these was pushed from off the ladder, and with fearful writhings hung between earth and heaven, a universal cry of rage and agony pierced the air. It rose from the spectators who stood outside the ring of cavalry, who, directly they had heard the report of the fearful sentence, which, quick as lightning, had spread everywhere, had flocked together, and were rapidly increasing in numbers. Truly heartrending were the lamentations and shrieks of the relatives of the condemned. Wives and children tried to break a way through the terrible wall of horsemen. With uplifted hands they sank down weeping at the horses' feet, while many of them, when they saw the fruitlessness of their efforts and entreaties, had to be carried away fainting; others were trodden down beneath the horses' hoofs, and, owing to the confusion as well as to the cruelty of the soldiers, were seriously hurt. Eight of the unfortunate prisoners had already met their horrible fate. The cry of fury from the excited crowd waxed louder and more violent; the sobs and groans of the women and children increased in intensity; but calm and cold like a gloomy statue sat Chatillon on his large black charger, in close vicinity to the place of execution. Peter Koning, too, had returned, and was using all his influence and his eloquence to make his way up to the angry tyrant, and effect, if possible, the reversal of the fearful sentence. In vain. The executioner's mounted attendants had received strictest orders to allow no one to pass through, and they obeyed them all the more readily, as their irritation against the Flemings had reached its highest pitch.

What, however, the famous leader of the weavers' guild could not succeed in effecting was attained by a knight, who, on a black horse covered with foam, galloped up to the ring of cavalry, and cried in a voice of thunder,—

'In the name of the lawful ruler of our land, of Count Van Gwyde, and in the name of his Majesty, King Philip of France, make way for a knight of noblest lineage!'

(To be continued.)

RISE early, and be an economist of time.
NEVER be in a hurry.



"Yes, those are they, Lord of Chatillon."

Chatterbox.



The Fight between Van Gwyde and the Governor.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Continued from p. 239.)



THE speaker was clad in iron from head to foot, but his armour was black as coal, and of the same colour were the helmet and the plume, which waved a long way down his back. The soldiers knew well enough that old Count Gwyde had no longer any power in Flanders, but the knight's bearing was so awe-inspiring and imposing that those who were nearest to him were startled, and involuntarily moved in their ranks. The black knight profited by this movement skilfully to spur on his steed up to the commander, who at once turned his darkest look upon this intruder.

But in vain did he seek to discover his features. The strange knight had the vizor of his helmet drawn down, and only a pair of dark eyes flashed threateningly through the eyelet holes upon Chatillon.

'Who are you? What do you want?' cried he in a loud voice. 'Who gave you leave to break through the chain of my men, and to appear here before me?'

'Governor Chatillon,' replied the stranger, in as loud a tone, 'who gave you leave to hang without trial the free burghers of this city?'

'I am not going to argue with an unknown upon what I consider to be right. Leave this place, unless you wish to be forced to do so by my men!'

He made a sign to his officers to lay hands on the unknown knight, but he thundered out in a tone of fury,—

'Stop! I am a knight of as noble a race as yours, Lord of Chatillon; and if I am not to call you a dishonourable man in the presence of all your men answer me my question!'

'I do not know you!' replied Chatillon, changing colour. 'You carry no armorial bearings, and any rogue who puts on a coat of mail can come forward as you have done!'

'That is a lie! No one can stand forth as a knight if he is not one. You ask for my coat of arms? It is the blue lion on the golden ground! But at the present moment the lion's colour is black!'

'William Van Gwyde!' muttered Chatillon, grimly. 'I thought as much!' And he continued aloud, 'If you are Count Van Gwyde, sir, I am not surprised that you do not recognise me as the king's representative here in Bruges, who has power and right over life and death. Those fellows yonder have rebelled against his majesty's government. With arms in their hands they have stormed the Castle of Mole and massacred the garrison, which consisted of the king's servants. For this reason have I condemned them to death, as justice requires, and if ten thousand sons of Flemish Counts of noblest lineage were to stand here before me I would not do otherwise than I am doing now. What are you tarrying for, men?' he roared to the soldiers, who, at the appearance of the black knight, had stopped for a minute in their work of dragging up the victims to execution. 'Here

has no one a right to command but I, the Governor Chatillon, Plenipotentiary of his Majesty, King Philip of France! On to the gallows, fellows!'

The soldiers had seized the next victim whose turn it was for execution; but at that moment William Van Gwyde galloped up to the group, tore his sword from his scabbard, and exclaimed,—

'Stop! The first among you who makes any attempt to hang one of these unfortunate men I will smite to the ground, so truly as I am a knight!'

The soldiers, in amazement, stopped again, and the knight cried in a voice which fell clearly and distinctly on every ear,—

'Lord of Chatillon! You have pronounced and carried into execution a sentence without any previous investigation, and without having sent any report of it to his Majesty King Philip. You have followed the dictates of your thirst for revenge, while at the same time you are looking for your reward, because you know that the more you succeed in devastating and depopulating our beautiful Flanders, the more likely are you to be maintained as Governor in it by the influence of Queen Joan of Navarre, the evil genius of our good King Philip. Are you not ashamed, Lord of Chatillon, that you—a knight of noble descent—that you should be a slave not only of your own passions, but also condescend to be the instrument of a cruel, implacable woman?'

Chatillon trembled with fury. He moved restlessly in his saddle up and down, and cried again and again, 'Seize him! the blasphemer! the traitor! the insulter of the King's Majesty! Tear him down from his horse, and bind him among his friends and companions!'

But not a hand moved. Most of the cavalry officers had silently said to themselves the same as Count Gwyde's son had so publicly declared. Besides, they feared his determination, his strong arm, and his well-known skill in arms.

'Let him beware who touches me!' he cried, as in a threatening attitude he held up his broad sword before his enemies. 'Let him beware who lowers himself to be the helper and abettor of a murderer, lest he now behold the sun for the last time! What I tell you is the truth. I confirm it upon my oath as a knight; and I am ready to prove it, too, by other means!'

'In such a case as this we have no right to treat a knight, who stands above us in rank, as a common criminal, Lord of Chatillon,' said the eldest of the officers. 'We must request you to settle this matter in a way which is worthy of a knight!'

'Good!' cried Chatillon, flinging his gauntlet at the Count. 'I challenge you to deadly combat!'

William Van Gwyde alighted from his horse and picked up the gauntlet. 'I am satisfied, Lord of Chatillon,' he replied. 'I accept your challenge. Shall we begin with swords, or shall we allow battle-axes to decide between us?'

'Bring lances here!' cried Chatillon to his men. 'Lances with sharpened points!'

Every one knew that the Governor possessed extraordinary skill in breaking a lance. William Van Gwyde knew that, too. But he did not betray in the least by his behaviour that he feared the skill of his opponent.

The lances were brought and minutely examined

by the Governor's officers, who were to be witnesses of the combat. The common soldiers received the command to retire to a further distance. The executions, too, were to cease till the conflict was decisively terminated.

Chatillon drew down the vizor of his helmet, took the lance in his right hand, and swung it several times over his head, as if to prove its weight. After the light and shadow had, according to the custom of the times, been equally divided between the combatants, they took up their position on the spots appointed to them.

Their steeds stamped the ground as if they knew that a fight was coming on, in which the lives of two men of equally noble birth were at stake. Chatillon himself appeared to be animated by a burning impatience. His right hand, which grasped the shaft of the lance, trembled nervously, and he cast restless glances on the umpire of the conflict, who was to give the sign for its commencement.

At last a trumpet blast sounded forth over the place of battle, and quick as arrows did the combatants gallop to meet each other. The collision was a terrible one. Like staves of glass were the lances shattered to atoms against the coats of mail. Chatillon remained motionless; Gwyde staggered a little in his saddle.

Fresh lances were brought, and the battle recommenced. There was a shock as before, but this time the young Count had put forth all his strength to throw, if possible, his opponent from the saddle. He succeeded. Losing his balance through the terrible blow, Chatillon, whom every one hitherto had considered invincible, was thrown to the ground.

In an instant Gwyde had jumped from his horse to the ground. A second spring brought him close to his antagonist before he could raise himself from the ground. At the same moment his sword flew from its sheath, and the point of the sharp weapon pierced the Governor at an undefended part in the shoulder. He raised a wild shriek, and then remained lying motionless, while his terrified charger fled away at a furious gallop.

The umpires of the battle recognised William Van Gwyde as the victor, and declared the combat to be ended for the present. However, the Governor would be at liberty to resume it again after his recovery, if he pleased. The Count must, therefore, await the challenge.

To this decision Gwyde could raise no objection. He requested the Governor of the town, a certain Lord de Mortency, who took the place of the wounded Chatillon, immediately to send in a report to King Philip on these events. In this way he considered himself free from all responsibility for what had occurred.

Mortency saw the reasonableness of his proposal. He at once ordered the soldiers who were superintending the execution to return to their ranks. The prisoners were still stationed in the midst of the army, and sternly warned to abstain from any act of insubordination. Then the procession returned to Bruges, followed by the families of the unhappy men, who would not disperse, as they wished to share the fate of their fathers, brothers, and sons.

(To be continued.)

A SCHOOLBOY'S BILL IN 1598.

A GENTLEMAN at Carlisle has an old MS. book, used in 1597-8 as a ledger in London, and after that as a register of births, marriages, and burials at the parish church, Greenwich; it contains also 'Articles of Peace' (without date) between the King of England and the King of Spain, and sundry school accounts, some in verse. In 1647 the book was used as a diary by the Rev. Thomas Larkham, M.A., vicar first of Northam and afterwards of Tavistock. At his death it came into the hands of his son, the Rev. George Larkham, who removed it to Tallentire, in Cumberland. The book afterwards went down to Gloucestershire, and came thence to its present owners. Here are some of the school accounts:—'Mony laid out and due to me for his board and schooling. Laid out when Peter was sicke in wine suger and spies to make meat * 2s. 6d.; ffor pens ynke and pap 2 quarters, 2s. 6d.; ffor a bound writing booke, 2s.; ffor the like siphering booke, 1s.; for a paire of new shoves, 1s. 8d.; ffor boate hier for pet* and my selfe when his mother sent for him to Whit hall, 1s. 6d.; pd for peter clothes making to the tailor, 12s.; pd for mending peters shoves twice, 6d.; pd for buttoninge his dublet, 2d.; pd for footing and peeing his stockings, 9d.; pd for a new paire of shoves, 2s.; for his quarters board at Christmas, 2l.; for his schooling that quarter, 10s.; left vnpaid of Michelmas quarter, 1l. Som is 4l. 16s. 7d.—*Antiquary*.

A PUPPY.



OW, the little story I am going to tell is true, and I saw it myself. It is about a baby dog, commonly called a puppy. There is a charm about young things; a hope of growth, of life, of enjoyment; more than all, a look of innocence and trust, which is lost as they grow older.

The engaging kitten becomes often a thick-headed, vulgar-looking Tom. The quaint, unsuspicious, trustful pup, a snarling cur—the charm is gone. Every bad man was once a harmless, sinless baby. But what is *our* pup going to be? Why, I should say, a smart, brown and black terrier—ready for anything and anybody. To play with a child and to bark at a thief. To fetch and to carry, to bite and to worry—rat, mouse, or cat, no matter what. It all depends (as with human babies) on the company he keeps, on the education he gets. The puppy was drawn from a real one, named *Browney*, which has a bull-dog among its ancestors. And mind you, that is *no* harm, since a bull-dog (in good society) is a very quiet, harmless dog, most faithful and affectionate. Only when roused and trained to fight he becomes savage and dangerous.

Well, *Browney* has grown up to be a sleek looking, glossy, parlour pet; often allowed to jump on the sofa—never better pleased than when asleep on the skirt of its mistress's dress. A capital watch-dog, with the courage of a lion, although so small. When

* So in the MS.: should it be *sweet* or *sweet*?



The Puppy.

a hobbledehoy dog, it led a fine pug who lived in the same home a sad life, from its perpetual rough play. But it grew out of that, and now only displays its powers of fighting when it thinks the house or a friend in danger.

The other day I called at the house where Browney lives, leading a large, old-fashioned hound, named Gypsy. Browney had never seen such long ears, such a wrinkly face, and such deep lips. The moment the door was opened, therefore, out it dashed, and the patient old hound, to my surprise, got very angry, and there was a scuffle. When the little dog was safely got out of the way, the children's quick eyes detected that Gypsy's nose bled. The old bull-dog courage had come uppermost in Browney, and, true to its race, it had attacked its huge foe straight in front, and without

counting the cost; for, most certainly, if she had not been held by a cord, Gypsy would have punished Browney severely, perhaps killed it. Browney's size compared with Gypsy was about the same as that of the old-fashioned bull-dog to the bull, in the times when they were kept by wicked people to torture each other—a wicked use of stout hearts and noble courage. Browney, in the hands of low people, would have become a vulgar-looking, savage beast, given only to feeding and fighting. Instead of being the picture of sprightliness and cleanliness, it would be a foul-coated, skulking, shabby little imp, defiance and hatred marked in its face, selfishness taking the place of generosity and faithfulness. This shows how great is the influence of good companions and education even on a puppy-dog.



SORRENTO.—BAY OF NAPLES.

THE village of Sorrento is not remarkable in itself; but it owes its notoriety to its situation, which is lovely. Approaching it by sea, visitors are landed in small boats on the rocky shore, from which they ascend to the village itself by a steep subterranean path. It stands on a sort of level plain above the sea, commanding a lovely view of the Bay of Naples; while

behind it is encircled by rocky hills, clothed with orange and lemon-trees, and every cleft and niche filled with maiden-hair fern, making it truly a bower fit for a bride. Olives and vines, too, abound, making a most charming contrast in the colouring of the foliage, and the growth of the latter, climbing from tree to tree, is far more graceful than when seen in the German vineyards.

From the summit of the surrounding rocks a lovely panorama unfolds itself to the visitor, who

finds himself high above the sea, deep slopes of lemon and olive groves, interspersed with rocks around and below, concealing Sorrento itself as it reposes at his feet, while before him stretches a wide expanse of blue waters, the smooth, sunny, smiling Bay of Naples disturbed only by here and there a white sail, or a speck of a fishing-boat. Beyond in the sunshine are distinctly visible Ischia, Procida, Baia, Pozzuoli, Nerida, Posilipo, Naples, Vesuvius, and the distant Apennines.

The inhabitants of Sorrento are mostly fishermen, or work in the neighbouring vineyards and lemon-gardens, or in the silk factory. Sorrento has a cathedral and several other churches. It also has the honour of having been the birthplace of Tasso, one of the most charming of Italian poets. E. W.

THE STORY OF THE JOLLY HARPER-MAN AND HIS GOOD FORTUNE.

(Concluded from page 235.)



HE old hermit sat down on a stone in silence, resting his chin on his staff. He seemed lost in profound thought. At last he looked up, and said, slowly, pausing between each sentence,—

‘Beyond the border there is a famous country; in that country there is a palace; near the palace there is a stable, and in that stable there is a stately horse. That horse

is the pride of the kingdom. The man who would get possession of that horse, without the king’s knowledge, might exchange him for a province.’

‘Wonderful! wonderful! But—’

‘Near Striveling town there is a hill; on the hill-side is a field; in the field is a fine gray mare, and beside the gray mare is a foal.’

‘Yes, yes! wonderful! But—’

‘I must now reveal to you one of the secrets of Nature. Separate that mare from the foal, though it be for hundreds of miles, and as soon as she is free she will return to her foal again. Nature has taught her how, just as she teaches the birds of passage the way to sunny islands, or the dog to find the lost hunter, or—’

‘Yes, yes! all very wonderful! But—’

‘In your hand you carry a harp; in the harp lies the power to make merry; a merry king makes a festive board, and festivity produces deep sleep in the morning hours.’

The jolly harper-man saw it all in a twinkling; the way to fortune lay before him clear as sunlight. Perhaps you do not get the idea so suddenly. If not, I fear you are not gifted, like the good hermit, with clearness of vision.

The jolly harper-man returned to Striveling the next day, after spending the night with the hermit on the borders of Loch Lomond.

The following night he was summoned to play before two famous Scottish knights, Sir Charles and Sir Roger. They were very valiant, very rich, and, when put into good humour, were very liberal.

The jolly harper-man played merrily. The great

hall of the castle seemed full of larks, nightingales, elves, and fairies.

‘Why, man,’ said Sir Roger to Sir Charles, in a mellow mood, ‘you and I could no more harp like that than we could gallop out of Carlisle on the horse of the king!’

‘Let me make a prophecy,’ said the jolly harper-man at this. ‘I will one day ride *into* Carlisle on the horse of the king, and will exchange the horse for an estate.’

‘And I will add to the estate five ploughs of land,’ said Sir Roger; ‘so that you never shall lack for a home in old Scotland.’

‘And I will add to the five ploughs of land five thousand pounds,’ said Sir Charles; ‘so that you never shall lack for good cheer.’

The next morning the jolly harper-man was seen riding out of Striveling town on a fine gray mare; but a little colt was heard whinnying alone in the high-fenced field on the side of the hill.

It had been a day of high festival at Carlisle; it was now the cool of the summer eve; the horn of the returning hunter was heard in the forest, and gaily-plumed knights and courtiers were seen approaching the illuminated palace, urging their steeds along the banks of the river Eden, which wound through the moonlit landscape like a ribbon of silver.

The feast was at its height. The king’s heart was merry. There only needed some novelty, now that the old diversions had come to an end, to complete the delights of the festive hours. Suddenly sweet sounds, as of a tuning harp, were heard without the palace. Then music of marvellous sweetness seemed to fill the air. The windows and doors of the palace were thrown open. The king himself left the table, and stood listening on the balcony. A merry tune followed the airy prelude; it made the nerves of the old nobles tingle as though they were young again; and as for the king, his heart danced within him.

‘Come in! come in, my harper-man!’ shouted the king, shaking his sides with laughter, and patting a fat noble on the shoulder with delight. ‘Come in, and let us hear some more of your harping.’

The jolly harper-man bowed very low.

‘I shall be glad to serve your grace; but first, give me stabling for my good gray mare.’

‘Take the animal to my best stables,’ said the king. ‘Tis there I keep my Brownie, the finest horse in all the land.’

The jolly harper-man, accompanied by a gay groom, then took his horse to the stables; and, as soon as he came out of the stable-door, struck up his most lively and bewitching tune.

The grooms all followed him, and the guards followed the grooms. The servants all came flocking into the hall as the jolly harper-man entered, and the king’s heart grew so merry, that all who came were made welcome, and given good cheer.

The small hours of night came at last, and the grand people in the hall began to yawn, one after another. The jolly harper-man now played a very soothing melody. The king began to yawn, opening his mouth each time a little wider than before, and finally he dozed off in his chair, his head tilted back, and his mouth stretched almost from ear to ear. The fat nobles, too, began to snore. First the king snored,

and then the nobles, which was a very proper way of doing the thing,—the blissful sound passing from nose to nose, and making a circuit of the tables.

The guards, grooms, and servants began to feel very comfortable indeed; and, though it was their business to keep awake, their eyelids grew very heavy, and they began to reason that it would be perfectly safe to doze while their masters were sleeping. Who ever knew any mischief to happen when everybody was asleep?

The jolly harper-man now played his dreamiest music, and just as the cock crew for the first time in the morning he had the satisfaction of seeing the last lackey fall asleep. He then blew out the lights, and crept nimbly forth to the stables. He found the stable-door unlocked, and the gray mare kicking impatiently about, and whinnying for her foal.

Now, what do you suppose the jolly harper-man did? Guess, if you have clearness of vision. He took from his pocket a stout string, and tied the halter of the king's horse, the finest in all the land, to the halter of his own animal, and patting the fine gray mare on her side, said,—‘And now go home to your foal.’

The next morning all was consternation in the palace. The king's horse was gone. The king sent for the jolly harper-man, and said,—

‘My horse has escaped out of the stables, the finest animal in all the land!’

‘And where is my fine gray mare?’ asked the jolly harper-man.

‘Gone, too,’ said the king.

‘I will tell you what I think,’ said the jolly harper-man, with wonderful confidence. ‘I think that there has been a rogue in the town.’

The king, with equal wisdom, favoured the idea, and the jolly harper-man made an early escape that morning from the palace.

Then the jolly harper-man went as fast as he could to Striveling. Of course, he found his fine gray mare in the field with her foal, and the king's horse tied to her halter; and, of course, he rode the noble animal into Carlisle; and presenting himself before the two knights, Sir Roger and Sir Charles, claimed his five ploughs of land and five thousand pounds.

‘Go to! go to!’ said Sir Roger, pointing at him in derision; and Sir Charles laughed a mighty laugh of scorn. ‘The man does not live who could ride away the king's Brownie! Go to!’

‘The king's Brownie stands in your own court!’ cried the jolly harper-man; and Sir Roger and Sir Charles paid their forfeits without another word.

Then the jolly harper-man returned the king's horse to the royal owner; and who ever heard of such a thing as a king breaking his promise? Not the jolly harper-man, you may be sure.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

MANY persons are willing to keep dogs and cats, because their services both in the house and out of doors repay those by whom these domestic animals are kept. But the birds, who sing and make themselves useful in many ways, persons will destroy because they are ignorant of the good which little birds are in the habit of doing.

Calculations have been frequently made to ascertain the probable number of insects consumed by any single bird. Many of these accounts are almost incredible, yet the most of them can be proved. Mr. Bradley, an English writer, mentions a person who was led by curiosity to watch for one hour a pair of birds that were rearing a young brood. They went and returned continually, bringing every time a caterpillar to the nest. He counted the journeys they made, and he calculated that one brood did not eat less than 500 caterpillars in the course of one day. The number destroyed in thirty days at this rate by one nest would amount to 15,000. Supposing that every square league of territory contained 100 nests of this species, there would be destroyed by them alone in this space 1,500,000 caterpillars in the course of one month.

I was sitting at a window one day in May, when my sister called my attention to a golden robin in a black-cherry-tree employed in destroying the common hairy caterpillars that infest our orchards, and we counted the number he killed while he remained on the branch. During the space of one minute by a watch he destroyed seventeen caterpillars. I observed that he did not swallow the whole insect. After seizing it in his bill, he set his foot upon it, tore it asunder, and swallowed an atom taken from the inside. Had he eaten the whole caterpillar, three or four would probably have satisfied his appetite; but the general practice of birds that devour hairy caterpillars is to eat only a favourite morsel, hence they require a greater number to satisfy their wants.

W. FLAGG.

DUEL BETWEEN A CAT AND A HAWK.

A CAT, which had a numerous litter of kittens, one bright day in spring encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of the morn, about the stable-door, where she dwelt. While she was joining them in a thousand tricks and gambols a large hawk, who was sailing above the barn-yard, in a moment darted upon one of the kittens, and would have as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who, seeing the danger of her offspring, sprang on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize. The battle presently became severe to both parties. The hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the strength of his beak, had for a while the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict; but puss, no way daunted at the accident, strove, with all her cunning and agility, for her kittens, till she had broken the wing of her adversary. In this state she got him more within the power of her claws, and, availing herself of this advantage, by an instantaneous exertion she laid the hawk motionless at her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore the head off the vanquished tyrant. This accomplished, disregarding the loss of her eye, she ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds made by the hawk's talons in its tender sides, and purred while she caressed her liberated offspring.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE PICTURE.

MICHAEL ANGELO.



Fight between a Cat and a Hawk. By HARRISON WEIR.

Chatterbox.



The Cat and the Burglars. By HARRISON WERN.

SOMETHING ABOUT CATS.



THOUGH cats seem to be generally looked upon more as playthings or companions than animals of any use, they have in some cases shown themselves able guardians of life and property. It is not so very long since a cat saved the life of its mistress. Her husband, a brutal fellow, had thrown her to the ground, and was strangling her, when Topsy flew at his face, and did not cease the attack until her mistress was released and called her off. Another case is on record, in which a cat flew at a midnight burglar, and so used him that in his rapid flight he roused the household, and was captured. So also there is a story of a cat waiting quietly at the window at which burglars were making an entrance. When the head and shoulders of the first man were thrust in, pussy attacked him so fiercely that the burglars judged the noise made in dragging her through the opening to have lessened their chances of success. Poor Beauty died there for her master and his goods.

But if cats are anxious to preserve the lives of those who tend them, they seem no less attached to their own. It is an old saying that cats have nine lives, and they certainly seem determined to prove its truth. Cats have, in many cases, been most brutally ill-used, and yet have dragged themselves home, not to die, but slowly to recover.

But perhaps no story so clearly shows their tenacity of life as the history of a little stowaway. A ship from Dundee was taking in a cargo of flax at Riga. A strange cat came aboard, and by some means got shut up in a small corner, with barely room to turn in. The ship sailed, and in due course arrived at Dundee. Then, in unloading, the poor cat was found. For twenty-four days it must have been enclosed there, without food or water; and yet it was found alive.

A. R. B.

A WORD FOR THE BIRDS.

A FARMER'S boy in Ohio observing a small flock of quails in his father's cornfield resolved to watch their motions. They pursued a regular course in their foraging, beginning on one side of the field, taking about five rows, and following them uniformly to the opposite end. Returning in the same manner over the next five rows, they continued this course until they had explored the greater part of the field. The lad, suspecting them of pulling up the corn, shot one of them, and then examined the ground. In the whole space over which they had travelled he found only one stalk of corn disturbed. This was nearly scratched out of the ground, but the kernel still adhered to it. In the maw of the quail he found one cut-worm, twenty-one striped vine-bugs, and one hundred chinch-bugs, but not a single kernel of corn. As the quail is a grain-eating bird in winter, this fact proves that even those birds that are not able to subsist upon seeds prefer insects and grubs when they have their choice.

W. FLAGG.

SEAL-HUNTING.



SEVERAL years ago a pretty cottage near North Queensferry, in Fifeshire, Scotland, was rented by a family residing in Edinburgh, and during the whole spring and summer months the ladies of the family lived there, the gentlemen always arriving on Friday evening and remaining till Monday morning, when the stern demands of their various callings caused them to return to town. It was a pretty little place, standing on the top of a hill which in spring and early summer is bright with cowslips, purple orchis, and other wild flowers. The waters of the Firth of Forth gleam in more than one direction, as the hill on which the cottage stands is quite a peninsula, being almost entirely surrounded by the water. The want of trees, however, gives the place a somewhat wild appearance, hills, rocks, and water constituting all the scenery. But the chief charm of the place, at least in the eyes of the young gentlemen of the family, was that in the immediate neighbourhood they could enjoy the rare and exciting sport of seal-hunting. It will scarcely be believed by those who have never visited this part of the country that seal-hunting could be hoped for within twelve miles of the Scottish capital; but so it is, and I am going to tell how the young gentlemen fared in this pursuit.

I may say at once that they would never have been able to see anything of this sport had they not been fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of a man living in the neighbourhood, who was a keen sportsman, and well understood the peculiar requirements of seal-hunting. For it is no easy matter to shoot these creatures; indeed, it is very difficult even to come within sight of them, their sense of hearing being so acute that, on the least alarm, they disappear at once into deep water. The proper place to look for these interesting creatures is a mile or two above North Queensferry, where the Forth suddenly widens into various bays and creeks, and where there are several rocky islets and several miles of almost unfrequented coast. Here a small herd of seals may sometimes be seen, sunning themselves on the rocks, and often doing much damage to the neighbouring salmon-nets, which they tear in their pursuit of this food.

The first three or four times that the hunting party went out they were unsuccessful, except that once they saw a pretty large seal in the distance, and at another time they heard distinctly the curious cry, almost like the low bellow of an ox; but, if unsuccessful as to the chief aim of the expedition, still what pleasure did they not secure for themselves? At four o'clock on a lovely summer morning to be rowing silently away on the glassy waters of the Forth, the fresh, cool sea air fanning their excited faces, and nothing but quiet, tranquil beauty all around! But at last came the day of crowning triumph and success. They had been away for more than four hours, when we heard them returning, much excited talk and gesticulation heralding their approach. They all burst into the breakfast-room at once, one of the party carrying a baby seal in his arms. Then, by degrees, we heard the whole story. They had, after infinite

trouble and patience, got near enough to shoot successfully. The wounded seal at once plunged into deep water, but her cub kept swimming about, crying for her so incessantly that the poor mother again came to the surface. All the party assured us that had they known that there was a little cub belonging to the seal they would not have shot her. Whether this be true or not, the deed was done, and when the mother seal again came to the surface, a second shot from Macdonald's experienced gun laid her low.

When the body was properly secured to the end of the boat, the little seal in the most touching manner followed them to shore, and, though quite uninjured, quietly allowed itself to be captured and brought to land. It lived a few days, but, whether from improper feeding, or want of a sufficient supply of water, it began to pine away, refused to eat, and at last died.

Macdonald's share of the profits was the body of the mother seal, from which a large quantity of oil was extracted, while the other two hunters got the skin, which, after being properly dressed, was converted into a neat and very durable hand-bag, and regarded for many a day with much pride by the junior members of the family.

The structure of the seal is perfectly adapted to an aquatic life. The body is elongated, and tapers from chest to tail; the head is somewhat like a dog, with large, intelligent eyes. The length of the seal is generally from three to five feet, and it is to be found on nearly all the wilder and unfrequented coasts of Britain. The feet are short, little more than the paw projecting beyond the skin. All the feet are webbed, and five-toed, the toes (of the hind-feet especially) are capable of being spread out very widely in swimming, so as to give great propulsive powers. In water the movements of the seal are graceful and rapid, but on land it is quite the reverse; indeed, a seal on shore is one of the most helpless-looking creatures that can be imagined, but the helplessness is more apparent than real. Its hind-feet are not of the least use to it on shore, and even its fore-feet are scarcely used to assist its progression; but the body, contracted by an upward bending of the spine, is thrown forward by a succession of jerks, and it manages with wonderful dexterity to escape from pursuit. When under water the seal has the power of closing entirely the nostrils and ears; it also can suspend the act of breathing for a long time. It is wonderfully susceptible to musical sounds, the inhabitants of Hoy, in Orkney, asserting that, by ringing the church bell, they can induce a herd of seals to enter the bay; which no doubt they are glad to do, as the oil and skin of the seal is very valuable. When caught young, and properly supplied with water and suitable food, they may be kept a long time in captivity, and will become quite tame and docile.

D. B. McKEAN.

TREES AND THEIR USES.

THE SILVER BIRCH.

THE birch, which Coleridge called 'The lady of the woods,' loves a mountainous home, but does not like a clay soil. It will grow in very cold countries,

but is unknown in Africa. Very few trees will flourish so near the frozen zone as the birch. As we get nearer the pole, however, it is dwarfed into a mere shrub. From its hardy nature, it is a most useful tree to Laplanders, Russians, and Siberians. In the high latitudes of North America, the natives fashion canoes from a variety of this tree. It grows very rapidly, but is not very durable, nor is the tree long-lived. A birch is an old decrepit looking tree when it is a hundred years of age. It may be known by the whiteness of its bark and the smallness of its leaves. The poet Scott speaks of

'The birch with silver bark,'

and the description is quite correct. When the trees are old their silvery whiteness is scarred and furrowed with deep rough black clefts. The bark is not only white but tough, exceedingly so. Some old historians tell us the laws of the great Roman lawgiver were written on the bark of this tree, which is far more lasting than paper or parchment. A birch which has fallen and is left where it lies in the woods will rot away inside, while the bark will remain untouched by time. It will become, in fact, a hollow trunk. This bark makes a useful sole for the foot, and the people of Lapland use it as a cloak. The branches of the birch are very flexible, and are sometimes likened to long hair, or a fountain spray. Curious knots or tufts like birds' nests are often visible among them. The branches were very much used formerly by schoolmasters for the correction of naughty boys. Who has not heard of boys being 'birched' because they failed to know their grammar? Birch branches are useful also in the making of besoms. Fagots may be tied up with them, and baskets may be made of them, and torches, and candles.

A bed made of birch leaves is said to be excellent for a person suffering from rheumatism. The birch, from its having a light foliage, is most useful as a kind of nurse to other trees, such as young oaks, beeches, and firs, which grow well under its shadow. But they are ungrateful, for when they grow up they kill their kind nurse.

The Russians make boots and leggings of birch bark. The people in Sweden roof their houses with it, as we do ours with slates and tiles. Over this bark roof earth is placed, and grass or even turnips are grown. The Highlanders in Scotland use birch for everything: from the house over head to the spoon on the table. By birch the ham is smoked; by birch the whisky is flavoured; by birch the room is lighted.

The inner bark of this tree is used for food when bread is scarce; the sap is made into a drink, or into sugar.

The canoes, which are formed of birch bark in some parts of the world, are very curious. In this respect the birch stands alone. No other tree can supply a boat from its bark. Plates of bark are cut off, and stitched together with the roots of another tree, and then coated with rosin. These boats are wonderfully light, and may be carried from lake to lake. Tents are also made of the bark, and called 'rind tents.' It is said there is no tree more frequently struck by lightning than the birch.



Trees and their Uses.—The Silver Birch.



THE KIDS.

IT is very pretty to watch the pranks of little kids. They think nothing of scrambling on the back of their mother, whether she be lying down or standing. If the ground is wet, they will even go to sleep on their mother's back. As a well-fed goat has more milk than is required for the kids, they are sometimes put for a time under a hen-coop, or anything which will prevent their sucking. The old goat then lies down at the side of their prison, and they seem to be comforted by their mutual presence. How boisterously happy they are when released, after the housewife has taken her share of the milk! I have seen goats in Germany who gave nearly two quarts of milk a-day; but then they had no kids to feed. There they are the friends of the poorer villagers, who have no land of their own. They cut food for their goats in hedges and ditches, or at the road-side. How often do I wish, when they trim the luxuriant hedges of the moist English fields, it were possible that the lean, starving

goats of those German villagers might be able to have the juicy shoots and cuttings that are thrown away!

Fully to feel this, one must have seen, as I have, the poor faithful animals that 'bah' at their empty rafter or manger, to which they are tied by a short chain; while the children of their owners, or perhaps the poor old widow to whom they belong, painfully gather the scanty herbage, which is doled out to them in very small quantities indeed, and in return for which they yet give abundant milk; but they look like living skeletons sometimes. The well-to-do peasants, I am sorry to say, look down upon those poorer villagers, and have a saying (at least in the neighbourhood which I visited) that 'if one of them has seven florins at once in the house, the goat dies;' for seven florins is about the price of one of these useful animals, and the meaning of the saying is, that the luck of such wealth is too great not to be followed by such a serious misfortune as the loss of the goat would be.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Continued from page 243.)

CHAPTER VII.



PERFECTLY satisfied with what he had done, William Van Gwyde now put spurs to his horse, and rode in the direction of Damvue, situated about a couple of miles from Bruges, where he expected to meet Peter Koning, as well as his friend John Bredler. He knew that the latter had been rescued by the foreman of the weavers' guild, but of the fearful calamity which had befallen his

friend's house he had no suspicion.

Well-nigh three thousand people were proceeding on the road towards Damvue. Close to this place was a wood, which Peter Koning had selected for their encampment. Already a number of tents and wooden huts were to be seen among the green of the bushes and trees, and numerous fires were burning amid the heaps of earth and stones. Women and children might be seen busily employed preparing food, while the men were occupied felling trees and cutting out of them long poles, which were afterwards to be provided by a smith with iron points. In strong and skillful hands these spears might be converted into very formidable weapons. They were, besides, plaiting shields of willow twigs, which were afterwards covered over with ox-hides. The engineers among them, meanwhile, were constructing instruments of war, to be used for the storming of strong buildings and breaking down of walls.

The foreman of the guild of weavers was the soul of all this busy activity. He went from group to group, encouraging the weak and instructing the unskilful. Sometimes he himself took an axe in his hand and vigorously cleft some huge tree trunk. Then he went to inspect the watchers posted on the outskirts, or mounted the neighbouring eminences to see if a division of the hated foe was approaching.

But all remained quiet in the vicinity of the vast camp. The dark clouds of smoke which rose from the direction in which Bruges lay were gradually dispersing, so they indulged the hope that the present more humanely disposed Governor had restored order in the abandoned city.

Koning had just been gazing again, with anxious countenance, upon his beloved native place, when he perceived a horseman galloping up towards the camp. He soon recognised the black armour and the black plumes of the stranger, till at last he had no doubt that it was the son of the lawful ruler of the country whom he was about to welcome.

Hastily he left his point of observation to go and meet him.

William held out his hand to him from the horse, and his first question was,—

'Is John Bredler with you?'

'Yes, he is here. But you can't speak to him.'

The Count meanwhile had alighted from his horse.

'Is he wounded?' he inquired eagerly.

'I perceive you know nothing yet!' said Koning, sadly. 'Alas, that I should have to tell you these sorrowful tidings!'

'For God's sake speak, friend! Is he then severely wounded? or is he, perhaps, dead?'

'No, not that. But tell me, is it long since you left Bruges?'

'About three hours ago! I left our palace immediately on hearing the rumour that Chatillon meant to hang our rebellious butchers without a hearing or investigation!'

'In what state were matters at Bruges when you rode out of the gate?'

'In one or two quarters of the city there were incendiary fires, and the excited soldiery were raging through the streets. However, they were preparing at once to extinguish the flames, and the French had been commanded by their leaders to cease plundering and burning, and to abstain from every deed of violence against life and property.'

Koning nodded. 'Quite right! But did you perchance pass through the street in which Bredler's house stands?'

'For God's sake, friend Koning!' cried the Count; 'it is not, surely—?'

With a deeply sad look Peter Koning interrupted him. 'Yes! alas! May God have mercy on us! The very worst that could happen! But compose yourself, Count! It is one among many calamities which in this terrible visitation has befallen us!'

'No!—But tell me!' cried William Van Gwyde in utter despair; 'Dead? Who? She or her mother?'

'My poor, unhappy Count! would to God I could give you some grain of comfort! Dead! Yes—yes—both! So says Dora, the servant in Bredler's house. God grant that she may be wrong. John is lying in yonder tent beneath the oak, where the black banner is waving. You can imagine in what condition! He is delirious: the fearful tidings seemed to deprive him of reason. Poor fellow! he is now paying for his hot-headed temerity! What am I saying? Are we not all paying for it, too? Oh! had he only listened to my advice!'

The young man was incapable of answering a word. Pale as death, he stared in the face of this messenger of ill-tidings without heeding his attempt at comfort. At last the anguish of his soul found vent in a warm flood of tears. Then he suddenly made a movement, as if to spring again into the saddle.

'Stop, my young friend! one word more!' cried Koning, laying his hand on the horse's back. 'You want to return to Bruges?'

'Certainly I must,' he cried painfully. 'Don't you see, I must be sure of it—that I at least must see my beloved Sophie once more! It is just possible that I may still be able to save—to help. How? You think not?'

The weaver shook his head.

'I advise you to remain here, Count Gwyde. Your presence in the camp is of the greatest importance. If the mother and sister of our unhappy friend could have been saved, they would certainly have been so by the servants and neighbours, in which case we may expect them here any moment. But if they perished,

and, alas! all appearances and circumstances make us fear so, your presence in Bruges will be of no avail whatever. You must not reckon on being able to get out again and reach us. You will be treated as a prisoner. I believe you know what it is to have Frenchmen for gaolers!

Gwyde saw the truth of this proposal. He decided to remain in the camp; as fresh fugitives were constantly arriving, he hoped to learn from some of these certain tidings as to the fate of the two women.

They proceeded to the tent in which John Bredler lay. They were greeted with the greatest respect by all the men whom they fell in with. An old citizen with snow-white hair, who was painfully toiling along by the aid of a staff, stopped and took off his cap when he met them.

He was one of the oldest masters of the guild, venerated by all, and highly esteemed on account of his honesty and uprightness in trade and commerce. Koning held out his hands to him with the cheering words,—

'Ah, Master Schutz! so you are here, too! Well met, indeed!

'I have been here for the last quarter of an hour, Master Koning. My sons with their families are here, too. My youngest, alas! is not: he was with the butchers!

A tear glistened in the old man's eyes. Koning looked at him sorrowfully, and asked,—

'A prisoner, is he not?

'He has been till now! But who can tell how long the fiends will allow him to live?

'Yes, it is hard indeed, master. Yet we must hope on, so long as there is anything to hope for. How are matters going on in the city?

'Ah, master, terribly! With the poor folk who are left behind it is faring hardly, cruelly! God have mercy upon them! The French, whenever they can do it unobserved, are rioting like fiends. They are breaking open shops, dragging the goods from them out into the streets, and destroying all that they cannot carry away; and woe to those who attempt to resist their unbridled lawlessness! They are most cruelly treated. In your house, Master Koning, they have not spared a thing. They would indeed have torn down the very walls if they had not been too strong for them! Ah! and the poor Bredlers worst of all! In the place where their handsome dwelling-house and solid workshops stood, nothing is now to be seen but a smoking heap of ruins; and saddest of all is, that Madame Bredler and her daughter must have miserably perished in the flames!

William Van Gwyde shuddered.

'Oh, God! is it then true? irrevocably true?' he exclaimed, in a tone of bitter anguish.

'They must have perished, Count! Reflect: bad as it is, it does not sound so hard, as they have perished. Poor, poor John!' continued the old master, compassionately. 'No, no; there can indeed be little hope. Indeed, he is to blame for all this terrible affair. But his punishment has been severe indeed, when one reflects that his ardent love for his Fatherland and liberty got the better of his reason.'

Koning, deeply moved, pressed the old man's hand,

and then with William Van Gwyde entered the young butcher's tent. To their great amazement they found him sitting up in his bed.

The fever seemed to have abated. His eyes, indeed, still had a fixed and gloomy look; but they had no longer that wild expression which a short time before had given cause for the most serious fears.

'John,' said Peter Koning in a gentle tone, 'how are you?'

The young man did not answer. A shudder passed over his pale face, and his eyes rolled strangely. At last he said, in a sullen tone,—

'I will avenge myself! avenge myself on France!'

'Yes, friend; vengeance we will have! But only have a little patience. News from Ghent, Aelst, and Zeeland, can come in at any minute. So soon as these towns are ready to strike a blow we will unite and go forward in a body!'

'Where are my butchers?' asked Bredler, in the same morose tone.

At present they are prisoners in Bruges, friend Bredler; but set your mind at ease, we shall deliver them!

'Tell me, Peter Koning, how long yet shall I have to wait till the citizens of Ghent, Aelst, and Zeeland, attain to the conviction that they have fists with which they can fight?'

'Don't be bitter, John; they are as brave fellows as we two are; and valiant, cautious men, such as Jan Bockunt, Baldwin van Papenrode, and John van Reusse lead them. But these men are regular Flemish soldiers. They will not act as rebels and insurgents, therefore they have applied to our lawful ruler, Count Gwyde, that we may sanction their enterprise with his princely consent!'

'And yesterday the decrees by which they were appointed officially my father's generals were despatched to them,' said William Van Gwyde. 'The Count Van Namen and several other powerful nobles will also assist us.'

'William!' cried Bredler, who had now looked up for the first time and recognised his friend, 'art thou there, too? Hast thou heard of the terrible calamity which has befallen us?'

The young Count nodded assent, but while a tear rolled down his cheek he held out his hand to John, and said,—

'I still think that it cannot be. God can never have permitted anything so horrible! It seems to me as if a secret voice whispered to me, "Do not despair! hope on!"'

The foreman of the weavers left the friends alone, as the duties of commander in the camp, as he was regarded by all, summoned him away. He had given orders that all the men present in the camp should be numbered; and it was found that they consisted of the goodly number of 6000: of these, 4000 were weavers, and 2000 masters and apprentices of other guilds. He next ordered that 2000 weavers, under the leadership of Captain Linden, a veteran soldier, should depart to the adjoining Nuys, while he himself, with 2000 others, would remain at Damvue, and Bredler and Gwyde should, with the rest, hold possession of Ardenberg and the adjoining wood.

(To be continued.)



The Old Citizen greeting Van Gwyde.

Chatterbox.



The Highlander and the Watch.



THE HIGHLANDER AND THE WATCH.

DURING the Rebellion of 1745 a Highlander came into possession of a watch. The thing was strange to him, and its use unknown, but its beauty and its constant ticking gave him pleasure. That night the watch ran down, and the ticking ceased. The Highlander now was disgusted with his toy, and sought for some one to buy it. A purchaser was soon found at a low price. When the watch and the money had changed hands, the Highlander, chuckling over his bargain, said, 'Why, she died last night!'

A. R. B.



THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Continued from page 255.)

WHEN evening came on the sentry-posts round the camp were doubled. It was further ordered that at ten o'clock all the camp fires should be extinguished, in order not to betray its position to spies. Patrols, who had been despatched in the direction of Bruges, returned with the reassuring tidings that quiet had been completely restored in the city. The guards at the gates, however, were doubled, and couriers on the swiftest steeds had been sent to Compiègne and the nearest fortresses, from which one might expect that the Governor Mortenay was anticipating reinforcements, and that the approach of the enemy's army was by no means impossible.

The directions of the foreman of the weavers' guild were followed with the greatest exactness. He did not close an eye during the night; he unceasingly inspected the posts, and planned a thorough fortification of the camp. Though he understood nothing of the modern art of war, yet he possessed an instinctive power of combination which always seemed to lead him aright and to contribute to the object he had in view.

Morning dawned and brought fresh news. Chatillon lay in a violent fever—the result of his wounds, and during the night 2000 lancers belonging to the kingdom of Navarre had entered Bruges. At these tidings Peter Koning rubbed his hands with delight.

'The more of these hated soldiers we have assembled in one spot the easier will our work be!' he said.

In the course of the day messengers too came from Ghent, Aelst, and Zeeland, and when the sun again began to sink Peter Koning was proceeding to Ardenberg, whither the other leaders had also been summoned—about thirty in number. In profound silence they had assembled around him; then, in his deep, musical voice, he addressed them:—

'My dear brothers and companions,—With great joy I greet you to announce to you that the so ardently longed-for hour has come at last, in which we must fight for freedom or death. Should the latter be our fate we shall at least leave the chains of our slavery at the verge of the grave; and we will rest by the side of our fathers in such a way that posterity shall not associate our names with disgrace or shame. The cruelties which recent times have brought upon us, how the enemy has oppressed, enslaved, ill-treated us,—all this lives freshly in the memory of every one. The French have plundered our land, devastated our city of Bruges, imprisoned the daughter of our ruler, many of the nobility of our nation, as well as a large number of the citizens of Bruges. They have caused several of our fellow-townsmen to die a shameful death by the hangman's hands; the mother and sister of our friend John Bredler are buried beneath the smoking ruins of their house. The shades of our murdered ones are calling out for revenge! Well, then! we will avenge ourselves on them. If you are ready as I am for that work of vengeance, raise up your hands and say, "We are ready!"'

'We are ready!' sounded loudly and distinctly through the night air, while every hand was upraised.

'I thank you, brothers!' continued the weaver. 'And now listen to the plan which I have agreed on with the leaders, and which, if it is exactly and conscientiously carried out, will restore to us our most sacred and precious possessions—liberty and peace. Two hours before sunrise to-night each captain must march at the head of his troops to the city. To our strong and lion-hearted friend Bredler will fall the most difficult task. He must take the Spey Gate, and then march at once with his men to Snaggert's Bridge, gain possession of this, and then storm the government buildings close by, in which our brothers the butchers are confined. Captain Linden, you must take the Catharina Gate and throw yourself with your men into all the streets round the Church of Our Lady. The guild of tanners and shoemakers must seize the Ghent Gate, and proceed as far as the Castle. All the other guilds will be placed under the command of the foreman of the masons. They will take the Damvuc Gate, and spread themselves out as far as to St. Donatus' Church. I, with my two thousand weavers, will proceed to the Boverie Gate, and will undertake to be answerable for the whole quarter as far as the Esel Gate, the great market included. Lastly, Count William Van Gwyde, with the cavalry and infantry, which are commanded by Count van Namen, Baldwin van Papenrode, and John van Reuesse, will form the reserve. I implore you, therefore, Count Gwyde, so to take up your position round the city, that you may be ready at any moment to send assistance to the weaker or most threatened points. I hope now, brothers and companions in arms, that you have understood me?'

'Certainly! completely! and we entirely agree with everything!' they all affirmed. 'This plan of attack is excellent!'

'Very well, my brothers,' continued Koning. 'And now let each one strictly comply with the following: The march to the city, the slaying of the sentries, must all be undertaken in the greatest silence; for it

stands to reason that it cannot be in our interest to awaken the French until we are quite ready for the struggle. You must, therefore, remain silently in the streets till the signal is given by the cry, "Flanders and the Lion!" Then you must all repeat the cry, so that it may be possible for you immediately to recognise each other. You must break down the doors of all the houses in which the French are quartered, and slay every one who has a French tongue. But that your avenging sword should not strike one of our own people, you must in every doubtful case require of the man you have before you to repeat the words, "*Schuld en vriend!*" If he can do so, he is a Fleming; if not, he is a Frenchman. All Frenchmen must die, you understand; there is to be no quarter!"

'No quarter!' repeated the men in a terrible chorus.

'And now, brothers, farewell till we meet again in our native town,' the foreman of the weavers concluded his speech. 'Let each man behave bravely, and take care that all women and children remain this night in their tents.'

The men dispersed, and Koning too left the place, in order to employ the time which remained to him in mustering and giving instructions to his own division of the army. Scarcely had he turned in the direction of the camp when John Bredler came up to him and held out his hand with the words,—

'I thank thee, friend! Thou wast right in everything which thou hast done and said, and there is nothing which I so bitterly repent as not to have followed thee. Yes, Peter Koning! thou art the greatest among us, and deservest a crown! And now I am lighter at heart again. I feel as if a terrible burden had been taken from me, since revenge seems so near!'

The weaver pressed the speaker's hand warmly, then they separated.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE night was dark. Heavy clouds clustered round the moon, and only very sharply-strained eyes could have perceived the immense crowd of figures which glided like shadows over the soft earth. It was John Bredler with his division of the army. Most of his men were armed with axes, which now and then sparkled like stars in the night. The young master himself carried one of these terrible weapons. He had spent a long time furbishing it, and it was now so sharp that he asserted he could split a hair with it.

A terrible earnestness might be read in his features. In his manner there was no trace of the impetuosity and haste of former days. In low measured tones he gave his orders, and when he had convinced himself that he was really acting in unison with the leaders to the right and left he promptly marched forward, with six of his boldest apprentices, in advance of his army, up to the city walls, upon which the French sentry was slowly pacing up and down.

Two or three rope-ladders were now fastened to the walls, and noiselessly and agilely as cats did the men climb up them. Scarcely had their heads emerged above the parapet before the sentinel's eyes than he raised a cry of alarm. But this cry was the unhappy Frenchman's last sign of life, for the very

next second was the dead body thrown over the city wall. As quietly as they had climbed up did the seven avengers slide down the inner side of the wall. From the little guard-house on the rampart where this scene had been played sounded forth merry laughter and the clatter of drinking-cups. The soldiers, who were sitting here playing cards and drinking wine, unsuspecting of danger, struck their fists on the table, and waved high their goblets, drinking many a joyful toast for the prosperity of France and success to her victorious army. But as if a spectre had suddenly appeared in their midst, joking and laughter were in an instant silenced, and an icy cold dread was depicted in each countenance, when the door opened and John Bredler and his companions entered. The black, gloomy-looking figures, armed with glittering axes and daggers, who did not utter a sound, but rushed upon them with a kind of tiger spring, seemed to stifle in their inmost hearts even their cries of terror. The soldiers were about to jump up, to flee; but there was no time for that. The deadly weapons of the Flemings did their duty. Like blades of corn beneath the reapers' scythe they sank to the ground, and the fearful groans which filled the room proved that any thought of escape had been madness.

The Flemings now hastened to open the gate; with light tread, Bredler's men marched on, proceeding to the Snaggaert's bridge, where they took up their position. They had not to wait long, for at the very moment when the clock of the neighbouring church of St. Donatus struck two the deep voice of Peter Koning sounded across to them,—

'Flanders for the Lion! Flanders for the Lion! All that is French is false! Strike down every Frenchman!'

This cry proved the complete success of the plan of attack, that all the sentries had been cut down and that each guild had taken up his appointed place. It was repeated by thousands of throats; but it had no longer anything human in it. It had become a terrible, bewildering howl, a deafening shriek of murder. Scarcely two minutes later the prison gates were broken open in which the butchers were confined, and, like a lava stream let loose, hundreds of furious men, burning for revenge, were set at liberty, and were at once provided with weapons by their brothers.

(To be continued.)

A MATCH BETWEEN PAVIORS.

MANY years ago, indeed in the last century, when a street near Temple Bar was being re-paved, some discussion arose between the English and Scotch labourers at work as to their respective powers. How could it be better settled than by a match? This was proposed and agreed upon. Two sturdy English paviors undertook to pave more in that day than four Scotchmen. They began. But by four o'clock the Englishmen had got so far ahead that they left work for a time, and refreshed themselves at a house near. After a good rest they came back to the task, and at last, says the chronicle, 'beat the North Britons hollow.'

A. R. B.



THE FAWN.

NOW charming a fawn is! The young of various of the deer tribe are called 'fawns,' while those of the kid-deer, Canadian deer, moose, &c., are called 'calves,' from their size and limbs, which are not so elegant and graceful. In French, however, they are all *faons*, from which our English word is derived. The fawn and its dam are very affectionate, and exchange a thousand

little caresses, while the fawn follows its mother wherever she goes.

From this following about we use the word

'fawning' of any one who is always paying court to some one greater than himself—seeking to gain his notice by following his steps and offering him flattery.

The fawn is so sensitive of its mother's caresses, that you can induce a *new-born* one, should you discover it in its lair, to follow you by caressing it on the back.

At times, however, obedience has to be enforced when fawns grow big and self-willed, and then the dam strikes them with the foreleg, and also bites them. If the fawn is to lie still, and moves, the doe strikes it with its foot. This becomes afterwards a signal to lie down close and hide from an enemy.



Van Hoofman in his Garden.

THE BLACK TULIP.

RATHER more than two hundred years ago, when William the Silent, afterwards William the Third of England, was Stadtholder of Holland, there lived a man named Cornelius Van Hoofman at Dort, a little town built on an island in the Meuse. He had been educated as a doctor, but for some years he had not practised that calling, but had devoted himself entirely to the study of botany and gardening.

It was not long since Holland had escaped from the hard and cruel tyranny of Spain, and the country was still shaken by political dissensions and party struggles, but Van Hoofman took no interest in such things, but passed a peaceful, untroubled existence in his lovely garden at Dort, thinking more of the growth of his bulbs and seedlings than of the rise and fall of kings and empires.

About this time a mania for tulips was raging in Holland. Skill and cultivation can produce great variety in this flower. The Dutch were then, as they still are, great gardeners, and so wonderful new

specimens of form and colour were every year produced by the gardeners of Haarlem, and other parts of Holland. Large prices of many hundred crowns were freely given for a single bulb; and at last a prize of a hundred thousand crowns was offered by a Botanical Society at Haarlem for what neither nature nor art had hitherto produced,—a black tulip. Of course this enormous prize filled the heads, and fired the ambition, of all the gardeners in Holland and many another country; and among others, Van Hoofman was possessed by the wish to hand his name down to posterity as the producer of the wonder of the age, the black tulip; and it was this ambition more than desire for the money that made him engage in the endeavour with the utmost zeal and perseverance. He had a considerable fortune of his own, and he spared no expense and made use of all his skill and experience to arrive at his end.

Now the garden adjoining Van Hoofman's was owned by a man named Brandt. He, also, was a tulip fancier, and he also was filled with the desire to produce the black tulip; but, instead of devoting himself to study and experiment like Van Hoofman, he was always watching with suspicion and envy the doings of his neighbour: and when he found that he was working hard for the discovery of the black tulip, he threw all his own bulbs away in disgust, and devoted himself entirely to watching Van Hoof-

man through a little window in the garden wall, keeping a vigilant eye on all his movements when he worked in his garden among his young plants; and even at night, when he sat in his study over his seeds, and papers, and chemicals, Brandt managed to spy on him through a glass, and bribed his servants to report all they could find out of his secrets, resolving that if Van Hoofman were successful in his endeavours, he, Brandt, would manage to steal the bulb and gain the prize in his stead.

Two seasons passed away, and at last Brandt observed that Van Hoofman had three bulbs in his possession of which he took the utmost care. There could be no mistake, Van Hoofman had made the great discovery and held in his hands the bulbs of the black tulip. It was still winter, so the bulbs were put away in a secret drawer in his cabinet till the spring time should come.

But one night Van Hoofman's house was surrounded by a troop of soldiers, and he was carried off to the fortress of Lorensstein on the charge of sedition, and of being concerned in a plot against the Stadtholder, and his whole house was ransacked in search of treasonable papers. Brandt, who had sent an anonymous accusation against him to the governor was on the spot when the soldiers arrived, and offered to help in the search; and as he showed perfect knowledge of all the habits and arrangements of the prisoner, his help was accepted. Brandt artfully directed their search to some heavy chests in Van Hoofman's bedroom, while he himself went straight to the little study, where he had so often seen Van Hoofman sitting, and where the cabinet stood, in one drawer of which he had seen only a few days before the precious bulbs placed. But, when he had forced open the drawer, he found, to his rage and disappointment, that the bulbs were gone.

Poor Van Hoofman was carried off to Lorensstein, and put in a narrow cell with a small grated window, through which a little ray of sunlight came for half-an-hour in the day, seeming to make the bare walls and iron bars all the more dreary by its brightness. He was filled with melancholy and despair; he did not know on what charge he had been arrested, and only guessed that it was the work of some enemy, though who it was he could not tell.

It was true he had his three bulbs with him, for, even in his surprise and hurry of his seizure, he had not forgotten them, but had managed to secrete them on his person; but what good were they to him in his dungeon, where he could not plant them?

One day when he was uttering his complaints aloud, and lamenting his hard fate, some one passing in the corridor heard him and stopped to listen, and presently Van Hoofman became aware that two blue eyes were peeping at him through the little grated opening in his cell-door. It was the jailor's little granddaughter, Rosa, and her heart was filled with pity at the sight of the old man in his despair and loneliness. The child's fresh young face seemed to Van Hoofman like the sunbeam which for a few minutes in every day paid him a visit in his cell; but when he spoke, the little maid ran away as fast as she could, for she had been strictly forbidden by her grandfather to hold any intercourse with the prisoners, above all with the state prisoners, who, she

had been told, were monsters of wickedness plotting against the good Stadtholder.

But next day she came to peep again at the prisoner with the kind, sad face, and before long she ventured to smile at him and then to wish him 'good morning;' and once she pushed between the bars an early snowdrop that she had picked in her own little garden. And then she was frightened indeed, for Van Hoofman snatched it from her as a starving man might snatch food, and kissed its white petals and laid it against his cheek and brow, and then burst into such a passion of tears that the little girl ran away with her fingers in her ears sobbing in sympathy.

After this their friendship ripened rapidly, and each day the little girl came to the door of his cell to talk to him, and always brought a flower, or a leaf, or a blade of grass, for the prisoner.

One day she found him in greater depression than usual. Spring was coming on, and the lengthening days and milder air reminded him that his precious bulbs should now be planted.

She coaxed him to tell her the cause of his gloom, and at last he brought out the three bulbs and told the child of the black tulip and the great prize.

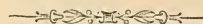
She listened very seriously, and when he had finished she said, 'Give them to me, and I will plant them in my little garden and water them; and when they grow I will take them to Haarlem and get the prize, and set you free.'

Van Hoofman shook his head very sadly, but the child was so set on the idea that at last, but very reluctantly, he entrusted one of the precious bulbs to her, with minute directions how to prepare the earth, and how to plant it, and where to place it, and when to water it.

Now I must tell you that little Rosa had no mother, and lived with her grandfather Vondel, the jailer of Lorensstein; and though she was not ten years old, she had learned to be a very handy little housekeeper, and cleaned his rooms, and cooked his dinner, and mended his clothes. He was a silent, surly old man, and took little notice of his granddaughter, so she was left a good deal to herself, and was able to carry out Van Hoofman's directions without any one being the wiser. She had a blue and white jar that had belonged to her mother, and in this she planted the bulb and put it in the sunny window of her bedroom, and watched and tended it with the greatest care, and reported to Van Hoofman all that happened.

But Van Hoofman was so excited at one of his bulbs being planted that nothing would do but he must try another. There was a box in one corner of his cell, and he persuaded Rosa to bring him some mould in her little apron, and in this he planted the tulip, and placed it where the sunbeam might rest on it during its short visit in the day. But this lasted but a very short time, for the very first time old Vondel came into the cell and saw the box, he went into a violent rage, and with many imprecations kicked the box to pieces and trampled the bulb to atoms.

(To be continued.)



TALES OF TROY.

No. X.—THE NIGHT ADVENTURE.

BUT Agamemnon was not happy. He felt the weight of his crown; a thousand cares darkened his spirit. He could not sleep; so he left his bed, and dressed himself. He then went to arouse his brother Menelaus, but he found him already up. He begged him to go and arouse Ajax, while he would call Nestor.

The king found old Nestor asleep in his black ship, and awoke him, and told him how he could not sleep, being too fearful of a Trojan night-attack.

'Don't be cast down,' replied Nestor. 'Trust the Powers above. I am ready to obey thy wishes, and I will go and arouse thy brother, who ought to be up and stirring.'

'He was up long ago,' replied the king, ever ready to defend his brother.

They then awoke Ulysses and Diomed. The first was in his tent—the second lay sleeping in full armour outside, with his bossy shield for a pillow. Around him lay his brave comrades; and their spears, stuck upright, formed a little wood. Nestor shook Diomed with his foot, and he awoke.

'There is no time to be lost, Diomed; despair surrounds our host.'

The hero arose, and went with Nestor to the council of the chiefs. After some time the old man said,—

'Is there one among us brave enough to go to the Trojan camp to learn what they mean to do?'

'I am ready to do so,' answered Diomed; 'but I should be glad to have a comrade, for one man helps another.'

Plenty of heroes were ready to accompany Diomed, but he chose Ulysses, saying, 'With the aid of such wisdom as his I would not mind going through fire.'

Thrasymedes gave Diomed a shield, and Meriones offered Ulysses a well-proved helmet, formed like the head of a boar with tusks; and they then went on their dangerous adventure.

As they left the lines they heard a heron, and Ulysses took it as a good omen, and prayed some good deed might grace their arms. Diomed did the same. The way was dreary enough. They stumbled every minute over a dead body. Their feet were red with blood.

Now it so happened that the Trojans had done the same as the Greeks, and Hector had offered a reward to any one bold enough to go into the Greek camp and spy out their doings.

A certain man, named Dolon, was tempted by the offer—a chariot and horses—and he said, 'If Hector would swear to give him the chariot of Achilles (when it was captured), he would go, even to the king's tent, and find out all the counsels of the Greeks.'

Hector swore it, and Dolon, having armed himself, went on his way. His footsteps were soon heard by the quick ears of Ulysses, who said to Diomed,—

'Here is a spy, or one who is come to strip the slain. Let him pass us, and then we will turn and follow him.'

So Ulysses and Diomed hid themselves behind some dead bodies, and let Dolon pass. When he had got a little way on, they followed him, until he had

nearly reached the Greek sentinels. Then Diomed shouted out,—

'Stop, or I will throw my spear at thee.' So saying, he hurled it over Dolon's shoulder, and it fixed itself in the earth. The wretched Dolon now was sorry he had left the Trojan camp. He piteously entreated the Greeks to spare him, offering a large ransom for his life.

'What art thou doing here?' asked Ulysses. 'Art thou a spy—or a robber of the dead?'

Dolon told his tale truthfully.

'Thou didst aim boldly,' replied Ulysses. 'Achilles himself can hardly manage his own horses. But, tell us truly, where lies Hector to-night? And where are the princes? And what are they going to do?'

'Hector is holding a council at the monument of Ilus,' answered Dolon. He then went on to describe the position of the Trojans and their allies, dwelling much on a certain Rhesus and his beautiful snow-white horses. Dolon hoped thus to escape death; but his hope was vain.

'Dost thou think we shall spare thy life,' said the stern Diomed, 'to spy out our secrets again? No. Thou shalt die.' And with that he cut off Dolon's head, and the armour of the unhappy man was hung up on a tamarisk-tree and dedicated to Minerva.

Having heard so much about Rhesus and his snow-white horses, the Greeks resolved to make a dash and seize them. When they reached the Thracian encampment deep sleep had fallen on the host. They were newly come, and weary with travel. As a lion invades the fold, and worries the sheep, so did the grim Diomed slay twelve sleeping Thracians; while Ulysses, following in his steps, drew the dead and dying aside, that a road might be made for the horses and chariot. Having at length killed Rhesus himself they mounted the chariot; and Ulysses, using his bow and string as a whip, urged them onward to the Grecian camp.

When Hippocoon, the friend of Rhesus, awoke, how great was his agony! 'Rhesus! Rhesus!' he cried, but none answered. His cries brought the Trojans to his side in crowds, and much they wondered at the swift and sudden fate which had fallen on their allies.

As the chariot of Rhesus, with the two Greeks in it, drew near to the tamarisk, Ulysses reined in the horses, and Diomed transferred the spoils of the wretched Dolon from the tree to the carriage.

Nestor was anxiously expecting them. He was half afraid that they would never return, and great was his joy when they appeared, safe and sound, and with the beautiful horses to boot.

'Where did these fair steeds come from?' asked he. 'I never saw nobler horses before. Did some god give them to you?'

'They are Thracian horses,' replied Ulysses. 'Diomed slew the king, and twelve of his guards. These other spoils belonged to a wretch named Dolon, whom Hector sent to spy out our camp secrets.'

The steeds were placed in Diomed's stable, and Dolon's armour was laid on the stern of a ship belonging to Ulysses, as a trophy to Minerva.

A bath in the sea, and a good breakfast afterwards, rewarded the adventurers, and fitted them for yet further exertions against Hector and his men.



Ulysses urging on the horses and chariot of Dolon.

Chatterbox.



Peter Koning and John Bredler in the Count's Apartment.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Continued from page 259.)



AND now the raging hosts ran from house to house. Doors fell with a crash beneath the thundering blows of the axes, and were shattered into atoms. The bedrooms were broken open, and all who could not pronounce the words, '*Schild en vriend*,' were mercilessly massacred.

In a few of the houses which were entirely filled with Frenchmen, these had time to dress themselves and seize their arms. This was especially the case in that quarter of the town inhabited by Chatillon and his staff, with his numerous guards.

Thus about six hundred men were collected together, who had saved themselves by fleeing into the streets, where they joined the wounded fugitives. These determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Standing with their backs to the houses in a compact mass, they defended themselves against the insurgents with the courage of lions. As many were armed with crossbows, they shot down several of the Flemings, which only roused their fury to a still higher pitch.

Mortency, the Governor, had dressed himself in all haste, and sprung upon his horse. He galloped wildly through the streets to collect his men together, and to animate them to resistance: but it was too late, nothing now could be done.

The confusion, terror, and anguish among his men were already too great. Streams of blood were everywhere flowing, while the shrieks of the dying were piteously mingled with the shouts of 'Flanders and the Lion!'

Bredler was like a demon of destruction. To the right and the left he swung his axe among the Frenchmen, while the corpses around him lay in a heap several feet deep.

Before Chatillon's house the desperate struggle raged in its wildest fury. The Frenchmen here assembled defended themselves with the courage of heroes. In this they were encouraged by the voice of Chatillon, who, in spite of the pain which his wound caused him, had dragged himself to the window, and called down in as loud a voice as he could,—

'Long live France! Long live King Philip! Courage, Frenchmen! Courage, children! Fight to the last man!'

The men who were thus animated and encouraged resisted, indeed, to the uttermost; still one after another had to give up his life beneath the murderous blows of the Flemings. Over the mountain of corpses which was heaped up before the door the furious men pressed into the house, and breaking down the doors, penetrated into the Governor's apartments.

He was still standing at the window, when six Flemings, with the foreman of the butchers' guild at their head, surrounded him. He turned round slowly and said,—

'I curse you, rascals! Cursed be your black lion and your miserable Flanders! Long live France! and—'

He did not finish the sentence; the ice-cold points of seven spears pierced his body, and he fell dead on the ground. Surely an action unworthy of brave men towards a wounded and defenceless foe!

'There! you have your deserts at last, dog to a tyrannical woman!' cried Bredler, as he cut off his head and stuck it on the point of his spear. 'Here, children, this is our trophy! May all the minions of the tyrant Philip of France perish in like manner! Forwards! Let us go on with our work; the harvest is fully ripe!'

And they still went on, slaying as mercilessly as ever. They regarded, according to the bloodthirsty idea of those days, this butchery as a day's work, as a duty which must be scrupulously performed. And the other guilds were by no means behind them. The bodies of the dead men were thrown out of the windows, till the streets were so completely strewn with them that it was difficult to pass through.

The rising sun illuminated a bloody field of death. But his first beams were greeted with enthusiastic shouts of joy, proceeding from every part of the city.

'Hail to the Blue Lion! Hail to our chief! Flanders is free!'

'Flanders is free!' cried one to another. 'Flanders is free!' sounded from each lip, was apparent in every countenance. In dense masses did the inhabitants of Bruges stream through the streets. The shouts of all these people who had purchased their freedom with their heart's blood was re-echoed from the walls of every house, and rolled like a deafening thunderclap over the city.

In the midst of these hosts rose the white standard of Flanders, the lion rampant in blue silk on a white ground. It was Peter Koning who carried the proud banner, whilst tears of joyful emotion rolled down his cheeks.

He, too, it was who received the devoted and grateful homage of the people. All eyes were turned upon him, and he might have had a hundred hands constantly employed to return the greetings and congratulations which pressed on him on all sides. On his right marched William Van Gwyde, the young Count; while John Bredler walked at his left. Immediately behind him followed the immense procession of the weavers; behind them came the butchers; while the other guilds brought up the rear.

The procession advanced to the castle of the old Count Gwyde, where the report of the happy liberation of the country had already arrived. The servants were all standing ready in their gala liveries on either side of the entrance. The three men were greeted with a loud shout of joy as they crossed the courtyard and ascended the marble steps.

The old house-steward led them to the Count's apartment. The old man was sitting in his arm-chair. He wore the light armour of thin gold plate which he was in the habit of doing on festive occasions, and the silken doublet with the arms of the Counts of Gwyde. In his attempt to rise he was supported by his son, who had immediately hastened to his side.

John Bredler remained standing respectfully at the threshold, but Peter Koning advanced a few steps on the carpet towards the old man, made a reverential bow, and said, in a voice quivering with emotion,—

'Most gracious Count! most noble Governor of the land! In the name of the people of Flanders we appear before you, to bring you the good tidings that the day of happiness and liberty for Flanders has dawned at last. At this moment not a single Frenchman breathes in our city. We are no longer the slaves of a tyrannical foreign nation! We are again free citizens, as our fathers were; and such, exalted Count, most noble Governor, will we remain—we and our children and our children's children. The Lion of Flanders may indeed sleep for a time, but he will never, never die! And each one of us citizens will always hold ourselves ready to defend the inheritance of his fathers with his property and with his blood; and to die for it, too, if need be!'

'I thank you, friends,' replied the old man, much affected; 'and I thank the Almighty for permitting me to see this day. Severely indeed have my people suffered beneath the yoke of the proud and haughty foreigners; so, too, has my own house. Let us hope that the sad days of Flanders are now passed away for ever. As for me and my house, we will, as the chiefs of the people, make it our first duty to take care that your rights and privileges, through which you have become a prosperous and flourishing nation, shall not be infringed by any one. Do you hear, son William? As father of your country, it must be your first endeavour to exercise justice and to maintain the laws at home as well as abroad. Not selfishness, not arbitrary love of power, dare sully the sceptre of a prince!'

'True, my father!' replied the young Count. 'You know that these opinions are mine too, and that I shall never act otherwise. But in order effectually and energetically to carry out these great and beautiful ideas, I require faithful like-minded friends. These men here—Peter Koning and John Bredler—have shown by their courage and ardent patriotism that they are worthy representatives of our people, and may be regarded as first among the nation. Place them at my side, father, as my councillors between the throne and the people; and that they may be esteemed and respected by all, raise them to the honour of knighthood!'

'You are right, my son!' said the old Count, grasping his sword. 'Summon my men here, and let them bring me armour, swords, and spurs, that our new knights may be completely equipped!'

'My most gracious Prince,' interposed Peter Koning, 'allow me humbly to decline an honour which I feel to be by no means in accordance with my humble trade and calling. A knight who sits at the weaver's loom would never prance on his steed, break a lance, and swing on high an oriflamme, all which are the special duties of a knight. My friend Bredler might well indeed accept knighthood as an honour; but for myself I prefer to remain the first citizen of my native town, as you, most gracious master, have declared yourself to be the first citizen of the country!'

'Good!' replied the old man; 'we will appoint you, then, Burgomaster of Bruges for life, and empower you to undertake everything which you consider to be for the benefit of our city. Our secretary shall at once make out your patent.'

'And you, my young friend' (the Count turned

with a smile to Bredler), 'do you consider your trade to be compatible with the dignity of a knight?'

'Most gracious Prince,' he answered, 'I have lost everything by those accursed French—all that gave me delight and love in life and work—my house, my beloved mother, my sister. My calling has therefore become hateful to me, and I no longer find any pleasure in slaughtering innocent creatures, who, though they lack reason, are often better than men with all their wisdom. Let me, then, be a knight, and march against King Philip's armies, for when peace here in the city is secured there will surely be enough to do in the field. And as a knight in your army I can be of more use to the country than as a citizen of our town.'

'I acknowledge that your reasons are good, young friend; and in your words there is as much sense as energy. In one respect, however, you are wrong. It is not true that you have lost everything. Much, very much, remains to you!'

'How so, most noble Prince?' exclaimed John, with eager excitement, while his countenance changed from crimson to a deadly pallor. 'Have I not lost everything? My house is a heap of ruins—that I have seen myself. Oh! that they who were in it . . . Oh! speak, most gracious Prince. Are they—are they alive?'

'Father!' cried William, too, as he seized both the Count's hands, who gazed smiling first at one and then at the other of the young men; 'do not torture us on the rack of suspense. Speak the word which will once more make my friend Bredler and myself happy! Is it true?—is Sophie alive?'

'Let us first endeavour to make a bold knight, my son,' said Count Gwyde, smiling. 'I fear it might be too late afterwards. Call the knights and squires in, who are assembled in the anteroom, to be witnesses!'

William obeyed. Five minutes after the room was full of men in armour—the vassals of the Count. Three pages were despatched to the armoury to fetch armour, helmet, shield, and sword, for the newly-made knight.

As soon as Bredler had put on his armour Count Gwyde ordered him to kneel down; whereupon, raising the sword above the young man's head, he spoke the words,—

'Sir John Bredler, be a true knight; never stain your honour, and never grasp a sword except for God, your Prince, and your Fatherland!'

According to the usual custom of creating a knight, he gave, as he pronounced these words, three light strokes with the sword upon the shoulder of the foreman of the butchers, and then the ceremony was concluded.

But now, on a sign from the old Count, the door of the adjoining room was opened, and Sophie Bredler and her mother entered the apartment.

Both John and William raised a cry of deep, heartfelt joy. The next moment the young knight was in the arms of his surprised and delighted mother, while Sophie and William Van Gwyde, the once more united lovers, were locked in a warm embrace.

(Concluded in our next.)



THE WOMAN FAIR WITH YELLOW HAIR.

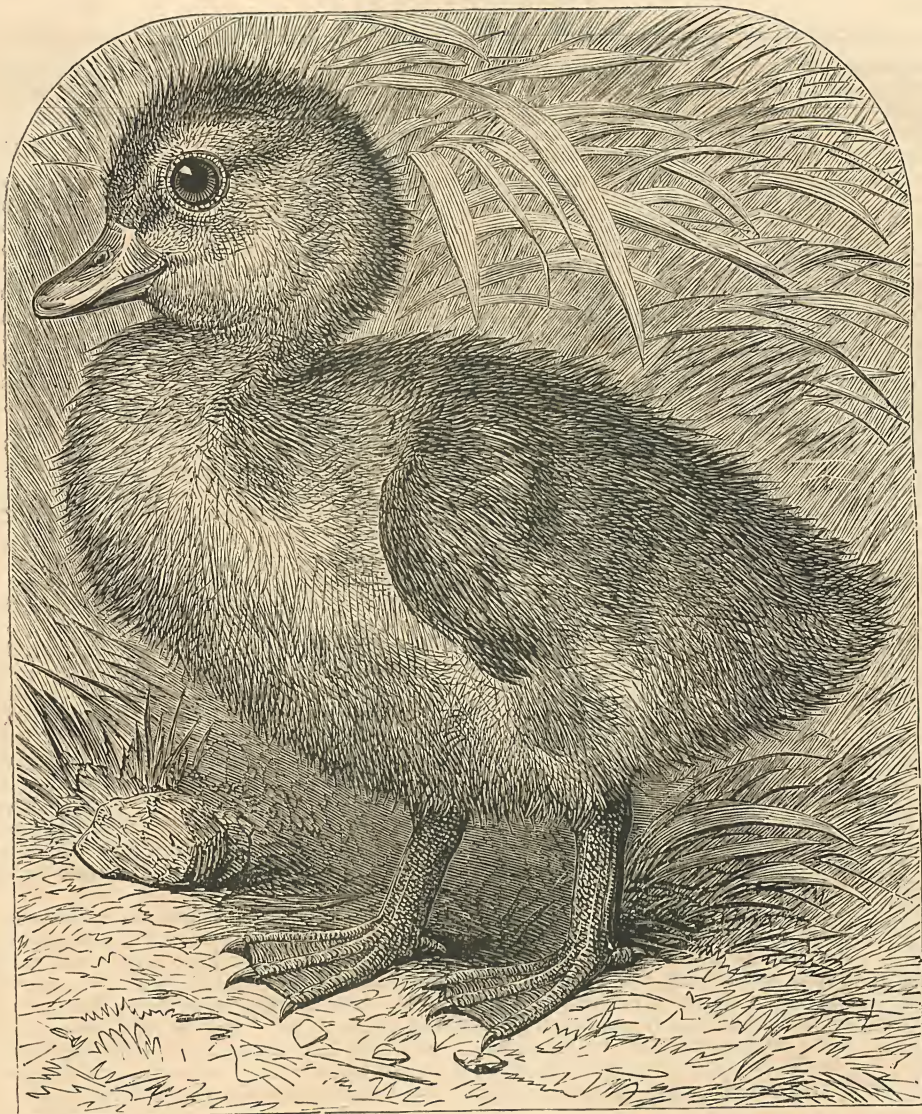
A PUZZLE PICTURE. [Answer in next Number.]

WHAT means this picture, boys and girls?
 I pray you answer me;
 A woman fair with yellow hair,
 Now say, who may she be?

A woman fair with yellow hair,
 Her girdle all of gold;
 Have ye not seen a warrior queen
 Like her in books of old?

But if she be a warrior queen,
 Why hides she in yon nook?
 Why shrink afar from sounds of war,
 And with so sad a look?

And say, is that a poison-cup
 They mix by yonder tree?
 The woman fair with yellow hair,
 Tell me, who may she be?



THE DUCKLING.

NO doubt you have often heard of a drowned chicken; but it is also easy to drown a duckling. I have known a lovely brood of so-called *tame wild* ducks lost in that way. They had, duckling-like, soon found their way into a tub, filled with water and sunk in the ground; but unfortunately it was not so easy to hop up out of the tub as to slip down into it. The water had been allowed to get below the rim, and the six inches of space were too much to overcome. The henwife found the poor old duck sitting woe-begone by the side of the tub, and all the ducklings drowned from cold and fatigue. I shall never forget the misery of two Sheldrakes at the Zoo-

logical Gardens, because one of their brood could not get up the stones at the water's edge. The keeper soon helped them. Ducklings should never be left where they cannot easily recover their footing on shore. Of all young things they are among the most engaging.

THE BLIND-WORM.

I WAS seated one sunny morning on the lawn in front of a pretty cottage at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, when the children of the household came running up to me in much excitement to say that pussy had just come out of the garden with a serpent in her mouth! This was agitating news, and we were not long running off in quest of a secure retreat. Indeed, we could scarcely have been more alarmed if pussy had found a boa-constrictor or a rattlesnake. From the parlour window we watched

the cat as she paced up and down the lawn with her head erect, and waving her tail in conscious pride at her victory over the serpent.

After awhile she left it lying apparently dead, and we then went cautiously to examine the enemy. It was about as thick as a man's finger, and thirteen inches long. Pussy had bitten it on the neck, which had caused its death. Upon showing it to the gardener, he pronounced it to be a large specimen of the 'blind-worm.' This reptile is found all over Great Britain, though very rare in some parts. It is rather an interesting creature, as it seems to be a link between the serpent proper and the lizard.

The blind-worm is seldom longer than sixteen inches, and is of nearly equal thickness throughout its length; the tail is not tapering but blunt. It is very shy and easily frightened, and is a perfectly inoffensive creature, though often persecuted by ignorant persons under the idea that it is venomous.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is blind: its eyes, though very small, being quick and brilliant. It feeds on slugs and small insects, and if it is in a garden at all it is sure to be found concealed under dead leaves, or among decaying vegetable matter. Its tongue is forked, but not nearly so much so as in the true serpent. It is altogether an interesting creature, and if it is not of much use it does no harm to any one.

D. B. McKEAN.

THE BLACK TULIP.

(Continued from page 262.)



FOR some days after this Van Hoofman was quite ill with grief and disappointment; but he recovered both in health and spirits when Rosa reported that the shining green sheath had begun to appear through the mould in her blue jar, and every day increased in size till the leaves unfolded and the young flower stood erect and graceful, still encased in its green covering. When this point had been reached, Van Hoofman's excitement rose to fever-heat, and he made Rosa come five or six

times in the day to tell him what progress had been made.

The little girl's excitement was quite as great as Van Hoofman's, and she spent every moment she could spare in watching the closely folded petals. Fancy, therefore, what her feelings were, when one day on coming in from marketing she saw that the flower was open and that the sunshine was pouring on a jet-black flower that looked as if it might be carved in ebony, perfect glossy black without speck or flaw. She flew rather than ran to Van Hoofman's cell, and was so out of breath with speed and joy, that she could hardly pant out the good news, and he almost feared at first from her agitation that some harm had happened to the flower. But when he realised the truth, he made the child describe what it was like, comparing the colour to every black thing he could think of, and only being satisfied when Rosa declared it to be blacker than any.

He could not be quite contented, however, till he

had seen it. After all Rosa was only a child and might make a mistake or exaggerate, he must see with his own eyes that it was worthy of the great prize, and then they must consider how it could be conveyed to Haarlem.

Rosa, accordingly, promised to bring the tulip in the evening, when her grandfather had had his supper and was occupied with a friend who came every evening to chat with him, and when he would not be likely to meet her in the corridor with her treasure. So in the dusky light of the dim oil lamp that hung in the corridor Van Hoofman beheld for the first time the black tulip which he himself had raised. He clung close to the bars, and made Rosa hold the tulip first one way and then another as he feasted his eyes on its perfections, while all the time he was in an agony lest the child should let it fall and break it, or lest some one should pass and snatch it from her. He could hardly bear to have it taken away, and yet it was a certain relief when it was safely gone. Safely, did I say? Alas, no! for that friend who came in to chat with old Vondel was none other than the wicked Brandt.

When he found that the bulbs were not in the drawer of the cabinet, he rightly concluded that Van Hoofman had taken them with him; and, not to be daunted in his evil designs, he followed the poor prisoner to Lorenstein, and, with deep artfulness, set himself to make friends with the old jailer. It was not easy to do, for Vondel was surly and unsociable, but Brandt persisted, till at last it became quite a usual thing for him to drop in after supper to chat with the old man. But with all his endeavours he could get nothing out of Vondel about his prisoners, and he was almost out of patience when this evening, for the first time, his notice fell on the jailer's little granddaughter, whom he had hardly thought of before.

Perhaps there was a suppressed excitement evident about the child, a brightness of the blue eyes, and a quivering of the rosy lips; but, anyhow, Brandt's eyes followed her curiously, and when she went out of the room he made some excuse to the old man and followed her. And so it happened, that when little Rosa held up the black tulip before the admiring eyes of its imprisoned owner she was also displaying it to the envious, curious gaze of Brandt, who, hidden in a dark doorway, was spectator of all that passed and auditor of all the plans for conveying the flower to Haarlem.

Rosa was to take it herself; it was a desperate venture for a child of ten to carry it all the way to Haarlem. It was a two days' journey on foot for a man, but it would be three, if not more, for a child, who, moreover, had never been more than a mile from the prison that had been her home from her earliest infancy. There were lonely country roads to traverse, canals to be crossed, villages of uncouth peasantry to pass; and even if she reached Haarlem in safety, how could she make her way through the confusion of a busy town, and find the President of the Botanical Society, and gain an audience with the great man? And then, too, the dangers that would surround the tulip on its way; the blows and falls that might spoil its beauty; or the dishonesty that might carry it off from the hands of its young

guardian. I am afraid that, fond as Van Hoofman was by this time of little Rosa, he thought most of the dangers that surrounded his beloved tulip.

The following night was fixed for her departure, and Van Hoofman was in such a frantic state of excitement that he could neither eat nor sleep, but kept pacing the narrow limits of his cell like a caged lion. Rosa was much more composed, perhaps because she did not at all realise the dangers that lay before her. She was busy all day preparing for her departure, and as she was a thoughtful child she did all she could to provide for the comfort of her grandfather during her absence.

Brandt came in the evening, but left sooner than usual, and after he had gone Rosa was so busy with her work that bedtime passed without her noticing it, till Vondel gruffly bid her be off to bed. She would dearly have liked to run and bid Van Hoofman good-bye, but she had no time to lose, for very soon Vondel would shut the big outer gate, after which no one could enter or leave the prison till the next morning. So she hastened to her bedroom, where she had put all things in readiness, and packed a little basket with rye-bread for the journey, and prepared a box to hold the tulip, which she would not pack till the last moment.

All, indeed, was ready: her hood lay on the bench by the side of the basket, and yonder was the box,—but where was the tulip? She rubbed her eyes and looked in sheer bewilderment at the table in the window where it always stood, but it was gone, and no rubbing of her eyes could make them see the vanished treasure. When she realised that it was gone her first impulse was to cry aloud and rouse the whole place, and make her grandfather pursue the thief and restore the tulip; but, young as she was, she had learnt to be very prudent, and instead of doing this she ran to Van Hoofman's cell and knocked lightly on the door.

'Are you asleep, Mynheer?'

Asleep? No! how could he sleep as he pictured his tulip in a child's care travelling through the night on the lonely road? But the sound of her voice was more alarming still, for his acute ear detected that it was trembling and agitated.

'Is it broken?' he gasped.

'No.'

'Your grandfather has discovered it?'

'No.'

'What is it, then? Oh, tell me what has happened?'

'It is gone!' sobbed the child.

'Gone! When? how?'

'I do not know, but it was there and safe at supper-time, and now it is gone.'

'Who has been in the prison since then?'

'No one but grandfather's friend, Brandt.'

'It is he! He is the thief!'

'He left before his usual time.'

'He has gone to Haarlem to claim the prize.'

'What can be done?'

'Nothing,' groaned the prisoner, sinking down in utter despair and covering his face with his hands. 'All is lost!' and then, springing to his feet again, he shook the massive door with all his strength, and dashed his clenched hands against the bars with desperate efforts to escape; but all in vain, and,

bruised and bleeding, he threw himself on his narrow couch, unheeding of the child's tearful efforts to console and quiet him, nor noticing her assurance that she would go and find the tulip, at the world's end even.

Indeed, it seemed to little Rosa as if she must be coming to the end of the world during the next three days as she toiled along the road to Haarlem. Strange faces looked at her, strange voices spoke to her; the way was very long and rough; she soon got footsore, and very weary and frightened, but still she ran along, even though the tears would roll down her cheeks and sobs choke her breath, for her heart was brave and true, and nothing could daunt her.

It was midday when at last she reached Haarlem. It is not a great city now, and then it was still less, but to Rosa's eyes it appeared vast, after the little village of Lorenstein which surrounds the prison, and the stir and bustle in the streets filled her with bewilderment.

There was more stir than usual in the streets that day; bells were ringing, and flags flying, and all the people seemed glad and excited, and before Rosa had been many steps along the street she heard the words 'the black tulip,' and the same was echoed from every lip. She ventured to ask a woman standing at a shop-door what it meant.

'Why, where can you come from, child,' asked the woman, 'not to know that the wonder of the age has at last been raised, and that the black tulip is in this very town; and to-morrow will be the grandest day Haarlem has ever seen, for the Stadtholder himself will give the prize to the lucky man who has produced it—the great and learned Brandt of Dort?'

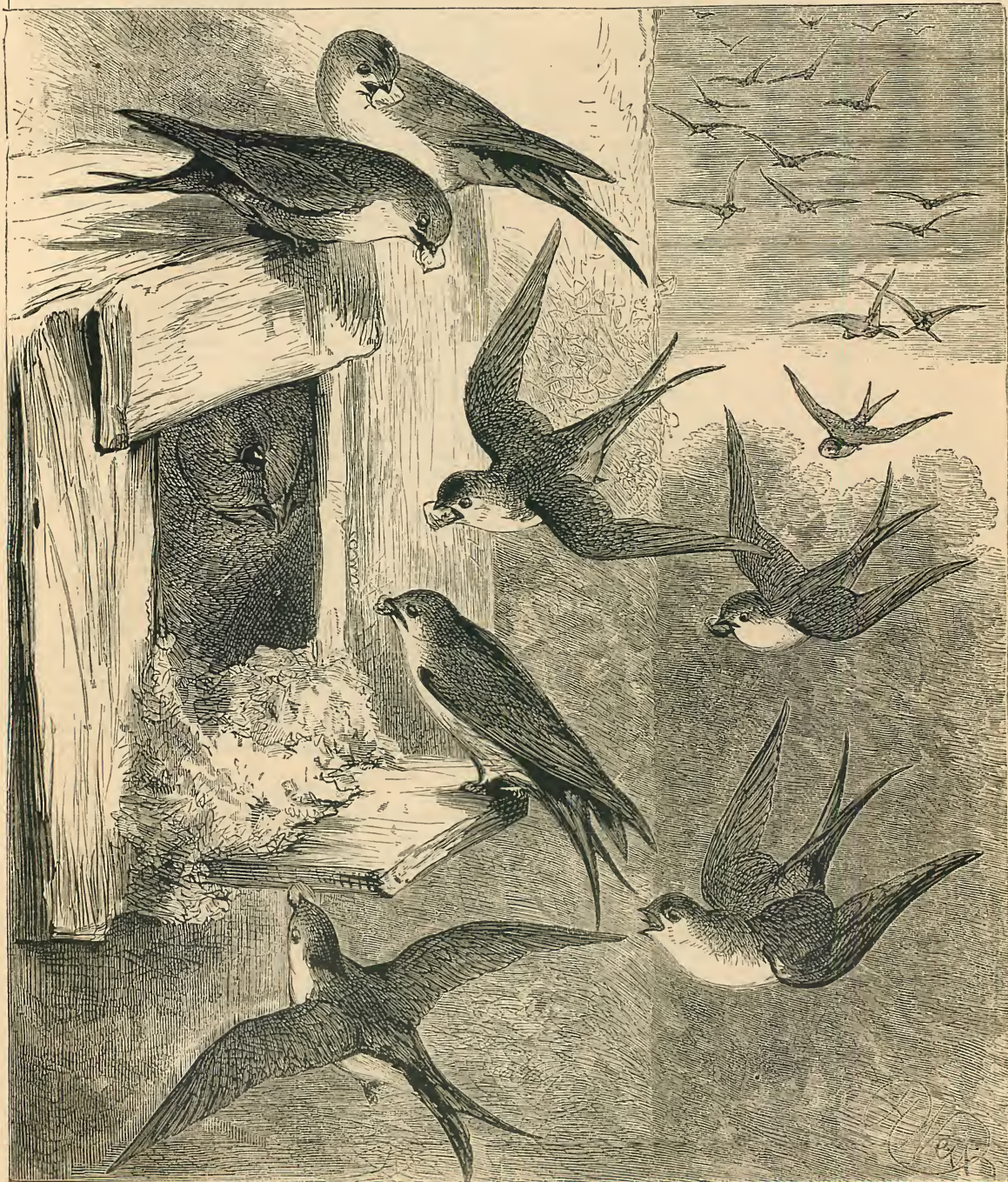
The woman saw that the child was pale and weary, and bid her come in and rest and fetched her some milk and a bit of bread, and told her where the President of the Botanical Society lived, though she laughed and wondered what the child could want with the great man.

(Concluded in our next.)



AN IMPRISONED OWL.

THE owner of a large farm not far from Lancaster had an opportunity in the early summer of witnessing how an interloper is punished by the martin species of birds. A pair of martins had taken possession of a small box, and were building their nest. One day, while they were absent, a screech-owl took possession of the box, and when the martins came home at night would not let them enter. The smaller birds were puzzled for a while, and in a short time flew away, seemingly giving up the fight. But if the owl was of this opinion, he was sadly mistaken, for in a short time the little ones returned, bringing with them a whole army of their companions, who at once set to work, and, procuring mud, they plastered up the entrance to the box. They then all flew away. In a few days the box was examined, and the owl was found dead.



An Imprisoned Owl.

Chatterbox.



Dietrich taking off his Disguise.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

(Concluded from page 267.)

CHAPTER IX.



Describe the joy which long-separated friends or relatives, who have also regarded each other as dead, feel and express, is a well-nigh impossible task. We must, therefore, pass over it, and only remark that Madame Bredler and her daughter had, at the moment of the greatest danger, been saved by a brave neighbour and his braver son, and then brought to the Count's palace. There, too, had many other women and children, but especially the aged, the sick, and the infirm, who could not join in the hasty flight, also found a safe refuge; for, plunder and devastate as much as they could elsewhere, the French were obliged to respect the dwelling of the former Regent of Flanders.

Peter Koning was the first to leave this happy group. His duties as burgomaster called him to his brothers, for there was still much to do, and the liberty which had just been won must not lead to disorder. So he chose the same day an old member from each guild as assistant in the town council, of which every one recognised him to be the chief. Furthermore, he provided that to each citizen a cross-bow, a spear, and a sword, should be given for the defence of the city, and that new weapons should be forged in the smithies. The masons' guild were at once to set to work on the rebuilding of the fortifications; and lastly, the taxes and dues had to undergo a complete revision.

In the afternoon favourable tidings came in from the surrounding districts. The Castles of Wynendael and Syssele had been captured by young Count Gwyde's soldiers, and the French garrison was slain. The victors soon after made their entry into the city; William Van Gwyde, in the complete costume of a knight, and on a richly caparisoned horse, led them amid the shouts of the populace, and at the same time went in procession through the city as reigning Count of Flanders, the old Count having abdicated in favour of his son.

In the market-place were the keys of the city solemnly presented to the young commander of the chiefs of the guilds, while from thousands of throats sounded forth the words,—

'Hail to our Count! Hurrah for the Lion of Flanders!'

A festival of universal joy terminated this glorious day. Those citizens who had no wine were invited to go to the city cellars, where a measure was served out to each. In the hall of Gwyde's palace a long table was spread. There sat both the Counts Gwyde, with all their knights, Peter Koning, Bredler, the newly chosen councillors, and the chief citizens of Bruges. The joy and merriment was general.

The evening was already far advanced. The festival was at its height, when the servants announced that a minstrel was waiting in the courtyard, who wished,

by his songs and harp playing, to add to the attraction of the feast.

The old Count immediately ordered the singer to be introduced. He was an old man, with a long beard, dressed in the singular costume usually adopted by the wandering minstrels of those days. Without saying anything he at once struck his harp strings, and sang in a loud voice,—

'Beloved ones, I greet you,
In the land of the lion blue
Sly as ever is the fox,
Escaped again through bars and locks.'

'Dietrich!' exclaimed William Van Gwyde, springing up from the table. 'Dietrich! our Dietrich! Is it possible, my friends, that you do not recognise Dietrich the Fox?'

'Dietrich the Fox!' cried they all: 'be welcome! Whence come you?'

But the old Count said affectionately, 'Come here, Dietrich, and sit down by my side: you could not have come at a more fitting time! We all owe you the deepest gratitude! You rescued my son William from great danger. May God repay you for it! Never shall I forget what you have done!'

'Pah!' cried Dietrich, as to the amusement of all he shook off his disguise and stood as a stalwart knight by the Count's side: 'that was nothing! I have performed much cleverer tricks in my life. Ah! my last escape, that was a master-stroke!'

'Tell us, Dietrich!' was the request from all sides. 'How did you manage to say farewell to your last cage?'

Dietrich emptied a cup of wine and began,—

'The affair was simple enough. I had smuggled files and several other tools in those clothes which I gave to my young friend Gwyde for his flight. With the help of these in a few hours I had clambered up to the window, whose bars I filed through. My sheets, torn and tied together, served me as a rope, by which to let myself down to the ground. Money, fortunately, I had plenty of, so I procured myself a new knight's outfit and a horse, and rode on cheerily to the Court at Compiègne. Here no one knew me, and as I can speak German perfectly, it was easy enough for me to give myself out to be a Bavarian knight, who wished to learn gallantry and fine manners at the famous Court of Philip the Fair. Ha, ha! I could not fail to be pleased with my reception.'

'You came from the King's court,' said the old Count, in a troubled tone. 'Then you will be able to tell me how it fares with my poor daughter Philippa?'

'Your child is very well indeed,' replied Dietrich, with a mysterious twinkle in his eyes. 'You will soon be able to convince yourself of this with your own eyes.'

'How, Dietrich?' cried the Count, as with almost youthful vigour he sprang from his seat. 'Can it be possible that Philippa is here? Have you rescued her? Oh, God! grant that it may be no empty dream that I should experience this one, this last joy in the evening of my days!'

'It is no dream, Count Gwyde. When I proceeded from my prison direct to the Court of Compiègne, it was with the intention of delivering your daughter

out of the hands of the cruel Joan of Navarre. And, thanks to my cunning, I succeeded in this bold enterprise also, to my complete satisfaction!

'That which none of us knights can attain by the exercise of all our bodily and mental capacities, Dietrich brings to pass,' exclaimed Count William.

'I am not wrongly indeed called the Fox,' interposed the flattered knight.

The old Count, with grateful emotion, held out his hand to him across the table, while tears of emotion rolled down his cheeks.

'I shall then see my child again, my darling little Philippa!' he sobbed. 'Where is she, Dietrich? Tell me, friend. I will go to her to greet her—I and my son—at once, this very minute!

'Patience, Count! yet an hour's patience! Philippa is already on the way. The old serving-woman who had been appointed to attend her accompanies her. This old *factotum* had got to love the girl, and aided me in my plan of escape. Both are already on Flemish territory, and you need not fear lest any harm happen them, for a hundred of your faithful Flemings accompany the carriage. Its progress was naturally too slow for me, and I hastened forward in the disguise which I had provided for our flight to announce to you these good tidings.'

'And how did you manage to slip through the host of spies, guardians, pages, &c., with whom the sly, malicious Joan, had surrounded herself?' asked every one.

Dietrich related, that in his character as a foreign knight he was able to approach the young Countess, and this was done by means of her serving-woman, who was a German, and equally dissatisfied with her position at the French Court. Philippa, when first informed of his plan of escape, was frightened and embarrassed; gradually, however, she became reconciled to the idea. Ursula, the servant, had meanwhile provided two suits of clothes, similar to those worn by the peasants of that part of the country. Provided with hand-baskets, in which were pastry and fruits, the two women left the castle one dark evening, at the time when in the royal apartments the joy and merriment of one of those noisy feasts, of which King Philip and his Queen were so proud, were at their height.

'I followed,' he continued, 'the pair in my knight's costume, armed to the teeth, and, of course, had any one attempted to annoy or molest the ladies I should have thrust my lance through his body. The two ladies proceeded along the broad road to the Flemish frontier on foot. This was necessary, to remain undiscovered. We rested, however, at such inns on the roadside which enjoyed a good repute. In Warevick we learned that the Flemings had risen against the French, and were in the act of shaking off their accursed yoke. Now all danger was over I took a carriage for my fugitives, in order that your daughter should now travel as became her rank, and rode forward to prepare you for Philippa's arrival. For this I chose my favourite costume, that of a wandering minstrel, that I might be able to my heart's content to sing in praise of the Flemings and my hatred against the French. Thus wandering, singing, and joking, I reached you, and have now come just in the right time to enjoy my share in this merry carouse!'

The Fox laughed heartily after speaking these words; but William Van Gwyde said,—

'You are as brave a soldier as you are an accomplished singer and clever poet. My father and I thank you a thousand times. But it seems to us fitting that we should go out to meet our beloved sister.'

'It won't be necessary,' laughed Dietrich; 'don't you hear the flourish of trumpets in the courtyard below? They are already there!'

All arose and hastened to the windows. In the courtyard stood a carriage, from which a young girl of rare beauty was alighting. The old servant followed her with some difficulty. A burst of joyful applause arose from the hearts and mouths of the people around.

'Hail to the daughter of our noble Governor! Hail to the good and beautiful Countess Philippa of Flanders!'

* * * * *

It was not to be supposed that King Philip would tamely submit to the insult which he had received in the persons of his commanders and to the ruthless massacre of his troops by the Flemings. He at once assembled a large army and invaded Flanders. The French numbered sixty thousand, the Flemings only twenty-nine thousand. The two armies met near Courtrai. After a combat of two hours the French had to yield before the patriotic ardour of the Flemish soldiers, and left both their commanders, the Constable de Nesle and the Count d'Artois, dead on the field. The rout was complete. All Flanders rang with rejoicings. The French made several other attempts to obtain possession of these fair and rich provinces, but all to no avail.

The Countess Philippa, daughter of Count Gwyde, was subsequently married to Edward III., and thus became Queen of England. Her noble intercession for the lives of the citizens of Calais is a well-known and beautiful episode in English history.

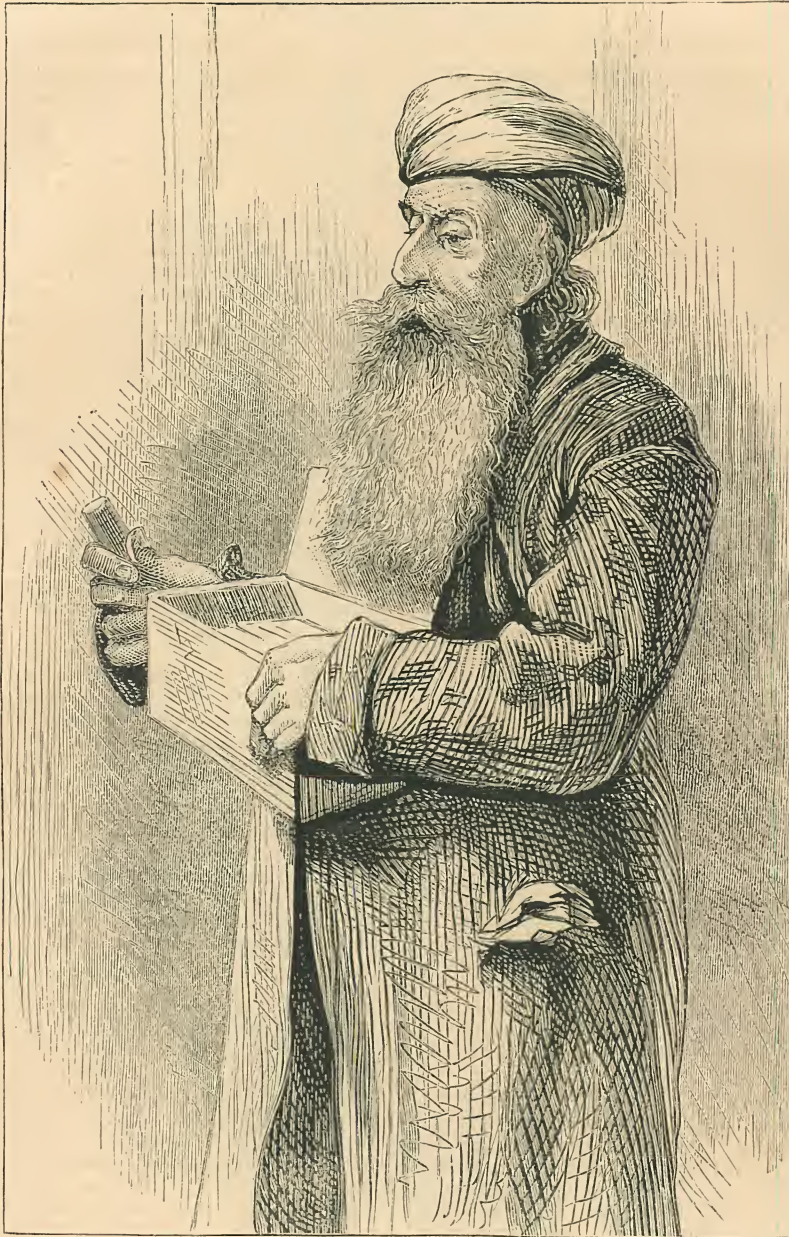


THE RHUBARB SELLER.

THE rhubarb-seller of our picture was formerly a familiar figure in London streets. Clad in his flowing Oriental costume, with the turban of a veritable Turk upon his head, he seemed to make good his claim to be regarded as the natural vendor of a drug which most people believed to be grown in Turkey.

Yet, truth to tell, the Turkish turban covered the head of no real Turk, nor was even the 'Turkey' rhubarb in his box the product of the place its name would indicate.

What is known as Turkey rhubarb is really the root of a plant growing far away in the interior of China and Chinese Tartary, and it is singular that the date of its introduction into this country and the exact mode of its preparation in the East are not certainly known, though Arabian physicians are said first to have used it as a medicine. Much of it was brought to Europe through Natolia, a province of



The Rhubarb Seller.—A Sketch in the London Streets.

Turkey, and hence it acquired its name, just as now-a-days, in America, people talk of 'English breakfast-tea,' although it is well known that no tea can be grown in England.

When we were young—now, unfortunately, some time since—we have a vivid recollection that rhubarb divided with castor oil and magnesia the awful honours of the nursery medicine-shelf. Later on, we remember that for our own children 'Nurse' had an unflinching belief that a dose of Gregory (which is rhubarb in combination) was a remedy for all the ills

that childish flesh is heir to. Probably most of our readers know something of the bright colour and unpleasing taste and odour of this useful drug. Under various forms it is one of the most valuable of medicines.

Rhubarb of the best quality is now brought to England chiefly through Russia, and the facilities for obtaining it at shops have so reduced the trade of our friend that the rhubarb seller of London streets will probably soon become a memory of the past.

A. H.



The Stadtholder shaking hands with Van Hoofman.

THE BLACK TULIP.

(Concluded from page 271.)

THE President's house was an imposing-looking mansion, and his servants were greater men even than their master, at least in their own estimation, and they would not listen to the child, but laughed at her and drove her away, and poor Rosa threw herself down on the steps in front of the house in utter, heart-sick despair, when a kind voice spoke to her, asking what was the matter, and a kind hand lifted her to her feet.

It was a gentleman who had just alighted from his horse close by, and who had been an unobserved witness of the servants' harsh treatment of the child. He listened patiently to Rosa's story, and then, without making any remark, he led her into the President's house. His face had looked kind and gentle as he listened to the little girl, but now he looked stern and harsh as he passed through the group of servants, who bowed and cringed before him with the greatest deference, and hurried to conduct him to their master.

The President was an old white-haired man, and he also bowed with great respect to Rosa's conductor. Rosa could not hear what passed, but after a few minutes the President turned to her and made her tell her story again, questioning her closely on every detail. At the close he shook his head incredulously, and

again a conversation ensued between the two men, and at the end the President said, 'Brandt is even now waiting for an audience. I will, if it please your highness, summon him and hear what he says to the child's story.'

The next minute Brandt was ushered into the room. His colour changed when he first saw Rosa, and his eye turned uneasily from meeting the child's; but he soon recovered his composure, and with the greatest appearance of candour and truth related, in answer to the President's questions, how he had, with much labour and study, raised the black tulip in his garden at Dort, and how, when success had rewarded his endeavours, he had brought the flower to Haarlem, as the President could testify.

'Was this the only bulb of the kind?' asked the President.

'No, there was another.'

'Where is that?'

'At my house at Dort.'

'Send a messenger for it, and let it be here without fail to-morrow. What say you, little maid?'

'There were three: one was planted in Van Hoofman's cell, and destroyed by my grandfather, the second was stolen when it was in bloom, and the third is still in the prisoner's possession.'

'Very good,' said the President, and said no more, so that Rosa was in doubt whether her story was

believed, or if the wicked Brandt was triumphant; but there was a look in the face of her kind protector that encouraged her to hope, and she was so worn out and exhausted by all she had gone through that she was very thankful when the President handed her over to a kind, motherly woman, bidding her take care of the child, and give her food and a bed, and bring her to the Stadthaus next day at noon.

That night the prison of Lorenstein was roused by the arrival of troops, bearing an express from the Stadtholder, and Van Hoofman was bidden to rise at once and prepare for a journey.

Since the loss of his tulip he had been sunk in a sort of lethargy from which nothing could rouse him, and he had not even noticed that Rosa no longer came to see him, or wondered what had become of her. Now he submitted to his hasty departure without a question as to where or for what purpose he was going, only concluding that he was going for trial and execution, and not caring how soon his dreary imprisonment and life should end.

He still carried his last remaining bulb with him, more from habit than because he still valued it.

He was mounted on horseback, and, surrounded by soldiers, conducted at a rapid pace along a road whither he neither knew nor cared.

In the early morning the horses' feet clattering on the stones of a street aroused him, and in the dim light of dawn he recognised Haarlem, a town well known to him in his happier days; but he was so worn out by his long ride that he took but little notice of his surroundings, and was glad to throw himself down on the bed that had been prepared for him, when he fell into a long and dreamless sleep.

When he awoke it was nearly noon, and the bells were ringing gay peals, and he could hear the sound of merry voices outside. From his window he could just get a peep into the market-place, and could see that it was thronged with people, all in holiday clothes; and that flags were waving from the houses, and garlands and arches of evergreens spanned the street. What could it mean?

But at that moment a soldier, entering the room, bade him dress and follow him, and he found that new clothes had been prepared for him instead of the shabby old suit he had worn in the prison; but when he questioned the soldier he could get no answer.

He was led into the large Stadthaus of Haarlem, and here too were garlands and banners, and crowds of gaily-dressed people. Was ever hall of judgment so gay, or place of execution so highly decorated?

The crowds took but little notice of Van Hoofman when he was brought in, for their eyes were fixed on something that stood on a table on the raised dais at the end of the hall, and on this, too, Van Hoofman's riveted themselves. Was it a dream? or did there, indeed, stand on that table little Rosa's blue jar with the black tulip in it? the very same that he had seen by the dim light of the oil lamp in the prison? The surprise was so great that he turned quite faint and staggered, and would have fallen had not his guards supported him; and just then there was a flourish of trumpets without, which announced the arrival of the Stadtholder, Prince William of Orange, who entered with a gay retinue, and mounted the dais

with the President. Now Van Hoofman's eyes were fixed on the Stadtholder, and he wondered if the Prince recalled the time when as a sickly lad, looked on with distrust and suspicion by the party then in power, he had found shelter and support in the house of the Doctor at Dort.

He was a young man with a thoughtful, but somewhat stern, face, and he received the acclamations of the crowd in a cold and proud manner, and he only smiled once when his eye fell on a little girl who was gazing at him in open-mouthed wonder. It was Rosa, and it was not strange that she was surprised, for in Prince William of Orange she recognised her kind protector of the day before.

Among the Prince's retinue was Brandt, gaily dressed, with an air of triumph on his face, which increased when he was summoned to stand forward to receive the reward for the growth of the black tulip. The people shouted and waved their hats, and the Stadtholder had already laid his hand on the great leather bag containing the money, when he paused.

'You said there was another bulb of the same sort?'

'Yes, your highness; it is here;' and Brandt produced a bulb from his pocket, and handed it to the President, who examined it carefully.

'Was it from a bulb like this that you produced the black tulip?'

'Yes, your highness.'

'This,' said the President, 'is the bulb of a white tulip, of a very common sort.'

Brandt's face turned purple and then white, and he began some stammering explanation, but the President motioned him to stand aside; and the Stadtholder, in a clear voice, said, 'Van Hoofman, stand forward.'

The crowds made way for the old man to come to the front, and, as he approached the dais, the Stadtholder himself stepped to meet him and shook him warmly by the hands.

'Old friend,' he said, 'it was but yesterday that I knew of your imprisonment;' and then, in louder tones, he said, 'You, it is said, had three bulbs. Have you one of them?'

Van Hoofman, with a trembling hand, drew the remaining bulb from his bosom and handed it to the Prince, who passed it at once to the President, and, after a careful examination, the President declared that this was indeed of a species to produce the black tulip.

Then the Stadtholder, still holding Van Hoofman by the hand, told the story of the tulip raised in prison, and of its impudent theft, and how it was made known just in time by the heroic conduct of a little girl.

The excitement of the crowd knew no bounds, and they would have wreaked summary vengeance on Brandt if he had not managed to slink away unobserved, and it is said that a week after his body was found in one of the canals.

When order had been restored in the Stadthaus the Prince said, 'There is still one actor in the drama that must not be forgotten or left unrewarded. Where is the child, Rosa Vondel?'

They brought her forward, covered with blushes

and confusion. She had certainly forgotten herself in the sight of her dear Mynherr free and honoured, and she never dreamed of any reward, and she was so troubled and ashamed at all the praise and notice bestowed on her that they let her creep behind Van Hoofman and hide her hot face in his sleeve.

But when Van Hoofman took his departure for Dort, having received his hundred thousand crowns and the restitution of his confiscated property, the little girl went with him, to be the loving and loved companion of his peaceful life, and to inherit all his wealth at his death.

E. W.



ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

THIS is, you will think, a curious title for a story; but as I am going to tell you exactly what happened 'One Moonlight Night' many years ago, I could think of no better name for my tale.

Other nights in plenty have passed over my head since then, and the moon has shone and waned, I am afraid to say how often. But, out of all these, there is not one I recollect so vividly as that connected with my story, which has passed years since, when I was a boy of ten, and, as I fear you will say, a very naughty boy for my age.

At that time I was living with my parents on a little island many thousand miles away from England. I was born there, it was a beautiful place, and it was my *home*, and I loved it dearly.

Our house stood on a hill which rose among a circle of other high hills; below it again the country gradually sloped down to the sea-shore. Many of the hills were rocky and barren, but their shapes were bold, and the valleys with their rushing streams were green enough. Behind our house, further inland, the ridges were crested with wood and covered with pastures of rippling grass. Our house was quite a country place, only one story high, and on three sides of the ground-floor was a broad veranda with a sloping roof, which was a foot or two below the bedroom windows. Along this roof we youngsters used to run like so many rabbits, out of one window and in at another, to the nurse's horror. Many were the rules made against this practice, but somehow they were never fully carried out, and the veranda roof still continued to be a favourite pathway. It was so much more exciting than going along the passage, and, moreover, no nursery-maid dare follow us.

From my home down to the beach was a mile of steep scramble, but I was used to it; generally I went with my father, but every now and then I was allowed to go by myself. Near the sea lived my first boy friend, Tony Grant; he was a year or two my senior, but lame, poor little fellow! and could only creep along with the aid of a crutch. When I say Tony was my only friend, I do not mean that I had no brothers and sisters, but May and Charlie were half babies still, and Lucy, who was one year younger than I, was only a girl, and used to cry if she got vexed, or hot, though she could whistle as well as I could myself, and climbed like any cat.

It was my father who first took me to see Tony,

and suggested my being kind to a lad who could not enjoy life as I did. I think the Grants were favourites of his. I remember his saying they were 'superior people,' and I know their cottage was better than other cottages I went into. There were three rooms instead of two, to begin with, and then the floors were boarded instead of being merely earth beaten hard. The fire had a proper chimney built for its smoke, and the place looked clean and neat. The garden was large for the size of the cottage, and besides the flowers and a large yam-bed* down by the stream, there was a good vegetable-plot, and the peach and fig-tree were well tended, instead of being left to grow as they could.

John Grant was a fisherman, but he did not think he must necessarily be idle during all the hours he was off the water. In his spare time he took care of this garden, and sold the fruit and vegetables to the ships which touched at our island. He and his wife were mulattos, a shade yellower than a Spaniard might be, with fine eyes and blue-black hair. They had several children besides Antony, but they always seemed to think most of him; because, I suppose, he was weak and sickly.

When once I had made friends with Tony it was curious how many ways I found in which I could give him pleasure. First of all, he was sure to brighten up and be glad to see me when I came, and would limp by my side to a little distance among the rocks, where we used to sit down and watch the big waves come tumbling in to the shore, while I talked fast and quickly that I might say all that I wished before it was time to go; and Tony listened with a quiet smile on his thin face, and a real interest in all my scrapes and successes, that I have since often looked for vainly in friends of older years.

One day at dinner my father said that some fine grapes on the table would be nice for Tony on the hot afternoons, and that if I *liked* I might take him my share. I was allowed to lay a large bunch among the cool green leaves in a basket that Lucy lent me, and to take it down to the shore that very evening. I watched Tony eat some, and saw how he enjoyed them. From that time I was allowed, whenever I wished it, to put aside my share of pudding or fruit for my friend; and the pleasure I had in giving them to him quite made up for any self-denial there might have been in doing without them myself.

But now I had a far grander scheme on hand. I had promised Tony that I would save up my money and buy him a boat to sail on the rock-ponds. Close to Grant's cottage a broad flat reef ran out into the sea, and when the tide was down you might find there clear pools of sea-water an inch or two deep, swarming with shoals of tiny fish—charming places to sail a boat in we thought them; and as Tony had only an old shabby affair that his father had made for him ever so long ago, I had promised myself great pleasure in seeing how he would like a smart new one.

Altogether, my patience had been not a little tried in this matter. First, saving money enough had been a much longer business than I expected, and then, when my purse was full enough, I had to wait nearly

* The yam is a common vegetable in the West Indies. It is a root that is baked and eaten.



Tony and Arthur sitting on the Rocks.

a week before either my father or our servant James went to the Port.

However, on this very morning James had been to town, and brought back with him a brand new boat, the best he could find in the store. There it lay, on the dining-room table, in all its glory of white sails and bright paint. In a high state of delight I walked round and round it, and admired my treasure from every point of view, only wishing my father and mother had been there to praise it also. They had gone that morning to spend the day with some friends who lived several miles off, and did not intend coming home that night. Meanwhile we children were in charge of our nurse Betsy.

Though I wished my parents to see the boat, I had no intention of waiting until they returned before taking it to Tony. It so happened that I had not seen him for a longer time than usual; and when I

had last been there it was a sultry afternoon, and Tony did not care to stir from the arm-chair his father had put for him under a bamboo clump. He seemed so drooping and languid that he could hardly listen to my talk, and my father had bid me to be careful not to tire him, and had taken me away in a short while. So now I felt doubly anxious to take him what I was sure would do him good, and I was walking down the avenue at my quickest pace when Betsy spied me.

'Where are you going, Master Arthur?' she said.

'I'm going to the shore, Betsy, to take Tony Grant this boat; is it not a jolly one?'

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO PUZZLE PICTURE.

QUEEN BOADICEA, widow of Prasutagus.

Chatterbox.



A Traveller frightening a Leopard.

FRIGHTENING A LEOPARD.

IN the Himalayas travelling is not so secure as journeying by road or rail at home. A leopard, for example, is not a pleasant kind of wayfarer to meet on the road. A recent visitor to these mountains tells how a traveller started to ride home one bright moonlight night, mounted on a white horse. Just as he turned a corner, he saw in front a huge leopard prepared to spring. On this the traveller, who was unarmed, rose in his saddle and began to shout at the top of his voice. This had such an effect upon the leopard, that he jumped over the bank and was soon lost to sight in the distance. A. R. B.

THE SHIP-BARNACLE.

TWO years ago, while visiting at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, a rather large and curious object was observed floating at some distance out at sea. A boat was speedily pushed off from shore, manned by four rowers, who were resolved to discover what the strange object might be, and, if possible, to reap some advantage to themselves from the discovery. They returned some hours afterwards, the mysterious object being towed at the end of their boat. It was indeed a very curious thing to look at, and judging from the crowds that assembled on the beach, I should say that all the inhabitants who had time to spare had gone down to have a look at the oddity.

It was a large squared log of wood, very thick and heavy, and about nine feet long. Whether it had formed part of some ship I cannot say, but it must have been floating alone for a considerable time, as it was so entirely covered by barnacles that it was almost impossible to lay a finger on the bare wood. I had never seen ship-barnacles before, and to me it was a strange, and not altogether pleasant sight: the long, pale, fleshy barnacles, hanging one on the top of another, each barnacle about the thickness and length of a common earth-worm, being rather repulsive to look at. As they could not long be preserved from decay, the log of wood was very successfully photographed by an artist in the town, and then conveyed away out of sight.

The common, or ship-barnacle, is a species of shell-fish, distinguished by a long, flexible stalk, provided with muscles, by means of which the creature can elongate or contract itself at will. Upon the end of this stalk there are five shelly valves, the principal organs of the animal being inclosed within. These valves open and close to admit of the barnacle spreading out and drawing back its net, an apparatus by which it obtains its food.

Barnacles abound in almost all seas, attaching themselves in great numbers to logs of wood, the bottoms of ships, and other floating materials.

It is said that sometimes, by the number of these creatures on a ship, its sailing powers are seriously impaired. They grow rapidly, undergoing at the same time wonderful transformations, which make them objects of interesting study. D. B.

ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

(Continued from page 280.)



ES, it's neat enough,' said Betsy (looking at the vessel without, as I felt, taking in half its merits); 'but, Master Arthur, you mustn't go down to Grant's to-day. It's too late, it's five o'clock now, and it'll be dark long before you can get back. Come and play with Miss Lucy, like a good boy, and to-morrow, when your father comes home, he'll take you.'

'I don't want to play with Lucy,' I said, 'and I will go down to the shore. I know mother would let me if she was at home. You are always so cross!'

'As to crossness,' said Betsy, 'I know some one who is pretty often cross too; and I mean what I say, Master Arthur—you're *not* to go!'

If my mother had been at home, perhaps I might have defied Betsy, but just before she started in the morning she had made me promise that I would try to be a good boy, and do what nurse told me; and the remembrance of this promise kept me from open rebellion. Sulkily enough I walked back to the house and put the boat up in my own little room. I was full of anger at Betsy's tyranny. 'Oh, mother!' I sobbed, as I leant my head against the window-sill, 'I wish you wouldn't go away; we are always miserable when you do; and I believe that horrid, spiteful old Betsy, does it on purpose.'

At eight o'clock I had to go to bed. The house felt so dull and lonely. No father or mother to read my verses to, or to kiss me as they wished me good-night. Betsy stood watching me undress, impatient to join her friends in the kitchen; and when she had seen me lie down she marched off with the candle, and as she went out I heard her *turn the key in the lock*. Oh, Betsy, Betsy, you were not a wise woman! I was really getting into a better temper then, but this insulting act of hers made me as bad as ever again. How *dare* she do so? I thought to myself. Mother never treats us in that way; besides, if I wanted to get out *she* shouldn't keep me in; she forgets the veranda roof! Fuming and fretting over my trouble, giving way to my evil temper instead of striving to check it, I formed at last my plan—to wait until every one was in bed, then to dress quietly, get out of window on to the roof, and go down to the shore: the moon would rise a little after nine, for I had heard father say so when settling with mother whether they should come back that night. Tony should have his boat the first thing next morning at all events, and wouldn't he be delighted when his father showed it to him? What made this plan possible was, that since I had grown restive under nursery rule my mother had let me sleep in a little room opening out of her bedroom, while the nursery and Betsy's domain were separated from it by a long passage.

It was hard work for me to keep awake until the

hour was late enough, as I thought, for my start. Once or twice I went to sleep, and then jumped up in a fright. The third time this happened I felt perfectly sure that there was no one in the house stirring but myself. The moon was shining through the blind and lighting the room, and I could not hear any noise of people moving about.

As quietly as possible I dressed, and, with my boat under my arm, ran along the veranda roof. At one end of the house a bank rose, so that the eaves there were not above a foot and a half from the ground. Down I jumped, but before crossing the front windows to reach the avenue I stopped for a minute to listen.

It is years ago now, and yet I remember perfectly the beauty of the night. The flowers and trees were heavy with dew, and over them all the moonlight shone with wonderful brightness. Just before me was an orange-tree, laden with golden and green fruit, while a second crop of snowy blossom was filling the air with its fragrance. Except the wind in the tree-tops there was no sound to be heard, and I ran on again; past the solitary cocoanut-tree I was so fond of trying to climb, past the pomegranate-hedge along the lawn, until I reached the gate of the drive. Once through that, I did not so much fear being missed and pursued, and I walked on leisurely down the road into the valley below our house. The high road crossed it and then led up the opposite hill, but *my* path was only a foot-track along by the stream,—down, down, until I reached the shore.

The little valley was green and quiet, and the cool rock-stream was a favourite place of ours for picking watercresses, but I did not think of that to-night. I needed all my care in going down the slippery path, for a fall would injure my boat. Certainly a cautious English mother or nurse would have shrieked with horror to watch me clambering. But there was not much real danger, for I believe I could have gone that path blindfold, and then I was perfectly fearless. When I reached less difficult ground I still went steadily on, for I found that if I stopped at all the silence and loneliness of the night gave me a feeling of awe I could hardly bear. Once, however, I stopped. It was when I reached the shore, and could see across the ravine, by the light in Grant's window, that he was actually not asleep yet. Seeing his candle burning gave me a sense of companionship, and I turned to look at the wide ocean spread before me in all its silver glories. The beach was one of large stones, and the great waves as they rose curled their crests in the moonshine and then flung themselves in a sheet of white foam along the coast, to retreat again the next instant with a seething, rattling roar, among the pebbles. Often and often since then have I longed for that sound—the thunder of a mid-Atlantic wave on a rocky shore.

'What could have kept the Grants up until now?' I thought, as I crossed the ravine. I know they generally go to bed soon after it is dark, for Tony told me so.

As I tapped at the door, Mrs. Grant lifted the corner of the window-blind and looked out, but, to my astonishment, she let it fall again with a sharp cry, and I could hear her husband's voice evidently soothing her. Slowly he then unfastened the door

and looked out, not as if expecting to see any one, but as he caught sight of me he exclaimed, 'Why, Master Arthur! that is never you? What brought you here at this time of night? Are you by yourself?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'I came by myself; I wanted to bring Tony his boat. I only got it when James came back from town this afternoon, and father and mother are away, and that cross Betsy would not let me come in the day-time. Is Tony awake now, Grant? Do look, perhaps he is, and I can see him.'

There was a little pause. Grant had taken the boat in his hands and was turning it curiously between his eyes and the candle, while his wife had leant her arms on the table and hid her face in them.

At last Grant spoke in a low tone, and as if with difficulty, but drawing me to his side at the same time. 'Did you really get this boat for him with your own money, Master Arthur? You were a kind little gentleman, and God will bless you for it. But, my dear, you cannot comfort Tony any more, he is not here.'

'Not here!' I exclaimed in astonishment. 'Why, where has he gone to?'

'The Lord Jesus has taken him away, and he is now in Heaven with God, while we are mourning for him on earth.'

'Is Tony dead?' I faltered (it was the first time the hand of death had been laid on any one I loved). 'I did not know he was going to die. Oh! I wish—I wish I had seen him again!'

'And we wish you could have done so too, Master Arthur; but we had no notion the end was so close upon us. He had been drooping all the week, but we thought it was from the long heat, and hoped every morning would see him stronger, and that I might go to Oaklands and ask if you would please to come and see him. Even this morning,' said poor Mrs. Grant, 'I did not think he was so much worse. When I had made him all comfortable after breakfast (for he didn't seem to care to get up), he said to me, "Now, mother, don't you stay from your work for me, I am going to have a sleep; and besides, when you or daddy are with me, the angels don't come. Sometimes when I'm by myself this room looks full of them." But he had said this afore, you know, more than once, so I didn't trouble much. I wasn't out of the room twenty minutes, and when I came in softly, sure enough he was asleep, but the change was on his face, and he didn't wake again, but slept away quite quiet like.'

'Do you think he *really* saw the angels?' I asked in an awe-struck tone; it seemed so very wonderful a thing to me.

'Surely he did, Master Arthur; we should have *believed* they were there, you know, even if he had not seen them. But now you must be going home; nurse and the other servants will be terribly frightened if they find out you're missing before you get back.'

I had no heart for my defiant 'don't care.' Suppose there were angels still in the cottage, what would they think of me? My pride, and self-will, and anger seemed to have died out of my heart, and I saw how wrong I had been from beginning to end.

Meanwhile, Grant and his wife were talking together almost in whispers, yet I heard the words, 'If the master is angry?'



Arthur on his way to Tony's Cottage.

'He won't be angry,' said Grant, firmly; 'I've known him long enough to be sure of *that*.' Then turning to me he said, 'Master Arthur, before I take you back, would you like to look again at poor little Tony? At his body, I mean, his soul has gone away to God.'

'Yes, please,' I said, trying hard not to cry.

'You won't be afraid, dear?' asked the mother.

I shook my head. Then Grant took up the candle, and taking my hot hand in his firm, broad one, he led me gently to the bed in this room, instead, as I expected, into the next, where the children used to sleep. Why should people suppose that children *must* be afraid of death? I believe the fear comes *afterwards*, when the simple child's faith, which our Saviour loved, and which takes His words to mean just what they say, has been clouded and overcast.

I only know that in my own case I felt no terror whatever. But I *did* feel, perhaps more completely than an older person might have thought possible, how truly the friend I loved had, as Grant said, 'gone away.' Tony looked almost smiling in his sleep as he lay on the bed in which his mother's arms had placed him for the last time. His thin hands (worn I used to fancy with grasping his crutch) were folded on his breast, and round his head there was a little wreath of fragrant funeral myrtle. All the lines of pain and weariness were smoothed from his face. Indeed, as I saw him, I could not feel sorry. His look took one's sorrow away. Perhaps the father felt this also, for as he turned to go he said, 'God's will be done! Certainly, if we could ask him, Master Arthur, *he* would not wish to come back.'

(Concluded in our next.)



Trees and their Uses.—The Scotch Fir.

TREES AND THEIR USES.

THE SCOTCH FIR.



ARDY and tall, this tree, 'that pine of mountain race,' grows from 80 to 100 feet, and when found in a situation favourable to its habits, is very valuable. We call it the Scotch fir, but it grows equally well in most parts of Europe and Asia. The 'Baltic deals,' so well known in commerce, are produced from this fir. At the same time, there is something in the air or soil of the

Highlands which seems peculiarly suitable to the growth of these noble sons of the forest.

The lower branches of these trees have a tendency to decay, and the rounded head stands out, a mass of dark green leaves. Some Scotch firs will live two or three hundred years, and attain a very respectable size. In Gordon Castle there is a plank cut from a tree called 'The Lady of the Glen,' which is more than five feet in breadth. The plank was presented to the Duke by a Hull merchant, who bought a forest and built a navy out of the trees. The wood is almost as durable as that of the oak. Some rafters, which had been for three centuries in the roof of an old Highland castle, were found to be as good as ever. It is the resin in the wood which enables it to resist so well the action of air or water.

The uses of this tree are many. Where it grows in masses the trunk is straight and long, strong yet light; and houses may be built of it, and fences, and scaffold-poles, and ships, and masts. Roads are also formed of fir-trees in Russia and America, wherever carriages have to travel across marshy ground. These roads are called in America 'corduroy roads.' We, too, have wood pavements in England.

Rosin, which is employed in the soap trade, comes from the fir tribe, and turpentine, tar, and pitch, shoemakers' wax, and lamp-black. The Scotch fir produces very coarse turpentine, but good tar. The best turpentine comes from the silver fir, the best yellow rosin from the spruce fir.

As a fuel, the wood of the Scotch fir is valuable. It is quickly lighted, and it burns rapidly, and with an intense heat. In the Highlands, before candles came into use, torches of pine-wood were often employed; and a Highland chieftain once laid a wager in London that he had better candlesticks at home than those lofty silver ones which stood on the gentleman's table with whom he was dining. The Highlander's candlesticks were four stalwart men dressed in the tartan of his clan, each of whom held in his right hand a long strip of blazing Scotch fir.

The outer bark of this tree is used in some parts of the north for covering or lining huts, and the fishermen employ it instead of cork for their nets. In Norway they dry the inner bark of the young trees, and grind it, along with oats, in hard times. It is baked in cakes as thin as paper, and is pleasant to the palate. The leaves are said to preserve sheep from the rot, and the young shoots, stripped of their leaves, are an agreeable food for children.

A PEEP AT THE YEAR
1782.

HERE are aged people among us whose memories are bright enough to go back to times when the nineteenth century was still all in the future. But we shall not find any one who will tell us, from their own recollection of the time, what was going on just one hundred years ago.

That was a sad year for England, for she was at war with her own colonies in North America, and with France and Spain. But of the American war, which had now lasted eight years, and had cost one hundred and twenty millions of money, the country was heartily tired. The first steps towards peace were taken this year, and 1783 saw the end of the long contest.

It was in this year that the unfortunate *Royal George* sank at Portsmouth. She was being laid upon one side, in order to examine and repair her lower works. A sudden squall came on, which threw her off her balance. Her port-holes being open at the time the water rushed in, and the vessel went down with between eight and nine hundred souls. Admiral Kempenfelt, her brave and able commander, who was on board at the time, was amongst the drowned.

The winter of this year was a very long one. It seems to have lasted into the month of May, and thereby to have caused great distress.

An event not usual in our day is brought to mind by the fact that the City of London had to pay 27,000*l.* as compensation for damages done by rioters some time before.

Another unusual sight to English eyes was that of the combined fleets of France and Spain cruising off the west coast. But Lord Rodney gave a good account of the Frenchmen, and one of their admirals, the Count de Grasse, was landed as a prisoner at Portsmouth.

In the same year the last attempt made by the Spaniards to win back Gibraltar was finally defeated. It was the third year of the siege, but the garrison still held out with undiminished courage. On September 12th, 1782, the united fleets of France and Spain took up their position in the bay for a last grand attack. They numbered forty-seven sail of the line, ten battering-ships, the strongest ever built up to that time, and many smaller vessels. On land there was an army of 40,000 men, with 200 pieces of cannon. The defenders numbered 7000. When the attacking ships had all taken up their stations the battle began. Red-hot shot was fired from the rock, and after some hours the result was no longer doubtful. The enemies' flag-ship was on fire. Others soon afterwards burst into flame. Disorder spread amongst them. Their fire grew slack, and by eight o'clock it had nearly ceased.

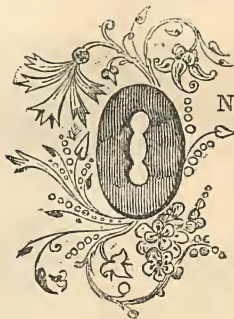
Thus this famous attack, which it had been thought *could not* fail, ended in the destruction of the proud fleet brought against the place.

In the year 1882 we live in more peaceful times.

A. R. B.

TALES OF TROY.

XI.—BY THE MONUMENT OF ILUS.



ON the plains of Troy was a monument erected to the memory of a king named Ilus, and near this monument we shall see Agamemnon doing great deeds. Hitherto he has done nothing much in the fight, but now, as the Greeks are in a bad way and Achilles will not help them, Agamemnon

thinks he ought to play the part of chief hero.

So, having put on the various parts of his bright armour, and fastened them with silver buckles, and taken up his wonderful shield, he hurried to the fight.

On a rising ground near the monument the Trojan lines were posted. After some time, Agamemnon began to deal death about him. Bienor and his squire, two of Priam's sons, and several other warriors, were slain by him. The Trojan host, in great alarm, retired from the tomb of Ilus, and fled towards the city by the wild fig-tree, their enemy pursuing them as far as the Scæan gate.

Hector, cheered by a message from Jove, rallied his frightened troops, and Agamemnon received a wound in the arm, which drove him off the field. These two events changed the fortunes of the day, and the Trojans were again victorious, and the Greeks beaten, until Ulysses and Diomed, hurrying to the front together, checked the march of Hector. But Diomed was not in his usual spirits, he felt he was fighting against fate. He threw his spear, however, at Hector, and stunned him. Thanks to his helmet (a gift of Apollo), Hector, except for a little giddiness, was none the worse, though he had to retire, Diomed shouting scornfully after him.

Meanwhile, the dandy Paris, curled and scented, stood behind the monument of Ilus, and aimed his arrows as he liked. Seeing Diomed laughing at Hector's misfortune he shot him in the foot, as he stooped to pick up the crest of one of his victims.

'He bleeds! Diomed bleeds!' So shouted Paris in triumph. 'I wish the arrow had gone through his heart instead of his foot!'

Diomed answered Paris in the bitterest scorn,—

'Thou woman-warrior, with thy curls,' said he, 'thou hast done only what a boy or a woman might do. Do not boast; for a coward's weapon cannot harm a brave man. But, mind this dart of mine; for certain death is on its point.'

Ulysses now came up, and plucked out the arrow. The red blood flowed fast, and the pain increased. Diomed was glad to retire, leaving Ulysses alone. That wise hero did his best, but what can the bravest man do against such odds? His side was at length laid open by the spear of Socus, and Ulysses had to retire, calling loudly for help.

Menelaus heard the cry, and he said to Ajax,—

'I am sure I hear Ulysses calling for help. Let us go to him at once.'

They found him in sore distress, like some noble

stag among mountain wolves; but the bulky form of Ajax and his tower-like shield alarmed the Trojan crew, several of whom had to bite the dust. While Ajax fought Ulysses was rescued, placed on his car, and carried away to a safe place.

Meanwhile Hector was opposed by old Nestor and Idomeneus (one of the nine chief Greek heroes), and Paris continued shooting arrows from behind the monument. Among those whom he shot was Machaon, the chief surgeon in the Greek army. He was wounded in the shoulder. Nestor bade Idomeneus carry Machaon to the ships, as the doctor's life was very valuable. Thus the Greek leaders were nearly all removed from the battle-field. Ajax, however, remained there; but when Hector came up, terrible and grim, he too withdrew, like a lion slowly retiring from dogs and men, a crowd following and baiting him, and every now and then tasting the sharpness of his spear. As he stooped to despoil Apisaon, Paris managed to transfix his thigh. Ajax roared loudly for help, and he was with some difficulty rescued from death.

All this time Achilles had been watching the battle from his ship. He was much interested in Machaon's accident, and he sent his friend Patroclus to ask whom it was Paris had wounded.

Patroclus went to Nestor's tent, and said Achilles wished to know whom he had sent home wounded. Nestor was glad to find Achilles had some feeling.

'Can the sorrows of the Greeks excite his pity?' asked he. 'Tell him not Machaon alone, but Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Diomed, are sorely wounded. But what cares he? He looks on calmly, and enjoys our misery. I wish I were young again, as when I first fought a battle.'

Old Nestor then hinted that some people thought Achilles shut himself up in his tent to save his skin. If, however, Patroclus could but put on the arms of Achilles, Troy might yet tremble, and the Greeks breathe freely again.

The heart of Patroclus was touched. As he returned to the tent of Achilles he met the wounded Eurypylus in great agony.

'Greece is no more!' groaned he. 'The best of her sons are hurt, and her great surgeon needs the help he has so often given to others.'

Patroclus helped Eurypylus to his tent, cut the arrow-head from the wound, and applied to it a healing balm.

A CURIOUS MAP.

A MAP largely circulated in Russia at the beginning of this century represents America as the largest of all islands. It states that the country was discovered by the Spaniards a little while before. The people are said to live about five hundred years; to be very ignorant, not knowing anything of letters; to know nothing of a God, or religion; and to feed chiefly on baked meats and nutmegs.

In this same map the city of Moscow covers a much greater space than either the whole of Africa or America. It is shown in detail with its walls, churches, and chief buildings. Well, therefore, might the Russian peasant, who had such a map, look upon Moscow as the greatest city of all the world.

A. R. B.



Paris shooting his arrow at Diomed.

Chatterbox.



Jessie carried along by the Soldiers.

JESSIE M'DONALD.



OW, Yarrow, sir, don't run so fast. How can I keep up with thee, going at that rate?'

So rang out the clear notes of a child's voice one summer evening, long ago, among the 'Bonny Heather Hills' in the Highlands of Scotland. A Newfoundland dog was bounding along, and in close pursuit ran a little girl. They ran far and fast from the cottage where Jessie lived

before they stopped, and then they threw themselves down on the ground and panted for breath. They made a lovely picture, these two, as they lay among the heather. Jessie, with her bright dark eyes looking out from a tawny mass of curls, was just a pretty cottage child; and her protector stretched beside her was a noble animal.

No sound was to be heard but the gentle twitter of the birds going to rest and the lowing of some cows far away. But Jessie was not afraid! How could she be, when Yarrow was there? Yarrow and Jessie had grown up together in the little cottage which nestles at the foot of yonder hill, and he always accompanied his little mistress in her wanderings among the heather. Now the child is tying her large sun-bonnet on the dog's head, and he looks so dignified and funny in it that again the merry laugh breaks out, clear and joyous in the evening air. But hush! What is that sound? Something is moving in the clump of bushes at their side, and while Yarrow uttered a deep growl the bushes were opened and a young man stood before the frightened little Jessie. He was very tall and strong-looking, and was dressed entirely in green. He gazed admiringly at the child for a moment, while she, starting up, seized Yarrow round the neck, as much for protection for herself as to prevent him flying on the stranger.

'Good-day to thee, lovely child! And what brings thee hither at such an hour alone?'

On being thus accosted, Jessie (who had been wavering whether to flee or face the danger, whatever it might be, and had finally decided it would be cowardly to run away) raised her eyes to the stranger and answered fearlessly,—

'Sir, I am not alone, I have Yarrow; but we must go back now, or mother will wonder.'

So saying, she turned to flee; but with one stride the man seized her by the arm and held her, notwithstanding Yarrow's growls and attempts to free himself from the little hand.

'Stay one moment, sweet child,' said the man in stern, but kindly tones; 'thou must not breathe at home thou didst see me here; promise, now!'

'Why?' said the wondering child, trying to free herself from the man's grasp. 'I tell mother all I do, and what does it matter to thee?'

'So much that thou shalt not stir till thou promise, fair child; for lovely as thou art, I must needs use force unless you promise.'

'I shall say nothing,' answered the trembling child, 'unless mother asks me; but wert thou Wallace himself I could not promise more!'

'And what if I *am* Wallace? And now I tell thee that I *am*, canst keep a secret, child?'

'Ay, that I can. But if thou be Wallace I pray thee let me kneel!'

'It needs not, it needs not,' spoke Wallace, kindly (for it was he); 'but come, and I will show thee where to find me to-morrow at this time; perchance thou couldst bring me some food. I have not broken bread since yesterday at morn.'

There was no longer any fear, as Jessie put her hand into the strong brown one stretched out; and while Yarrow followed, not quite satisfied, Wallace put aside the bushes from whence he had come, and carefully guarding the child from thorns and brambles he led her towards a huge stone which was completely screened by the bushes. Taking a key from his pocket, Sir William speedily opened a small door in the rock, and a flight of stairs was to be seen going downwards. It was so dark that Jessie shuddered and clung to the protecting hand she held; but he said quickly,—

'Enter, child. See, I go first.'

Very soon the three found themselves in a large cave.

Wallace lit a candle, and Jessie could then see a bed in the corner and also the armour which hung on the walls.

'Now, fair child, here I must live a while quite alone; but even Wallace cannot live without food, and thou art the only one I know who will bring it to me. Will thou do this, and above all be secret? I love not to burden thy childish mind, but this I cannot help. So fare thee well, and to-morrow at even I will wait thee here.'

He took Jessie again up to the daylight, and watched her light figure bounding away. When she had entirely vanished he turned to enter his lonely cave, murmuring, 'Have I done right to trust so young a child? O Scotland! what hast thou not cost me?'

On nearing home Jessie was surprised to see some red coats and a number of horses at the door. What could they want? Ah! yes! they were looking for Wallace, and she must not betray him. With this firm resolution in her brave little heart she walked steadily past the men, and went in at the front door to the parlour, where her mother was conversing with two tall men, who looked like officers.

Her mother, Mrs. M'Donald, was just saying, 'Well, sirs, I have not seen anybody like what you describe; but few people come here, it is so out-of-the-way.'

'Ay, ay, true, true,' said the men. 'But here is a youngster who seems to have been roaming. Here, child, hast thou ever in thy travels come across a tall man in green?'

Jessie's face flushed, and then grew quite pale. What could she say? The men seeing her hesitate thought they had got a clue at last; so, while one drew the little girl roughly towards him, the other began:—

'Now tell the truth; no trickery will pass with us, so speak out!'

'I have nothing to say,' returned little Jessie.

'Jessie,' Mrs. M'Donald asked, 'hast seen the man they want?'

'I cannot say, mother.'

'Ah! here is game!' cried the delighted men. 'Come on now, tell us all; it will be better for thyself to speak truth: if thou dost not thou shalt come with us. Dost hear? Out with it!'

'Oh, do not be angry with the child, sirs!' cried the poor mother; 'she is only nine. Jessie,' sharply, 'tell all thou knowest, foolish child! these gentlemen are soldiers and may kill you.'

'We will make her tell all!' cried the taller of the men, 'by taking her with us; so fare thee well, madam, and our thanks for thy hospitality.'

So saying he lifted Jessie in his arms. She pressed her white lips tight together and said not a word. While Mrs. McDonald screamed and sobbed, and Yarrow flew at the men right and left, the soldier set Jessie on his horse before him and rode quickly off, followed by the whole train.

Poor little Jessie! She was all alone; and even while she vowed she would never tell on the stranger in green, the tears rose to her bright dark eyes, and shaking back her auburn curls she looked up in the man's face to see if there was no sympathy for such a little one as herself. The man looked grim and surly, so Jessie turned away again and began to stroke the horse. When it was dark the soldiers halted at a farmhouse, where they meant to spend the night. Little Jessie was given in charge to the farmer's daughter, with instructions that she was never to let her out of her sight. Now Jessie knew this girl, and was therefore surprised when she was received by her as quite a stranger. She was a kind, good-natured girl, who, when she looked at the sweet white face, pitied Jessie and determined to let her go if she could. So, in order to be trusted with the charge of Jessie, she pretended she had never seen the child before. When early morning broke, and the soldiers, all but the sentinels, were still in bed, she rose and put on a dress and large bonnet of her mother's. Jessie was still in the land of dreams. There she lay, her bright curls over the pillow, and her eyes swollen with crying, but in a sound sleep. The farmer's daughter gently awakened her; and telling her not to make a noise, for she was going to take her home, she quickly dressed the little girl in some of her brother's clothes, and taking her by the hand led her downstairs and out at the front door. They boldly passed the men who were keeping watch, trusting to the dim morning-light to favour their disguise; and the farmer's daughter said to Jessie in a disguised voice,— 'Come on now, Tommy; do be quick! How slow thou dost walk!'

So the men let her pass, and before the sun was high in the heavens and the busy world once more awake, the child and her kind friend arrived at Mrs. McDonald's cottage.

Jessie's mother, as may be believed, was overjoyed to see her child again; but said she could not stay there, as the soldiers would be sure to come back for her.

After the farmer's daughter had gone away, Jessie told her mother she knew a place where she could hide, if her mother gave her a very large basket of food. The good dame wanted to know where Jessie meant to go; but the child said,—

'I cannot tell thee, mother, and indeed it is better that thou shouldst not know; for if the soldiers come

back for me, thou canst say thou dost not know where I am.'

So Mrs. McDonald packed a basket of provisions for her little one; it was so large Jessie could scarcely carry it, but she took Yarrow for help, and then set off over the hill for the little clump of trees that was so like other clumps of trees, but how different to Jessie!

As she neared the little door in the rock it opened from within, and the familiar figure in green again presented itself.

He started, but when he saw that it was Jessie he said, 'Why hast come so soon, my child? To-night would have done.'

'I am come to stay with thee, my lord,' answered Jessie, timidly. And then she told him of the soldiers having taken her away and of her escape.

'And thou hast suffered all this for me, sweet child? Now, as I am a soldier and a knight, I call that friendship. Would that I could do aught for thee! but the time may come.'

So Jessie stayed on with Sir William Wallace. The soldiers never returned to her cottage home, so in a time she went back to her mother.

* * * * *

On the dark, dark day long afterwards, when Wallace ascended the scaffold, there was not a sadder heart than Jessie's, nor a truer mourner than the 'cottage girl.'

M. L. R.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE man who entrusts his safety to a balloon must always face many dangers. Sometimes it is lack of due care which brings death to the aeronaut. Sometimes, but very rarely, a malicious act does this. A case of this kind, by which more than one life was nearly lost, took place in the year 1832.

Mr. Green, the famous aeronaut, was making an ascent from Cheltenham. Whilst the balloon was on the ground some scoundrel partly cut through the ropes by which the car was suspended. The act was not noticed until the balloon left the ground. Then the injured ropes received the whole weight of the car, and of course gave way, the car remaining attached but by one single cord.

Lightened of so much of its load, the balloon darted upwards with frightful speed, the passengers hanging on by the hoop. Before Mr. Green could reach the valve-string, and allow the gas to escape, the balloon had reached a height of nearly two miles. And now their weight, as they clung to the hoop, began to draw the network out of shape, and mesh after mesh gave way. Through the hole thus made the balloon began to force its way.

Terrible indeed was now the position of the voyagers. Every moment more and more of the balloon escaped, and every moment their hope of escape grew less. But slowly the balloon descended through the clouds, and hope began to revive. Nearer and nearer it came to the ground, until within about a hundred feet of it. Then, with a loud explosion, the entire balloon escaped through the network, and the voyagers fell to the earth. They were taken up insensible, but all at last recovered.

A. R. B.



Grant taking Arthur home.

ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

(Concluded from page 284.)



UT now it was really time for me to go home, and Grant went with me; the excitement was over, I was getting very tired. It must have been quite half-past eleven, and I ought to have been asleep hours ago. Grant and I had hardly exchanged a word since we started, yet by the time we reached the end of the first ravine he noticed my flagging steps and made me jump on his back, and so he carried me all the way home, even up the steepest part, though I begged him not to do it. I remembered he used often to carry Tony

in this manner, and as we went along I was thinking again of those strange words of his. Had the angels really been so near him, then? and did they come to every one when they were dying? or were they always about in the air though I saw them not? I thought next of our Lord's own words, that when Lazarus died angels had carried him up to Heaven, and that made me recollect a speech of Tony's which I had scarcely noticed at the time. It was one morning when we were on the reef together, and had both been silent a long while. Tony was watching the white fleecy clouds that look as if you would sink deliciously into their pillows if you could fall on them. All at once I asked, 'Tony, what are you thinking of?' and I remembered his answer, given so simply and steadily, 'I was thinking how softly the angels will carry us up to Heaven when we die!'



Arthur begging Betsy's pardon.

From one memory to another my mind travelled. Snatches of hymns that he had sung, apparently without thinking of it beforehand, as if they were what his heart was full of; the care he took of his Bible (it was always handled slowly and reverently as if it was a precious possession); and then the love he showed to his brothers and sisters, who often teased him as children do tease, without meaning to be unkind; I think I had hardly ever heard him say an unkind thing to one of them. Ah, certainly Tony must have been one of those children of whom my mother had talked to me—children who served God.

What put an end to my pondering was a heavy sob from poor Grant. Only one. Quickly I put my arms closer round his neck, and bending forward, kissed him. His reply was an earnest 'God bless you, my dear!' but in that hour I made a friend who

would have risked his life any day to save mine. Just at the lawn-gate we saw several persons standing, and as we got nearer we found that the servants had turned out in a body to look for me. Betsy was there, sobbing and scolding with all her might, and as Grant put me down she seized me by the arm and shook me violently, exclaiming, 'You naughty, wicked boy! how dare you behave in that way? What do you think your father and mother will say when they come back to-morrow? They'll whip you well, I'll be bound!' And here, I have no doubt, another shake would have followed, had not Grant interfered and rescued me.

'Nay, nay, Betsy,' he said, 'I can't have that done to-night. Master Arthur knows he has been wrong (how could Grant have guessed it?) and it's his father's place to punish him, not yours. Have you only just

found out he was missing? It is past twelve o'clock.'

This was turning the war into the enemy's own country. Betsy stammered and hesitated. The truth, as I afterwards heard, was, that she had been so well amused in the kitchen, that she never thought of looking after her charges until the clock struck twelve, when, to her dismay, she discovered that I was not in the house, while my open window and the new boat having also vanished explained where I had gone to. In a few minutes more Grant had gone home to relieve his wife from her sad watch, and I was taken off to bed for the second time that night, with no worse handling than an angry push now and then from the still indignant Betsy.

And what *did* mother say when she heard the whole story next morning? First of all from Betsy, and then, in a shamefaced and repentant fashion, from myself.

'Oh, my boy!' she said, 'how could you do so when I trusted you?'

It was not a very long speech, but I had been dreading it ever since I awoke that day, more than I should have minded any possible punishment. I had nothing to say for myself now, only to beg her to forgive me and trust me again; and 'punish me any way you like, please, mother,' I added, 'for indeed I am sorry!' Then she kissed me and forgave me, and still I lingered with her, partly because I was so very, very glad to have her back again, partly because I was still waiting to know what my penance was to be.

My mother went on talking: 'Have you asked God to forgive you, Arthur?'

'Yes,' I said.

'That is right. Have you asked Betsy to forgive you?' (I could not say *yes* to this question.) 'Betsy's reason for not allowing you to go to the beach in the afternoon was her wish that you should not be pained by hearing of the death of your little friend, while neither your father nor I were at home to comfort you. You gave Betsy a great deal of trouble, Arthur, and you have made me very angry with her this morning.'

'I will go and ask her pardon this minute,' I said, and I ran to the nursery, where poor Betsy was sitting in tears. She did not receive my apology very graciously, but no wonder; it was by no means the first occasion on which my misdoings had brought her into trouble with her mistress, and my apology could not undo the pain she had received. Yet I felt more happy myself, because I had done what was right.

I entered my mother's room more slowly this time. She was at work and received me with a kind word or two, but she said nothing about the penance I was to suffer. At last I could wait no longer, so I began:

'Mother, you have not told me what punishment I am to have.'

'I have been thinking over the matter, Arthur, and I have decided not to punish you.'

'Oh, mother!' I exclaimed, feeling almost ready to cry again, 'I had rather you did.'

'Why do your father and I ever punish you, my son?'

'To make me remember not to do the same wrong thing any more.'

'Yes, dear Arthur. Now do you think you are likely to forget what happened last night?'

'Oh, no! oh, no, mother! I do not think I shall ever behave so badly again. I have asked God not to let me do so.'

'Then you see I have no reason for punishing you.'

I did not answer, but I fidgeted about by my mother's work-table, not satisfied and troubled. She noticed it, and with a look of wistful love in her eyes drew me to her, saying, 'Does my boy think I do not love him well enough to forgive him unless he is first of all punished?' And at this question I gave her a great hug, and ran away glad at heart once more. I did not understand then as I do now that my mother in her training was looking beyond the present hour, and was giving me a lesson of her own tenderness that should be a help in making me realise, though only faintly, the free and wonderful love of God that cannot be measured.

In the afternoon I heard that I had hardly left the room when my father entered it. On his return home he found poor Grant waiting for him. The kind fellow had come up on purpose to beg that I might not be punished, but my mother did not know of this when she forgave me.

Little Tony's funeral took place next day, and both my father and I went to it. It was as late in the evening as possible, that the long sad walk which the mourners had to take from the shore to the country church might not be made more burdensome still by heat. The church stood on one of the highest points of the ridge, and my father and I rode to it, and joined the procession at the gate. The mourners were few but sincere, and each held in his hand a sprig of funeral myrtle, which was dropped into the grave before we turned away.

I had no wish to talk as we slowly walked homewards, and my father also was silent. Only once, as he saw me looking sorrowful, he asked, 'You do not forget how long little Tony's body will rest where we have seen it laid to-day, Arthur?'

'No, father; you have told me it is only till the resurrection morning—till our Saviour comes.'

'And when he rises again will he be what he was here, weak and suffering?'

'Oh, no; he will have a body that can never feel pain or trouble any more, and he will be always glad.'

From that day the remembrance of this boy friend of mine, who was so soon taken to Heaven, was one of the blessings of my life. I began to try to imitate him, and the thought of his gentleness and patience, and, above all, of the way in which he strove to please our Heavenly Father, was a constant help to me when tempted to anger and rebellion.

Grant kept the toy-boat among his treasures in the cottage, and was, as I have said, my firm friend as long as he lived.



HERRINGS.

DID you ever have a herring for dinner? I dare say you have; but I dare say, too, that you did not think of all the hardships poor fishermen must go through before you could enjoy it. Herrings come from the cold, northern seas, that are covered with ice the greater part of the year; there they live and multiply, and it is supposed that when they become too numerous some of them leave their icy home to find another further south. For about the middle of winter they set out, and in such numbers, that if all the men in the world were to be loaded with herrings they would not be able to carry the thousandth part away.

On their way southwards they meet with many enemies: such as the fin-fish, the porpoise, the shark, and the gull, who devour them in quantities. After a time the herrings separate into shoals, one body of which moves to the west and pours down along the coast of America, while the rest move off in an easterly direction, and reach Iceland in the early spring.

About the month of April they begin to appear off the Shetland Isles, but the grand shoal does not arrive till the early summer. First come the shark, the porpoise, and the gull, and then the fishermen know that the herrings are not far behind. The number of herrings is so great that they extend over the sea for miles, and the water before them curls up, as if forced out of its bed. Sometimes they sink for several minutes together and then rise again to the surface; and in bright weather they reflect a variety of beautiful colours: purple, gold, and blue.

The fishermen know when to expect them, and have nets all ready, so large, that they can take two thousand herrings at a single draught.

To the shores of Ireland also the herrings go, but not into warm southern seas.

And now I must bring my story about the herrings to an end; and when next you have one for dinner, I hope you will remember what a long way it has come—from the cold northern seas.

M. H. F. DONNE.

TALES OF TROY.

No. XII.—THE BATTLE AT THE WALL.

WHILE Patroclus was doctoring his friend many men were being slain on either side, but yet the Greeks had the worst of it. They were close to their ships, trembling at Hector's approach. There was a ditch, however, and other defences, between that hero and the Greek camp. The ditch was wide and deep, and the bottom bristled with sharpened stakes.

The Trojans halted at the edge of the ditch, and Polydamas advised Hector not to run rashly on certain dangers.

'If we are able to leap across, and they turn on us we may be ruined. My advice is, to retire a little, leave our chariots, and make the attack on foot, with Hector at our head.'

This seemed good advice, and, the chariots being led to the rear, the Trojans divided themselves into

five bands, and prepared to attack the wall in as many places.

One man, named Asius, would not leave his chariot, but drove his horses toward a gate at the left. Two gigantic warders, however, kept the gate, and raised about them a heap of dead. As Asius was striving to enter, an eagle was seen in the air, holding a serpent. The serpent, writhing in the eagle's talons, stung it in the neck, so that the bird dropped the creature among the terrified soldiers, and filled the air with its cries.

'We are that eagle,' said Polydamas. 'As he was obliged to let the serpent go, so must we leave hold of our prey.'

But Hector was of another mind. 'The brave man,' said he, 'does not guide his mind by every wandering bird he sees. He needs no omen but the cause of his country. Be a slave if you like; but do not poison our soldiers with your fears, if you value your life!'

Then Hector rushed furiously toward the wall, and a most desperate struggle began. The two Ajaxes flew from place to place, urging every Greek to sally from the trenches. But that could not be done yet. They could scarce hold their own. For some time, therefore, no advantage was gained on either side; but at length a hero of the Trojans, named Sarpedon, effected an important change.

'Why should I be a king in dignity,' asked he of his friend Glaucus, 'if I am not able to do kingly acts? Die we all must at last. We must pay the debt of nature when our time comes. Why should we not give our lives to fame?'

This speech was heard joyfully, and Sarpedon moved on to the wall, followed by a multitude. A Greek, named Menestheus, saw the onset, and sent Thoos to call to the threatened point some one to repel the attack. Thoos delivered his message, and Ajax, leaving the post where he was, went promptly to confront the royal Sarpedon. He lost no time in crushing to death Sarpedon's friend, Epicles, by hurling at him a huge fragment of rock. The famous Greek archer, Teucer, at the same moment disabled Sarpedon's other friend Glaucus. Highly enraged at this double misfortune, Sarpedon rushed at the wall, and, tugging at it, made a breach, through which he attempted to pass. Teucer aimed an arrow at him, and Ajax hurled his javelin at him. The former weapon stuck in Sarpedon's belt, and the latter pierced his shield, but no further damage was done. Looking round, Sarpedon saw his Lycian soldiers were falling back, whereupon he rallied them, in stinging words, to follow him through the deadly breach.

The struggle was long and doubtful, until Hector, at another point of the defences, burst open the folded gates of solid timber, strengthened with iron bars, by hurling at them a huge sharp-cornered stone. The Trojan hero rushed in, terrible and resistless, followed by many others; and the Greeks had to flee from their wall toward their ships, amid dreadful scenes of carnage and cries of pain. And had not Neptune now assisted the Greeks, and revived the courage of the Ajaxes and other less mighty heroes, such as Idomeneus and Menelaus, the Greek ships would have soon been in a blaze.



Hector and Polydamas.

Chatterbox.



The cunning Crows and their Victim. By HARRISON WEIR.

THE CUNNING CROWS AND THEIR VICTIM.

A True Story.



HAVE a funny story to tell you from Burmah, about some clever crows. I dare say you have often noticed those bold, black birds, who gather so quickly over a newly-sown field, and are sometimes seen in hundreds holding a solemn conclave, or in ones or twos warming their feet on the back of some quiet cow?

The Burmah crows are not a whit behind their English cousins in boldness or cunning.

One day I gave my dog Rajah a nice bone, and he went to enjoy it on the lawn opposite my window. Presently I saw about a dozen crows perch round him, at a respectful distance, with their glossy black heads first on one side and then on another. They seemed to be wondering how it was possible to get hold of the coveted morsel. Presently two old fellows hopped nearer and nearer to the tempting bait, when a deep growl from Rajah warned them that he meant to keep it for himself. They drew back, and then once more seemed to hold a whispered council. Soon, to my great amusement, I saw one of the conspirators hop quickly up behind the victim, and with his sharp, strong beak, he seized the end of Rajah's tail! With a snarl of pain the dog turned upon his enemy, and in an instant the game was won. Before poor old Rajah very well knew what it was all about his bone was gone! High up in the air went the wicked thieves, carrying their booty to some safe place, while Rajah lifted up his head and howled. He was answered by a distant 'Caw, caw, caw,' which sounded to me very much as if the crows were chuckling over their practical joke.

L. N.

THE DIAMOND CROSS.

A Tale of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

CHAPTER I.—THE SIGNAL.



LOOK at this, dear Count!

The speaker laid a small folded billet on the table beside his master. A white, anxious face, looked up as he spoke, and then the billet was torn open and read, and the white face flushed crimson and almost as swiftly paled again, as if the written words had brought first a joyful hope and then the bitterness of despair.

'Whence didst thou bring this?' asked the Count, as he laid it down.

'I was watching on the north turret,' answered the youth, who wore the habit of a page, and was of a singularly pleasant, open countenance; 'when I perceived a stake thrust into the ground on the further side of the moat with something white stuck in the top of it. I am certain it was not there a little while before, yet when I ran down to inspect it I could see no one, only this letter in the cleft of the stick. Good news, I hope, my lord?'

'A vain hope,' said his master; 'but thou art my

faithful, I had almost said my only, friend, Gaspard. Thou shalt know, what thou hast brought me. It is a letter from my wife.'

'From my lady! How is she? And how,' added the boy, with still more earnestness, 'is the Lady Clare?'

'Both well, Gaspard, and safe behind the Dutch dykes, where they would that I were with them. But listen: thy mistress hath knowledge, she says, on good authority, that we cannot hold the Château much longer; Plâquières is so beset that in three days it must fall, and then my old enemy, Arnaud Le Verrier, swears that from the Stone Harp the banner of the King shall float. I was a fool not to leave the country while I might have done it. Now it is too late; I shall lose my Château and my liberty, if not my life too.'

'And does my mistress offer no plan of aid?'

'Ah, that is it! She offers one, but it is impracticable.'

'Might my lord speak of it?'

'Yes, yes, Gaspard. My poor wife hath paid the captain of a small vessel to come up the river and bring this letter. His ship lies now at anchor, two miles hence, and he will wait three days and take me back with him if I can join him, but not without payment given of six hundred crowns. Her money is all spent; the charity of our friends even now supports her. She hopes that I shall be able to raise them; she might as well hope that I could obtain the crown of King Louis. Our garrison is thinned, as thou knowest, by fever, and those that live are weak. The troops, flushed with the sack of Plâquières, will be on us before the week is out, and Arnaud will be revenged on Count Adrien.'

'Is there no hope?' asked the boy.

'None, child, except in the mercy of God.'

'Stay,' said Gaspard, eagerly, 'thy brother would help thee, perhaps, in this dire need. He is at Mont Royal.'

'He is old and ill, and, besides, I cannot send to him.'

'God has given me a thought!' cried the page; 'a blessed thought! Does not old Louis go at this time of the year to his chalet on the mountains? Let us kindle the beacon at the top of the Great Tower; he would see it, and he would know something terrible was amiss. He would go to Mont Royal and tell thy brother; I feel sure he would. He loves thee better than his life.'

'Thou art a brave lad, Gaspard!' said the Count, with an eager gleam in his eye; 'I believe he would. But have we fuel enough to keep the beacon ablaze?'

'I think so; do not despair, dear master. Let us straightway go and see.'

The Count leaned against the table as though about to fall. He, too, had had the fever, and was weak. Gaspard brought him a crust of oat-cake and a little horn of muddy water, which he drank of sparingly.

'Take some thyself, my boy,' said he.

'Nay,' replied the page, 'I am yet young and hardy, and need not to break my fast. I will run at once and call Antoine to help me carry the fuel.'

All the combustibles that could be had were eagerly sought for and brought, and in a short time the

beacon was ready for lighting, and the Count went up with his faithful page to kindle it.

'Gaspard,' said he, mournfully, as the boy succeeded in striking one of the cumbrous matches then in use, 'the lighting of this beacon is the only hope thy master hath.'

'Yes, dear Count; shall we not pray that the good God Himself may prosper our handiwork?'

'I am humbled that I should not have been first to do so,' said Adrien de Guion, and both stood bare-headed while he offered an earnest, though very brief, prayer. Truly, 'out of the depths,' they were calling upon God.

For some time they remained watching the shining, lurid glare which soon arose. Evening was advancing; the moon had already risen, the sparks fell thickly round, the fire bade fair to burn strongly, and hope arose in their hearts.

'It may please God to save me a second time out of the hand of my enemies, Gaspard,' said the Count. 'I was rescued while yet a crying babe in a way that was truly marvellous. Thou knowest the story, lad?'

'Yes, but I would fain hear it again,' said the faithful boy, willing that his master should himself take courage from another recital of the oft-told tale. 'How fell it?'

Count Adrien fixed his eyes on the distant hills, and then began, as if holding converse with himself: 'I was but a feeble infant—Thou knowest, O Lord, how feeble!—when my mother, shut in the town of Médan with the rest, and not allowed to pass forth, my father being ten leagues away,—my mother received word from one of the soldiers who kept the gate that a King's messenger was expected, and that the gates would be opened for a little while. That soldier was my mother's foster-brother; he knew how ardently she longed to escape to her husband, and how her life and mine were in danger if she remained in the famine-stricken city. He let her know that a friend of my father's would be among those who came, and that he was charged to take her back if only she could get to him. Ah, Lord! Thou knowest my mother was my father's idol!'

Gaspard did not interrupt the Count, for since the fever he had become used to hear his master speak in this strange way at times.

'I was their only child,' the Count went on; 'the son of his first wife was thirty years old, and at enmity with him, and I was so poisoned with the city's air that they said I must perish if I stopped in it. But none were suffered to go forth. Good Lord, *Thou* knowest! Ah me!'

Gaspard touched his master lightly on the arm, and Adrien went on more calmly. 'She wrapped me in a woollen veil, and hid me beneath her mantle, and waited in the shadow of her brother's giant figure when the troop rode up. She could have passed out to them, but a fierce lancer saw her and pointed his lance in her face. "Stand back, woman!" he cried, "art thou a traitor?" Terrified at his words she returned, and the heavy gate swung to. But my mother had seen my father's friend among the troop, and they had exchanged glances. Quick as thought she took from her neck the diamond cross which had been my father's love-token, and bound it on my breast. Then she rolled me firmly in the woollen veil

as if I had been a parcel of merchandise, and lo! before any could prevent her, she had thrust me into the deep stone gutter wherein the great gate turned, and had pushed me underneath.'

'And stayed behind herself?' said the boy.

'Yes; my father's friend saw what she had done, and, stretching forth his long lance, he pricked it lightly into the loose folds that she had left knotted, and, with a laugh, he said, "I have got an earnest of my booty before the pillage!" and strapped me across with the rest of his saddle-gear.'

'And thou didst not wake, master?'

'No, lad; my mother had given me a strong sleeping potion, and I slumbered on. After one or two adventures I reached my father's arms, and a nurse was found for me,—old Louis' daughter, Margot: but my mother, she died before the city surrendered. It was better than falling into the hands of the fierce soldiery. Thou knowest, good Lord!'

'The diamond cross was not lost?' asked Gaspard.

'No; it had been an heirloom in our family nearly two hundred years, and belonged of right to the eldest son, but such was the love of my father for his young Huguenot wife that he gave it her on their marriage-day, to my brother's high disgust. And when my father knew how my mother had saved me and gone back to die herself, he swore that the diamond cross should be her child's for ever. He can never be counted poor who hath it. But when I grew to man's estate, and knew that my brother had been wronged, I gave it up to him of my own free will, that he might know our Huguenot faith bore fruit in deeds. We differ still in creed, and our lives have lain apart, but he hath ever had a kindly feeling toward me because of the diamond cross. And though he disputed my right to La Harpe, because he held my father's marriage with a heretic invalid, and though he loved this château, because he was born here, which I was not, yet hath he left me in possession, although he said he had parchments to prove his right. Thou only knowest, O Lord!'

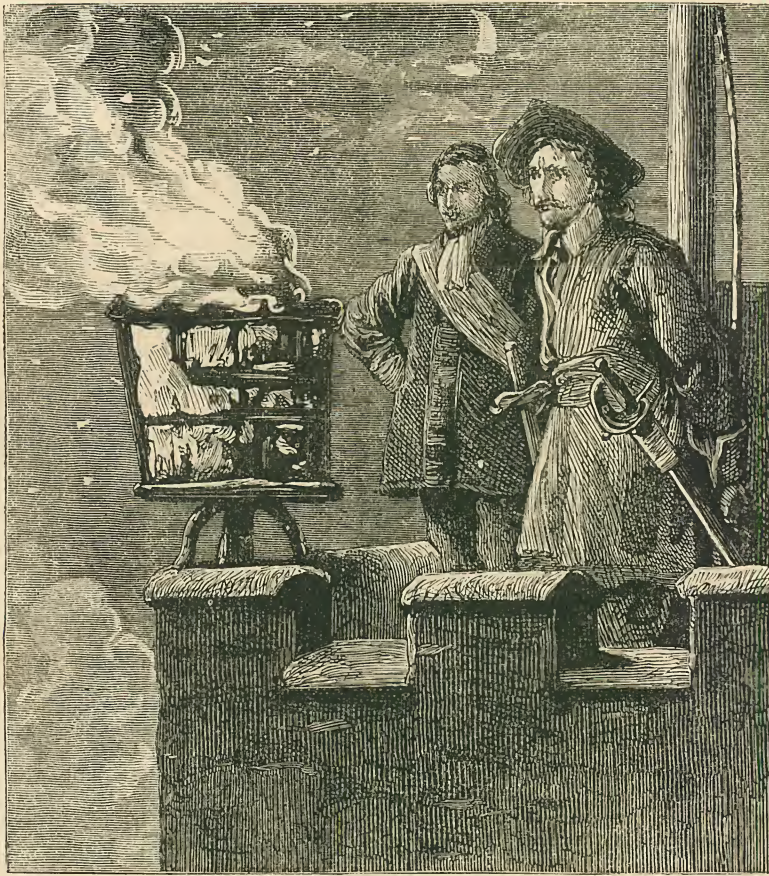
The Count's eyes had a strange, dreamy look which distressed Gaspard, and the boy feared he had done wrong in getting his master to tell the story. He said, softly, 'Dear Count, come down with me, and let me bring the supper in thy chamber. Thou art not yet well.'

'No,' said Adrien, passing his hand over his brow, 'In sooth I am not. Will the beacon keep ablaze, thinkest thou?'

'I shall watch it all night. Thou needst not fear.'

The Count, still like a man confused, allowed himself to be guided down the winding staircase, and led to his chamber. Very carefully did the brave boy tend and cheer him, but he saw with sorrow that the surprise of the letter from his wife and the excitement of the hope of escape had been too much for his weakened frame.

By midnight Adrien was again in an excess of fever, and the troubled page left his watch upon the tower as often as he dared, to rush down and see that Antoine was nursing his dear lord mindfully. But he stayed only a few moments at a time, for who could tell what foe might be lurking in the castle precincts, or what adverse hand might, if he left his post, find means to tamper with the beacon fire?



Gaspard and the Count watching the Beacon Fire.

Château de La Harpe owed its name, if tradition might be believed, to one of the remote ancestors of Adrien, a noble who had displeased his prince, and had been banished from his presence. The story went that the young man, who had been when a child his sovereign's playfellow, felt his disgrace so keenly that he disguised himself as a minstrel, and played before the Court so exquisitely that the Prince commanded him to name his own reward, whereupon Pierre de Guion—for such was his name—revealed himself to his master, and craved as guerdon his pardon only. The Prince, overcome by his affection, not only granted it, but gave him, as a mark of his restored favour, the land on which the Château afterwards stood. Here Pierre de Guion built himself a castle, and here, on the top of a slender turret, he caused a harp of stone to be erected, and called the name of his lordly stronghold 'La Harpe,' in memory of the day when, with his harp, he won back the royal favour. Such was the tradition, and the family name of De Guion had been changed for hundreds of years to 'De Guion de La Harpe,' until, irritated that his father should leave this, the fairest of his castles, to the son of the Huguenot, Adrien's elder brother had abandoned the name in disgust, and called himself henceforth 'De Guion de Mont Royal.'

Troubled in mind and weary in body did Gaspard watch the beacon during the greater part of the night.

Had Louis gone yet to his little chalet, and was there any hope that he had seen it? The young Huguenot prayed as men do pray in sore times of need, and gradually his mind grew calmed by the holy exercise. Then his thoughts wandered back to the days of his childhood, when his dying father had placed him in the arms of Adrien de La Harpe, as he could just remember, and he had been brought to the castle, with its lovely gardens and fruitful fields, and given into the care of Adrien's gentle wife, Dame Countess Isabelle. Best of all he liked to think of the hours he had spent with the good Countess's little daughter Clare; how he had taught her to mount her palfrey, and even to shoot with a little cross-bow which he had made for her.

His thoughts grew at last so pleasant and so dreamy that he feared he must have slept, and springing up from the hard stones where he had been lying, he looked across to the hills, nestling in the side of one of which Louis' chalet lay.

Was it fancy, or did a tiny flame rise from the blue summit and burn steadily in the still dusky air? It was not fancy; the flame curled and grew as he gazed upon it, and, hurrying down the tower stair, he entered the Count's chamber, and whispered softly, 'Dear master, sleep in peace; a beacon answers from the distant hill!'

(To be continued.)



THE RAT.

MY first acquaintance with rats was made in trying to catch some culprits, who not only robbed my numerous flock of pigeons of their food, but who also were suspected of stealing the eggs, and even tearing open the well-filled crops of the pigeons for the sake of the grain. I caught a good many, but chiefly young ones. In time the whole tribe disappeared from my premises, true to the nature of the brown or migratory rat, to which they belonged. Finally, I gave up the pigeons, and the next rats which engaged my attention were various young ones, from the perfectly blind, naked little rat, which looks very much like an incipient hippopotamus, to the half-grown hobbledehoy rat, who

would not hesitate to defy the first enterprise of a three-months'-old kitten. Then came a great acquaintance—a fat, portly rat, piebald, and with a stumpy tail. He was introduced to some of the most brilliant society of London by his good-natured and well-known master, the late Mr. J— B—, who used to carry about this rat in the breast-pocket of his coat. It used to feast on Elva plums and Portugal grapes, with many other dainties, at the dessert table, and had a bright blue bow fastened round his neck to make him look smart for the occasion, just as little Charlie or Minnie are dressed up to come down after dinner. Alas! it disagreed as much with the rat as it does with little people; poor Spotty got dreadfully fat, and one day, getting very sleepy, he overbalanced himself, and fell from the edge of the table. Now any common rat would have laughed at such a tumble, and not even shaken itself to run away, but our fat

friend's legs were too weak to support such a prize-pig's body as it had got, through gobbling and luxury; and the consequence was, his unbroken fall killed him.

A fancy for rats seems to have run in the family of that gentleman, for, at the country-seat of a relation of his, I saw in a cage two splendid *white-black* rats. 'White-black' seems to be nonsense; but it means that the little creatures were white specimens of the old-fashioned English rat, which, by way of distinction from the coarser and more recently introduced 'brown rat,' is called the 'black rat.' The latter has a shiny, velvety coat, and is really a handsome animal. I always thought the brown rat very forbidding, till one day I had occasion to procure two live ones for the purpose of drawing them. They were supplied to me from the Zoological Gardens, where, from necessity, incessant war is waged against rats. But it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and while rats are a serious expense to the Society, through their stealing and their attacks on the poultry, they form quite an item in the bill of fare of many of their animals. Eagles, vultures, kites, and many of the small carnivora, have dinners of rats, which they enjoy as much uncooked as the Chinese do their cooked ones.

But to return to my two 'model' rats. They appeared at my house in a trap one evening, and the first thing they did was to wake the babies by their squealing, although they were in the passage and the children upstairs; for the moment the shaking caused by the transit ceased, they began to fight in the most desperate manner. I suppose they were accusing each other of the misfortunes which had befallen them, and fell out about it; as stupid people will also do, though they ought to know better than my poor rats. I thought it cruel to let them have it 'out,' and perhaps find a dead and half-eaten rat in the morning; so I rushed to the ironmonger and got another trap, into which I managed, with the help of my frightened cook, to put one of them. It was a very cold night, and as I thought it was bad enough for them to have lost their liberty, and not to have any warm holes to creep into and huddle together, I put a piece of old woollen covering round the traps. In the morning, I found both rats had cleverly tucked themselves up in their quarters. The biggest rat had torn the covering somewhat, and made a tidy nest, but the younger one had only carefully pulled it in and round himself. The difference simply arose from the fact that I had put some hay between the two cages, which kept the smaller rat warm, while the big rat had only hard wood under the cage, and so thought himself entitled to a little extra comfort. Finding the young rat, during the day, getting rather cold, I put the trap on the fender to give it a warm; it immediately began to clean itself, and wash itself all over with its paws: all on a sudden, it stared wildly and jumped about the cage; the reason was that it found the heat too great, and saw no escape. I removed it instantly, and put it on a chair, so that the comfort of the fire should still reach it. It instantly resumed its operations. Presently, my little girl put some water under the cage, on the chair, because we were afraid to open the trap-door. It was a pleasure to see the poor thing slake its thirst. From that moment both rats readily took biscuit, carrot, and

grain out of our hands. Considering they had only been imprisoned a day or two, one marvels at their boldness. If, for the sake of getting them in their right position, I poked them gently with my pencil, they resented it by taking hold of it with their teeth, and the last day before I got rid of them, and I put my fingers incautiously under the wires in order to carry them away, I was quickly warned by a nip; forgetting myself again, I got a good bite, the four little chisel-like teeth making the prettiest possible pattern in a punctured wound on my finger.

I have no doubt that in a few weeks these rats would have been perfectly tame, and would have lost all their savageness. I felt very much inclined to keep them as pets, but want of time did not allow me to do so. I reluctantly got rid of them, and only felt sorry that one should feel obliged to destroy an animal which seems to have so much intelligence and courage; unfortunately, it is necessary to get rid of the rats, or the rats would get rid of us.

I always had great doubts about the usefulness of the rat's tail, which is certainly not a handsome appendage. The rat itself, however, seems to think very differently, taking the greatest possible care of it, and licking and cleaning it most vigorously. I believe the tail helps to act as a feeler, and whenever the rat sat peaceably and comfortably, with its bead-like eyes fixed wonderingly upon me, the tail supported the front paws, as you see in the picture.

There is an old fable about the rats consulting how to get rid of the cat, and how a young rat suggested to put a bell on the cat, so that they could always hear it; the difficulty was, to find the rat that would put the bell on. In Germany, however, they sometimes turn the tables, by putting a bell on a tame rat, which so scares her wild companions that they leave the neighbourhood.

When a child, I used to hear a great many legends about the rat king, and the service other rats did him. It is said, the origin of these fables arises from the fact that now and then young rats are found with their tails grown together. Rats seem affectionate to their own kind, and when the poor cripples grow up helpless, the other rats come and feed them. Sometimes these unfortunate monstrosities are found, or said to have been found (for I never saw one) in deserted lofts or cellars. Upon being attacked, perhaps, the anxious face of one of their relations showed they were watched, in trying to convey the cripples away, and hence the story of the rat king.

SPURS.

A GOOD many museums show specimens of the spurs worn in olden times. In the Tower of London very many different kinds are to be seen. Most of them are very formidable instruments, and would incline us to think that they were intended to pierce the hide of an elephant rather than that of the horse. At the time of the Conquest some people favoured spurs with only one point. Others wore them with a number of points, very much as they are used now. When knights and esquires were strongly marked distinctions, the knight wore gilt spurs, whilst the esquire had to be content with silver ones.

A. R. B.

A NOBLE BOY.

IT was at the relief of Lucknow, in the terrible Indian mutiny. Some English troops were holding a building opposite to a strongly garrisoned post of the enemy. An attack on this post had just been made, and had failed. Suddenly, some one came in with the news that an English soldier was lying out in the open, wounded but still alive.

'Who's coming with me?' cried a young officer, who afterwards received the Victoria Cross from the Queen's hands for his bravery.

Two gallant Artillerymen volunteered, and these three, with the lieutenant who had brought the news, went out into the open; across a road, over a ditch, then across a piece of open ground, then over a wall, and there in an orchard they found the wounded man. He was still alive, and by his side was a brave lad belonging to the band of the 23rd Fusiliers. He had gone out with the 'doolies' for the wounded, and in returning he had found the man lying there alone. Instead of seeking his own safety, he had stayed by the man until found there by the party of four. The wounded man was got under shelter again, and not one of the six received a single wound.

George Monguer was that lad's name. His example is one for boys and girls to think upon. A. R. B.

SUMMER-TIME.

DANCE away, bairnies,
Dance while you may,
Sweet smells the clover
On this summer day;
Far far above us,
Up in the sky,
The glad lark is trilling,
Trilling on high!

Grandfather watches,
Smiling to see
The glad some wee bairnies
Dance on the lea!
God bless the bairnies,
Keep them from sin,
Then open Heaven's gate,
Take them all in! D. B. McKEAN.

DONETTI'S BABOONS AND MONKEYS.



AN Italian, by the name of Donetti, after a study of many years, succeeded in training a number of baboons and monkeys so as to make them do his bidding. But if they lost sight of him only for a moment, their savage instinct instantly resumed its sway.

Donetti triumphed over them solely by the power of his eyes, and he seldom or never punished them. By kindness alone he obtained the wonderful results described below. He invented a kind of pantomime, in which monkeys and baboons, assisted

by dogs, were the performers. In the first scene the curtain rose slowly and disclosed a table, around which six well-dressed monkeys, of different species, were sitting down, waiting for their supper. They sat with demure faces, excepting now and then a chattering which they held together, resembling the chattering of men in a hurry to get their food. Madme. Rattafia, another monkey, dressed in a blue shirt and short gown, with cap on head, came in with a pair of candles, which she placed on the table, and retired to bring the edibles, and with a quickness of motion and propriety of conduct that would have been creditable in human servants. Madme. Rattafia's son, a tiny monkey dressed as a cook, with white frock and cap, brought in a plate of salad, which was placed before the convivial party, and which was soon devoured with gusto by the hungry crew; cakes, nuts, and other dainties followed, and were speedily disposed of in the same way. Madme. Rattafia and her son brought in a basket of wine; each monkey received his bottle, and seemed to like it greatly.

In another scene Mdle. Minié came in, riding on a magnificent dog, and went through her exercises in a creditable manner, jumping on and off her courser with the greatest agility, and performing in imitation of circus riders, going through all her feats with a serious face, and with the greatest apparent satisfaction. M. Donetti then introduced the tight-rope dancer, a mandrill of the largest size, who, in imitation of the rope-dancer, had his feet chalked, and then commenced his dancing and jumping on the rope, with a balance-pole in his hands. At the rise of the curtain, and at the sound of martial music, the Marchioness of Batavia entered, riding in her barouche, drawn by two white poodles. On the box a monkey-coachman sat, holding the reins and cracking his whip. Behind the carriage a monkey-footman rode in rich livery. The noble monkey-lady had occasion to descend from her carriage, and displayed her rich costume. She remounted; the carriage started at a rapid rate; one of the linchpins gave way; the barouche was upset; the monkey-lady fell out; a chair was brought, on which she sat, steadying her nerves, until the footman, who had run about to repair the accident, succeeded in recovering the wheel and replacing it. All the time during the accident the coachman had been holding his dog-couriers, to prevent their running away. The carriage having been repaired, the monkey-marchioness re-entered, and the equipage drove off.

In another scene—'The Deserter'—a dog dressed as a soldier was seen walking on his hind legs, carrying a musket on his shoulder, and leading in a monkey, also dressed in uniform, with two large red epaulets. A monkey robed as a clergyman, with white bands projecting from his throat, brought in a placarded sentence of condemnation to death by shooting. While a bell was slowly tolling the master tied a handkerchief around the head of the culprit, who, as one of the dogs fired a gun at him, fell motionless as if dead. A mournful tune was heard, and a monkey, dressed as a grave-digger, in rusty black clothes, wheeling in a black cart, put the dead monkey into it, and took him off to perform the burial.



Mlle. Minie riding on her Dog.



WINTER.

No. 39. August 19, 1882.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



Waiting for a Chance.

WAITING FOR A CHANCE.



WHAT are you sitting so quietly for, Pussy, with your ears laid back, and your nose in the air? Oh, I see! there is a linnet in the lilac-bush, and though you do not care to listen to his singing, you would like very much to eat his poor little body for your dinner.

That naughty kitten of yours looks even more eager than you do. I am sure she feels inclined to make a rush up into the lilac boughs at once; but you are such

a cautious old cat, and I think you have made up your mind to wait until the linnet's song is ended, and then, if the pretty brown bird spies out a worm on the lawn, he will perhaps come flying down to catch it, and then —!

But I remember, to my comfort, that you are so cautious, Mrs. Puss, that nine times out of ten you miss your bird altogether. Miss Topsy, with all her rashness, is more likely to catch the linnet than you are. However, I will leave you both 'waiting for a chance,' which, though you may think it very unkind of me, I sincerely hope you will not get!

H. L. T.

THE DIAMOND CROSS.

(Continued from page 300.)

CHAPTER II.—THE RESPONSE.



ASPARD was right when he said that old Louis loved Count Adrien better than his life. Thirty-eight years before his daughter Margot had brought home the little frail babe to nurse with her own child, and when, a short time afterwards, his grandson had perished through falling into a pool, both Louis and Margot found the best solace in their grief in giving a double share of love to their foster-son. But the old man had been born and

bred among the hills, and when young Adrien at his father's death took possession of La Harpe, both Louis and his daughter sickened in the air of the plain.

The Château lay in a rich level tract between the hills and the river—its best defence being the fact that the heights were too distant for an enemy to overawe the castle from them, while the town of Plâquières lay between it and the shore. The Count would not suffer either his faithful servant or his nurse to remain in peril for his sake, and they removed to a little homestead in a mountain valley, spending the summer tending their flock in a chalet on the mountain side. Louis and Margot never failed morning and evening to pray for their darling Adrien. They knew that Plâquières had been attacked because of the refusal of its governor to enforce the

royal edict, and they feared that the castle would be the next to suffer. It was, indeed, a matter for wonder that it had not been molested before, for Le Verrier, who commanded the King's forces, was the Count's bitter foe.

But the wily general had his own good reasons for abstaining from doing present mischief. He coveted the fair fortress with its fertile lands for himself, and he decided that it would be far more valuable if taken without having undergone assault. He contented himself, therefore, with establishing a sort of mild blockade, and taking care that the few who from time to time ventured to leave La Harpe should perish in their attempt. He even succeeded in fouling one of its wells—the result of which had been an outbreak of fever; and now the little garrison were enduring privation, though not famine, with the subdued despair of men who know that, however postponed, the end must come at last, and that the fall of Plâquières would be the signal for their own ruin.

Bitterly, indeed, did the Count repent the rashness which had prompted him, when the alternative was offered him of leaving his country or changing his faith, to say proudly that he was 'a loyal servant of the King, and would do neither the one nor the other.' He had shut himself up in La Harpe, but the aspect of affairs became so alarming that he sent word to the Countess and their child not to join him there, as they intended, but to take refuge in Holland.

His brother, Pierre de Guion, dwelt with his sole surviving child, Claude, at Mont Royal, a castle on the other side of the mountains. He was aged and infirm, and had only once permitted Claude to visit La Harpe, although the youth, charmed by the kindness of Countess Isabelle and the gentle grace of his young cousin, had pleaded to go again. Pierre did not regard the brother who had supplanted him with any very ardent affection, but the sense of justice which had made Adrien give up the Diamond Cross, and offer even to restore La Harpe, had won his real though roughly expressed regard. He would not, however, urge him to leave France, fearing lest he might be suspected of wishing to profit by his departure, and the brothers had had no personal intercourse for some years.

Plâquières had now abandoned all hope of succour, for during the last few days vessels had come up the river, not only to bring supplies of food to their enemies, but having among them a ship of war laden with ammunition. Louis and Margot knew by the increase of smoke that the danger had become greater. On the evening, when the beacon-fire was lit, the old man had gone to rest before his usual hour, with the intention of rising specially early in the morning; but he was aroused before midnight by Margot.

'Father,' she said, 'I cannot sleep. It seems to me that they are burning a beacon fire at La Harpe.'

Old Louis rose up in an instant, and going to his little casement looked across the plain. 'It is true, Margot; it is true. What can it betoken?'

'It can only betoken disaster, father. Our son' (she always called him thus) 'is sore beset, and thinks that you may help him.'

'How?' inquired Louis. 'Of what good will an old man like myself be?'

'None whatever, unless—— Father,' she added, suddenly, 'I believe Count Adrien wants you to go and get succour for him from Mont Royal.'

'Ah!' said her father, 'that must be it. Thou art a sharp woman, Margot.'

'One had need be in these times,' she replied. 'Father, you must go at once; the moon is up.'

The old man drew on his high gaiters with a heavy sigh.

'I will, my child. God grant it may not be too late. Thou canst kindle an answering fire?'

'Surely, father; and pray all the time I tend it.'

She assisted Louis to equip himself, and made him take a substantial meal. Then, with many prayers and tears, she saw him depart.

The vigorous old mountaineer travelled through the night, and reached Mont Royal early the next day. He was admitted at once into Pierre de Guion's presence, and told, almost weeping, how they had seen the signal from the tower of La Harpe, and concluding with a passionate appeal for instant aid.

'I cannot help him,' said the elder brother, sadly. 'I have no men; my own troop I have been obliged to send forth on service of the King.'

'Thou hast money, perhaps,' said the old man. 'It may be money that Count Adrien needs. Money for ransom.'

'I have no money,' said Pierre, gloomily. 'I have had to pay a heavy subsidy. Would I could help him, but it is out of my power!'

The young Claude had been an intent listener.

'Father,' he said, eagerly, though with deep respect, 'we *must* think of something.'

'Canst make men, or coin money, lad?'

'No; but ——' The youth hesitated, and then added, 'There is the Diamond Cross left.'

'The Diamond Cross! Ay, so there is! *Thy* heirloom, boy. Wouldst thou have it given up a second time?'

'Yes, father, to save Clare. What if she were *thy* daughter?'

The old man buried his face in his hands, for Claude's sister was dead. After a pause, which seemed hours to the tortured heart of Louis, he looked up.

'Perhaps thou art right, lad. Only a few of the diamonds might suffice their need; but how canst thou take it in safety? Thou wilt be murdered for its sake.'

'No, father; I will go back with Louis. We can take mules.'

'Thou must take no mule down into the plain, young lord. A youth such as thou riding on a mule would be a sure mark,' interrupted Louis.

'I cannot let thee go!' exclaimed Pierre de Guion. 'Why should *thy* life be risked?'

'Oh, father, *let me go!*' cried the youth, imploringly. 'I will be prudent,—indeed I will. I will put on Hugh's clothes, and when I reach the plain I will go on foot.'

'And as to the Diamond Cross,' said Louis. 'If I may humbly speak, let him take it sewn into the bottom of a leathern jack with another piece of leather over it, and fill the jack with water. Let

him take a little hunter's wallet with oat-cake and flesh; he can bind them both to his girdle. He must have nothing else save a knife and staff.'

At last their prayers prevailed, and Count Pierre consented that his son should go. After waiting for an hour to rest Louis, the old man and the young Count rode forth together. In a few hours they gained the road, whence Louis must diverge to go to his chalet, while Claude went down into the plain. The old man was nearly spent, and could not have reached his home on foot. He took Claude's mule with him, and wept as he bade the youth farewell, with a 'God speed thee, young lord!'

Claude hoped to gain La Harpe before nightfall. He thought he knew the way perfectly, and was so confident that he persuaded Louis into believing him. The youth also fancied that on a plain he could not go wrong; but he had to pass through a belt of wood which covered the country irregularly for a considerable distance, and before he knew he had missed the track which would have led him safely through it. Still, the darkness was not profound, and with no idea of the mistake that he had made he went on, wondering that he had not reached the castle.

Suddenly the sound of a random shot was heard, and in a few moments, emerging from the wood, he was once more on open ground, and beheld with joy walls and towers rising dimly before him. Alas! his joy was quickly turned to dismay, for they were the walls and towers of Plâquières!

'What ho! there!' cried a voice, while a rough hand was laid upon his shoulder.

Though dreadfully alarmed he did not lose his presence of mind, but replied, 'I fear me I have lost my way, sir. At which point lies the river?'

'The river!' cried two soldiers with a laugh; 'that is a mile away. Art going to drown thyself by night? Who art thou? For the King or for the heretics?'

'For the King!' answered Claude. 'I have come from the mountains, and have lost my way.'

'Thou comest from the mountains?' asked one, with a glance at the wallet and leathern jack. 'Give us a taste of thy mountain fare.'

Claude promptly opened his wallet and gave the fellows all that remained of his oat-cake and goats'-flesh.

'He speaks truly,' said the soldier as he tasted them. 'I have not eaten such for weeks. Is thy jack empty?'

'Not quite,' replied the youth, as hiding well his feelings he handed it to the soldiers. The two drained it between them.

'Thou art a good-natured knave,' said one, returning it. 'We are parched with thirst.'

'I would fill my jack again for you if there were a stream near,' said Claude.

'There is a streamlet not very far deep in the wood thou camest through,' replied the men. 'We dare not leave our beat.'

'Are you on sentry?'

'No, we are on the look-out to cut off stragglers.'

'I will gladly fetch you water,' said Claude; and he set off to the wood.

It took him longer to find the stream than he had



Claude on his way to the Château.

thought, and to his vexation in unfastening his belt he dropped it among the bushes. When he came back, however, the soldiers overwhelmed him with their thanks.

'Go straight on if thou wouldst reach the river,' they said; 'but take not the wide path to the left. It leads straight to the heretic's fortress.'

'To La Harpe?' inquired Claude, carelessly.

'Yes, to La Harpe. But Plâquières must fall to-morrow; the bombardment begins at dawn. We shall be sacking the place by nightfall. Thou hadst best stay with us and see the fun.'

'I cannot,' answered he. 'I seek a friend who I fear is sick.'

'Well, thou art a right good fellow. Turn not to the left, and thou wilt arrive safely. Stay, leave me thy jack; its cut reminds me of home.'

'Nay,' answered Claude. 'How am I to journey back then? It were an ill return for fetching thee water to take my jack.'

'He hath reason,' said the man's comrade. The soldier looked a little ashamed, and withdrew the hand which had already grasped the precious flask.

Claude went a short distance in the path indicated,

and presently came to the road on the left. He would fain have gone forward, but the moon was setting, and he feared to proceed. Curling himself up, with the jack pressed closely beneath his waistcoat, he lay down in the shadow of a fence, and, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary, fell asleep.

It was only a light slumber, however, and the first streaks of light awoke him. Remembering what the soldier had said he rose and hastened on his way. The bombardment had already begun. Fearing lest any attempt at concealment might provoke suspicion were he met, he deemed it best to carry the leathern flask openly in his hand, and was glad when he passed a little pool among some reeds to fill it with the muddy water. Unwittingly, he had left his staff in the place where he had slept, but he dared not return for it. Shot and shell were bursting over the devoted town, as with a scared face he left it behind him. He could hear the shouts of the besiegers, and fancied he could distinguish the cries of the townsmen. With a full heart he committed himself to God, and pursued the road which the soldier had told him led directly to La Harpe.

(To be continued.)



MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

IN many tribes, when a young Indian wants to ask for his wife, he will go early in the morning, and sit, wrapped up in his blanket, crouching in the door-way of her father's lodge. There he remains all day, the family, meanwhile, passing in and out without taking the slightest notice of him. The next day the young lover is there again, and so on for perhaps a week. If he is an agreeable suitor his patience is at last rewarded; he is invited in, and food is set before him. His friends then appear, and bring forward the presents he is willing to give for the Indian girl. If

her father is satisfied, all is well; if not, the forlorn lover must seek another bride. They say that the presents are not a price for the bride, but only to express her value and rank; but unless the lover is very powerful or wealthy, he is usually impoverished to his last blanket.

Some Indian tribes have another custom of marriage. Thirty or forty canoes sometimes escort the suitor to the shore. No word is spoken on either side for ten minutes. At last, on the question being asked where the visitors are from, and what is wanted—a form that is gone through, though the object of the visit is perfectly well known—a speaker rises in one of the canoes and addresses the natives on the shore in a loud voice. He gives the name, title, and history of the expectant husband, and states the number and influence of his friends and connexions

in his own and among other tribes, the object being to show that the honour of marrying so great a person should suffice without much purchase-money. At the end of the speech a canoe is paddled to the beach, and a bundle of blankets is thrown on land. Contemptuous laughter follows from the friends of the woman, and the suitor is told to go away, as he places too small a value upon the intended bride. Then some orator on shore gets up and praises the woman, and thus, with speeches and additional gifts, many hours are occupied, until finally the woman is brought down to the shore and stripped to her under garment (the greed of her relatives not allowing them to send her to her husband with the slightest thing more than the barest decency requires), and delivered to her lover. His first wedding present, it follows, is the necessary covering of a blanket.

Stern as are Indian fathers in the matter of settlements, they are not less particular that the future son-in-law shall be strong and vigorous in all active exercises, as befits the head of a family in a nation where 'might is right.' Before the house of the head chief of Clayoquot is a large stone. When a man proposes for one of the daughters of his tribe, he is pointed to the stone, which, if he cannot lift and carry it, causes his disgrace, and he is dismissed in scorn.

An Indian seldom beats his wife unless he is intoxicated, and although she is a drudge, she has a voice in all bargains, and prudent travellers always buy her goodwill. This is best done by giving little presents to the children, which gives the irate husband no cause for jealousy. An Indian woman early arrives at maturity, but soon ceases to have children. They are kind to their children, yet some tribes will frequently kill their boy babies, and save the girls to sell when grown up. One of twins is almost always killed. A girl, as she grows up, is gradually initiated by the mother into all the duties of her condition, and the boy by the father into his, being taken hunting and fishing, &c. Girls are often married when twelve years old. Among the Indians a deformed child is generally killed at once, and a sickly child has a poor chance of living; and a warrior, wounded in battle, must take his chance of surviving or falling into the enemy's hands. Taking their life, too, all in all, a savage has a poor chance to live through infancy, and when grown up, war, disease, famine, assassination, and the thousand and one ills of savage existence, threaten him daily and hourly.

At feasts, the chiefs scatter feathers over themselves, and a dying person is always strewn with them. When an Indian is about to die, and the medicine men have given him up, a couple of men will attend him, and the moment that life is extinct, and *sometimes before*, they will double up the body into a box, and nail it down. Other tribes, who do not use boxes, hang their dead in high trees. Some lay them on rude platforms, some heap stones around them, some sink them in the water, others burn them, and others bury them in the ground. They have great horror of a dead body, and one is often put into a coffin while yet alive. A well-known and most trustworthy officer of the Hudson's Bay Company was one day walking near an Indian village. He heard faint cries in the direction of the dense

foliage of a fir. Examining more closely, he satisfied himself that they came from a coffin-box which had been recently placed there. He climbed the tree, at the risk of being surprised by the Indians and suffering the penalty of meddling with their dead, and, wrenching off the lid of the box, he was horrified to see a young man raise himself up and look around in bewilderment. The poor fellow was well known to the trader, and had been put into the box while in a trance. He managed to get down the tree, although much injured, and walked into the Indian village, to the horror and astonishment of the Indians. Sometimes the Indians build a little tent or hut, in which they deposit their coffin, with trinkets and household implements around it, and carved figures in the doorway. It has always been their custom to leave property with their dead, but since the advent of the white settlers they have been forced to put the property over the graves in such a condition that it could not be tempting to some economical, but irreverent, pioneer to furnish his house.

The Indians believe in one Great Spirit, who presides over a heavenly hunting-ground in spirit-land. They have also, in various tribes, minor spirits, but do not worship them; and every Indian has a *totem*, or some animal peculiarly sacred to himself, and which another Indian is not allowed to kill in his presence, although if killed at any other time he does not care.

MEAN WHAT YOU SAY, AND SAY WHAT YOU MEAN.

IF we were to write down all we said in a day, and to read it over at the day's end, what pages we should see of words either partly untrue or actually misleading! It is not only exaggeration, saying a mountain when we only mean a mole-hill, or on the other hand only telling a part of the truth; but besides these we soon get into habit of *saying* things which we do not *mean*.

Tom's favourite words are, 'I'm awfully sorry.' Out they come on the smallest provocation. But he does not give proof of his awful sorrow by trying to avoid the fault in the future. Why not say something one really meant?

Julia is, according to herself, very humble. 'I am so stupid,' is her constant declaration. But don't take Julia at her word! It is my opinion that she has quite a good opinion of her own powers. Are any Toms and Julias reading this?

But there are some people who mean well, and yet contrive to say something else.

A certain Negro orator was once desirous of complimenting the President, General Grant, by saying, 'General Grant, you were born to command.' But either his stock of English failed, or the excitement confused his ideas. At any rate, instead of these words, he thundered out in his loudest tones, 'General Grant, you was made to order.' No harm was done.

But sometimes harm is done through a little want of care in speaking. Beware, therefore, not only of funny mistakes, but of hurtful ones, and 'say what you mean.'

A. R. B.

TALES OF TROY.

No. XIII.

THE DOINGS OF PATROCLUS.



He left the Greeks in a bad way. They were driven nearly to their ships. Their best soldiers would not fight. Their next best warriors were nearly all wounded. Their hope seemed all to rest on Ajax, who, though slightly wounded, was equal to the occasion.

While Hector was rejoicing at his success, he was struck to the earth by a huge stone hurled at him by Ajax, and he had to be carried off. After a short period, however, Hector returned, and, followed by his troops, he went through the broken wall, and attempted to fire the fleet.

'Bring the flames!' roared he, laying his hand on a ship; 'bring the flames! The labour of ten years is ended!'

But it was no easy task to bring a lighted torch, for Ajax struck every one carrying a flame to the earth; and twelve of the boldest soon fell before his terrible iron mace. But Ajax felt his strength exhausted; and, as Trojan after Trojan came up with fiery torches, a ship was soon in flames.

It was now that Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, went to that hero in tears.

'What is the matter, Patroclus?' asked his friend. 'Tell me why you weep.'

'I weep for Greece,' replied Patroclus. 'Every chief who might help her lies wounded, and thou showest no pity. Surely thou art not a man, but born of a rock in a stormy day. Come, let me put on thine armour, and lead thy idle troops to battle. Thou art so dreaded, that if the Trojans see even one in thy armour they will retire.'

Achilles agreed to the request. 'Go, then,' said he, 'and save the ships. I hear the Trojan shouts of triumph. I see our ships on fire. It is time something should be done. It was not like this when Troy saw Achilles, and trembled. But,' continued he, 'remember Hector is mine. No one is to slay Hector but Achilles. Save the fleet; but do no more. Pursue not the enemy, lest evil befall thee.'

It was high time. Ajax was worn out, and had to retire, and the Trojans were able to do their work of destruction unchecked.

So Patroclus armed himself, and yoked the famous horses to the chariot. Their names were Xanthus and Ballus; and a third, called Pegasus, ran in harness by their side.

Achilles himself aroused his grim soldiers, and exhorted them to be fierce and brave.

'There are the enemy! Grieve no longer at the idleness to which I have doomed you, but go and do the work you love!'

Achilles then asked Jove to save the fleet and protect Patroclus. Half the prayer was granted. The ships were saved; but Patroclus never came back alive!

When the Trojans saw the well-known chariot of

Achilles whirled up to the burning ship, and Achilles himself (as they thought) in the car, they fled, followed by Patroclus. A general advance of the Greeks also took place, and heaps of dead marked the course of the pseudo-Achilles.

It was now the amiable Sarpedon met his doom. He was mortified at the sudden change brought about by the arms of Achilles, and, leaping from his chariot, he maimed the horse Pegasus, who fell, and checked the others. The driver cut the thongs which coupled Pegasus to the chariot, and the dying horse was left behind. At this moment Sarpedon hurled his spear at Patroclus. It missed him, but the lance which Patroclus returned was aimed more surely. It struck Sarpedon on the breast, and made a mortal wound.

'Glaucus,' said the dying hero, 'be bold, and lead my troops. Do not let my arms adorn a Greek. Defend my body—conquer, or die.'

The fury of battle raged fiercely about the body of Sarpedon. When the Greek Epigeus touched it, his head was smashed by a rock. Then Patroclus beat back the Trojans, and then Æneas, in turn, rallied them; but the end of it was, that the Trojans had to leave Sarpedon's body, and the Greeks despoiled it of the armour.

Meanwhile, Patroclus, blind to his coming fate, pursued the enemy too far. Hector retired even to the gates of Troy, wondering at the change which Achilles had wrought, when a solemn voice sounded in his ear,—

'Can it be Hector who forbears to fight? Turn again to thy field of fame, and wipe out thy disgrace in yon hero's blood!'

Hector obeyed. He found Patroclus on foot, with a spear in his left hand, and a stone in his right. With the latter weapon he killed Cebrion, a son of Priam, and then tried to rob the corpse of its armour. Hector, leaping from his car, seized Cebrion's head, and the two became the centre of another furious conflict. At length the Greeks prevailed once more, and Cebrion's body and splendid arms were theirs.

Then Patroclus made his last furious onset. In the midst of it he received a blow from an unseen hand; his helmet was dashed to the ground, his spear broken to shivers, his shield slipped from his grasp, and it was known in a moment that he was not Achilles. He seemed like one stricken with palsy. In this bewildered state he was wounded by Euphorbus, and, as he turned to retire, Hector ran him through the body.

'Lie there, Patroclus!' said Hector. 'Thou shalt be vulture's meat. Thine own Achilles cannot help thee.'

'It is Heaven's will,' murmured the dying man. 'Heaven disarmed me. Apollo struck me. Euphorbus wounded me. Thou hast done but the meanest part. Vain boaster! thou shalt soon be as I. I see thee fall; and by the hand of Achilles.'

'Who knows the will of Heaven?' mused Hector, as he looked down upon the dead man. 'Why may not Achilles fall by my hand, as well as Hector by his?'

Automedon drove the empty chariot away, and again the roar of battle arose over the body of the slain man.

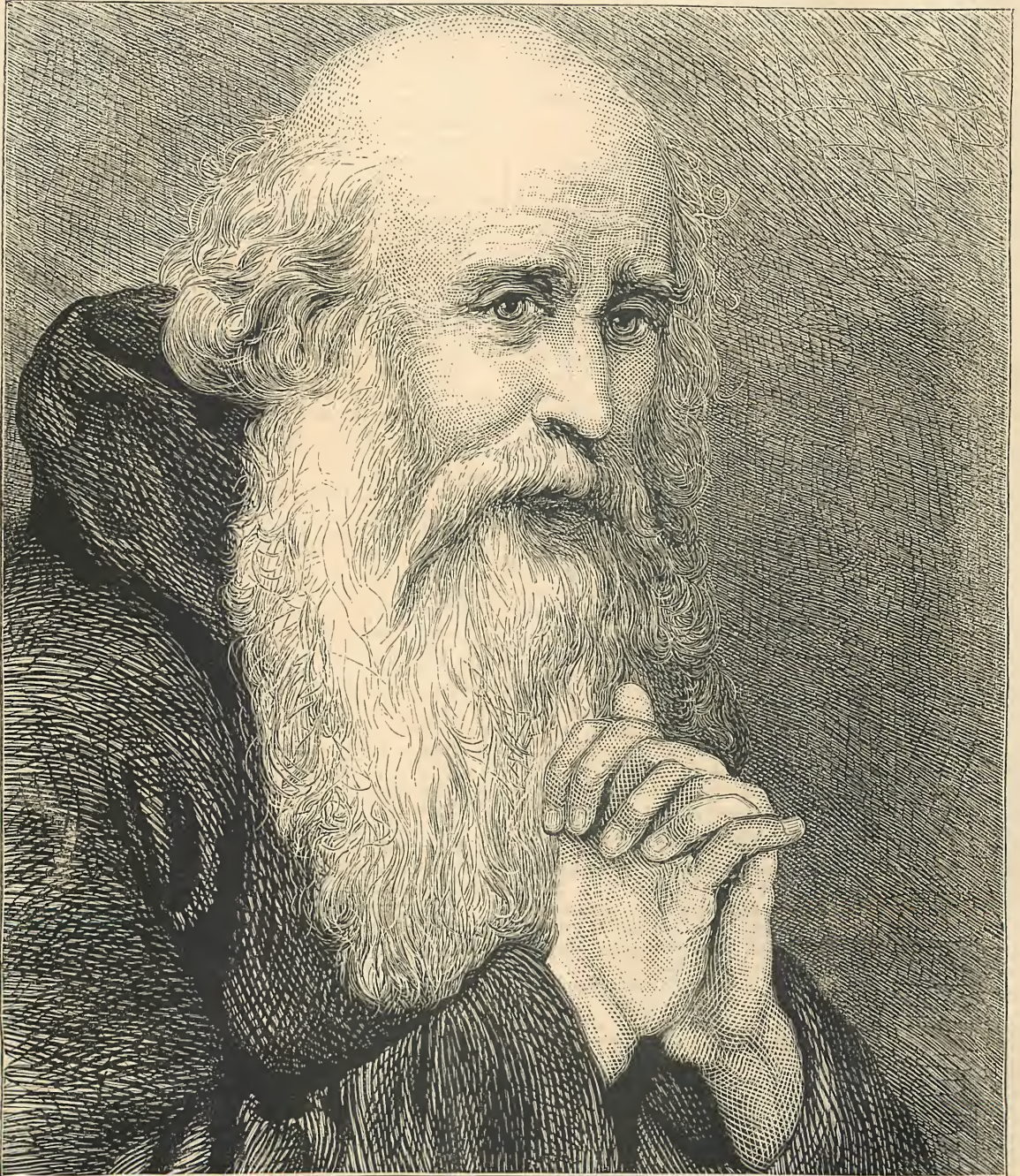


The Death of Patroclus.

No. 40. August 26, 1882.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

Chatterbox.



The Hermit.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A HERMIT there was, and he lived in a grot,
 And the way to be happy they said he had got.
 As I wanted to learn it I went to his cell,
 And when I came there the old hermit said, 'Well,
 Young man, by your looks you wish something, I see;
 Now, tell me the business that brings you to me?'
 'The way to be happy, they say, you have got,
 And as I wish to learn it, I've come to your grot;
 Now I beg and intreat, if you have such a plan,
 That you'll write it me down, and as plain as you can.'
 Upon which the old hermit went in for a pen,
 And brought me this note when he came back again:
 'Tis *being*, and *doing*, and *having*, that make
 All the pleasures and pains of which men partake.
 To *be* what God pleases,—to *do* a man's best,—
 And to *have* a good heart,—*is the way to be blest.*'

THE DIAMOND CROSS.

(Continued from p. 308.)

CHAPTER III.—THE ESCAPE.



HHE soldier had guided him rightly, and after a couple of hours' sharp walking La Harpe appeared in view. How well Claude remembered his last visit there! He had not once been challenged on the road, for though Count Adrien's castle had been under strict surveillance hitherto, the assault on Plâquières had proven too strong an attraction for the men intrusted with the carrying out of Le Verrier's orders, and so thinned were the outposts that, had the inhabitants only been aware of it, they might have abandoned the place with comparative safety, and fled to the hills.

La Harpe was surrounded by a moat, with a drawbridge, upon the turreted gateway of which Claude could see sentinels pacing to and fro, though even at that distance he could perceive how languidly they performed their duty.

As the young man gazed, he beheld a figure he had not previously noticed approach the parapet and bend eagerly towards him. Taking his handkerchief, Claude waved it in token of peaceful approach. The bending form made answer by a faint shout, and then vanished from the rampart. Gaspard, for it was he, was too wary, however, to trust himself beyond the precincts, and Claude was duly challenged before he was allowed to enter. The joy of the faithful page amounted to ecstasy when he perceived who it was that had brought the response from Mont Royal, and, without a moment's delay, he hurried him into the presence of the Count. Adrien greeted him at first by silent tears, then, recovering himself, asked what message he had brought.

'My father's greeting,' answered Claude, 'and the assurance of his sorrow that he hath neither men nor money to send thee.' Then, seeing how the countenances of both the Count and Gaspard fell at his words, he added, 'He sends thee something in lieu of both, dear uncle—the Diamond Cross, and bids thee either to raise money on it, or, if thou canst not this, to sever from it so many diamonds as will meet thy need.'

The Count could not speak for emotion; Gaspard, on the contrary, was ready to shout for joy.

'Thou comest not a moment too soon, young lord,' he said; 'only an hour ago my master received a billet warning him that the captain who had offered him rescue on board his bark was under orders to leave the river this evening.' Then, as rapidly as possible, the faithful boy narrated the history of the blockade, the arrival of the letter from the Countess, and the lighting of the beacon-fire as their last hope.

Claude listened with profound interest, though conscious of a secret disappointment that he had not been the means of rescuing his aunt and the fair young Clare as well as his uncle. In his turn he told of the journey by night, of brave old Louis, and of Margot kindling the answering fire.

'And now,' said he, 'we must break out some of the stones. My father told me that the smaller ones were worth fully one hundred crowns each.'

'Why did he not break some out himself?' asked Adrien, 'so not to have imperilled the cross itself.'

'He would not, uncle. He thought if it were not money thou didst need the cross should remain untouched; while, wert thou in need, it were better for thee to have the whole, and he bade me say that, remembering thy righteous dealing in this matter, he gives it to thee freely.'

'But he *ought* not without thy consent, Claude; it is thy heirloom as well as his.'

'I shall be repaid,' answered the youth with a blush, 'by having given thee back to my aunt and Clare. Thou wilt flee at once, uncle? Maybe thou wilt soon return?'

'No, Claude, never; the farewell I shall bid my home must be eternal. I love La Harpe much, but the faith of my mother more. Henceforth I am an exile for conscience sake. Perhaps it is as well,' he added; 'perchance the castle was never truly mine, as thy father hath so often averred.'

'And thy foe, Arnaud, will be left to seize it?'

'Master,' said Gaspard, 'let not thine enemy seize it. Why should he if it be not thine? The Lord of Mont Royal is no Huguenot if thou art. Give up the castle to his son before thou fleest.'

Both Adrien and Claude were amazed at this bold proposition, but the mind of the former was soon made up to act upon it, sudden though it was, and unalterable if once accomplished. Nay, he saw in it a sort of amends for depriving Pierre a second time of the Diamond Cross.

'I will do it!' he said. 'Both my wife and Clare will say that I have acted justly. I know not even if there be much virtue in the deed, for the castle is hardly to be called mine with Le Verrier so near.'

Writing materials were brought, and Adrien, in the most exact method he could devise, signified to Pierre that he gave up La Harpe to him of his own free will and for ever. Two of the most trusted of the soldiers were called in to witness, with Gaspard, the signing of the document.

The Count was then arrayed in the garments Claude had worn, and taking a leathern flask in his hand wherein a sufficient number of diamonds had been secreted, the two youths let him out at a postern-gate close to the spot where the cleft stick had on both occasions appeared. According to the Countess's

instructions, he carried a small fagot of wood over his left shoulder.

'You will give my foster-parents my endless gratitude, Claude. Tell them they have saved their son. Farewell La Harpe!' he added, after embracing both his nephew and Gaspard.

'Yes, master,' said Gaspard; 'farewell La Harpe, but welcome liberty!'

Before the Count had reached the first of the posts occupied by Le Verrier's scouts he perceived that a bush, a little distance in front of him, seemed suddenly to rock to and fro in the earth. The next moment a cleft stick was thrust from beneath it, and then a head appeared, the rest of the figure which belonged to it being apparently still underground.

'It is all right,' said a low voice; 'open this billet, Count,' and the stick was thrust towards him.

The note was from the master of the vessel, bidding Adrien, if he had succeeded in raising the amount, entrust himself without fear to its bearer, who would guide him safely to the river.

'But how am I to know that thou wilt not cheat thy captain and me also?' asked Adrien.

'I am the captain myself,' answered the man; 'see, this is thy wife's letter to me.'

The Count read it, and, feeling convinced that the man spoke truth, he showed him the diamonds, which the latter was quite willing to accept in lieu of money.

The captain then produced a bundle of sailor's garments, and the Count, crouching on the earth, put them on, leaving Claude's among the bushes. A rough beard and some dye completed his disguise.

'Now then,' said the captain, with a laugh, 'thou art no more thyself, but Jean Matteau, belonging to the good ship *Roi de France*.'

'And thy name?' asked the Count.

'Jacques Renaud, at thy service,' replied the man, and added, 'Ask no more questions, Jean Matteau. For I tell thee plainly that I fear no man, but if the King of France pays his servants ill he must expect them to make up their wages by other means. Only one thing more I can say to thee, I will be true to thee now I have thy jewels,' and he slapped the Count's shoulder in token of good faith.

With this not altogether reassuring assertion Adrien was fain to be contented. He followed his companion in silence along a winding road which led eventually to one of the enemy's outposts.

To his surprise no sentinel appeared to challenge them. This was the case also at the second line of guards, and, without the least molestation, they reached the water's edge. A little skiff lay moored close to the shore, which the Count was first to enter. The captain bade him sit in the stern and steer; he then jumped in and took the oars himself.

The vessel *Roi de France* lay some distance further up the river. They gained it in safety, and the new sailor was stowed away on board. As the sun set the captain hoisted sail, and himself stood at the helm. A tiny heart-shaped crimson pennon waved from the masthead.

Meanwhile the two youths were holding earnest conference together in one of the empty guard-rooms, and the young heir of Mont Royal was astonished at the courage and ready wit displayed by Gaspard.

'We must hold the castle in readiness,' said the

latter; 'Antoine and Richard are both reliable—they will help us, and when all is ready the garrison must be summoned, and thou must tell them in whose name thou art here.'

'Everything must betoken that we have nothing to fear, Gaspard.'

'Yes, Count; and now come with me to my master's chamber. We must see how bravely thou canst be dressed out. There is a chest of garments there that I have the key of.'

No time was to be lost, and the lads went up at once. Gaspard produced his key, and they rummaged over the huge oaken coffer which contained Count Adrien's clothing.

With a little contrivance they succeeded in fitting Claude with one of his uncle's suits—a handsome dress of ruby velvet, embroidered by the hand of Clare. Gaspard thought it prudent to select another, though a much plainer one, for himself.

'But, Gaspard,' said young De Guion, 'my father's flag ought by rights to be flying from the castle if he be really its lord. How shall we manage that?'

For a little while Gaspard pondered somewhat ruefully. Then he asked, 'Is it a pennon of black, and red, and gold?'

'Yes,' replied Claude, 'with the arms of La Harpe and Mont Royal quartered together with those of Sainte Croix.'

'My lord never used any but a red flag with a harp on it,' said Gaspard.

'That is the standard of La Harpe only; the black and gold are for Mont Royal and Sainte Croix.'

'There is an old flag with black and gold in it laid away somewhere in the armoury,' cried the page; 'it must have lain there since thy father was a child here.'

They made search immediately, and, to their joy, found the ancient pennon, covered with dust. They shook it carefully, and carried it to the top of the turret whereon was the harp of stone, for the custom of the house of La Harpe had always been that the standard should wave above it. The first lord had indeed completed the stone harp with strings of solid gold, but the greed or necessity of his descendants had speedily discovered that this was a waste of the precious metal, and had replaced them with strings of brass. These were brightened up, and, with a strange feeling of mingled sorrow and gladness, Gaspard took down the red flag and fixed in its place the more ancient and gorgeous banner.

And now Claude and Gaspard went into the castle hall and stood on the dais, while Antoine summoned all his comrades except those compelled to remain on watch. With native dignity the young Count made known the altered position of affairs, and bade the faithful servants of Count Adrien rejoice, inasmuch as not only was their master safe, but that, by his act, they were placed in safety likewise, as Pierre de Guion would give to all those who wished it opportunity of leaving France and joining Count Adrien in another land. He promised likewise a sum of money to each, that none might go away empty-handed.

Claude's speech had the same effect on some of the soldiers that his presence had had upon their master, and the poor men wept for joy. The young Count bade them dry their tears, and with all speed divest the fortress of its beleaguered appearance. Its new



Claud and Gaspard seeing Count Adrien's Signal.

master, he said, was no Huguenot, although he would protect his brother's servants, and La Harpe must no longer wear a mournful air.

While the men, full of new hope and life, were carrying out these commands, Claude and Gaspard ascended the beacon-tower.

The sun was setting, and, as they gazed long and earnestly towards the river, they could perceive a small craft dropping slowly down it, bearing at its masthead a little crimson pennon, which the slanting sunbeams served to light up and render visible. It was the signal which Count Adrien had promised to make if he found it possible to do so, and their hearts swelled with joy as they beheld it.

'Thank God!' said both together: 'he is safe!'

'Will not my lord, and you, too, Master Gaspard, come down to supper?' said the voice of Richard behind them. 'The hour is past and the servants wait.'

'Yes, truly,' answered Claude, 'we shall be able to eat now with quickened appetite. Come, Gaspard.'

'Forgive me for not following you, my lord. With your permission I would remain here a few moments. I want no supper.'

'As thou wilt, good Gaspard,' said the young Count, and added kindly, as he went down, 'I shall put by a smoking trencher for thee, nevertheless. An empty stomach invites fever, and we could ill spare thee.'

The faithful page waited till they were gone, and

then, with full heart, poured out his thanks to God. It was the third evening since he had lighted the beacon-fire on that very tower with his almost despairing master, and now that master was, he trusted, beyond the reach of harm. In faith and prayer they then had made the signal; how prompt, how unlooked-for in its nature had been the response! How wonderful, even to his bright, hopeful heart, was his dear lord's escape!

(Concluded in our next.)

INITIALS ON FRUIT.

DID you ever see a name printed on a growing apple, peach, or pear? Well, if you wish to have that pleasure, this is the way to obtain it. While the fruit yet hangs green upon the tree, make up your mind which is the very biggest and most promising specimen of all. Next, cut from thin tough paper the initials of your brother or sister, or chief friend, with round specks for the dots after the letters, and the letters themselves plain and thick. Then paste these letters and dots on that side of the apple which is most turned to the sun, taking care not to loosen the fruit's hold upon its stem. As soon as the apple is ripe, take off the paper cuttings, which, having shut out the reddening rays of the sun, have kept the fruit green just beneath them, so that the name or initials now show plainly.



"I am tired of hearing every one praise him for his justice," replied the peasant.

DROPPING THE TILE INTO THE URN.

ONCE upon a time, in the city of Athens, there lived a man named Aristides, who was famed for justice. There was in those days, and in that country, a custom called ostracism. The custom was directed against those who, being extremely wealthy or famous or powerful, might possibly disturb the public peace by ambitious designs.

When an ostracism seemed advisable, a certain

day was fixed upon which citizens above the age of sixty years might bring a tile or shell with a name written upon it, and cast it into an urn in the market-place. When the voting was ended the tiles or shells were collected from the urns and counted; and if they numbered as many as six thousand they were sorted, those on which one man's name was written being laid together, and those on which another man's name was written being laid together, and so

on. After this was done, the numbers of each name were reckoned up, and the man against whom the greatest number of votes appeared was sent for ten years into exile.

Now on one of these occasions, as Aristides was passing by, there came to him a peasant to whom he was unknown by sight, and handing him a tile he begged him, as he himself could not write, to write a name upon it for him.

'Whose name shall I write?' asked the great man.

'The name of Aristides,' replied the peasant.

Aristides took the tile, but before writing inquired further, 'Has Aristides done you any wrong that you would banish him?'

'No,' answered the peasant; 'yet I would that he were banished.'

'Will you tell me why?' asked the other.

'Oh, yes. I am tired of hearing every one praise him for his justice,' replied the peasant.

Aristides then wrote his own name and handed back the tile.

When the reckoning was made, the votes against Aristides were found to be greater in number than any others, and he was banished.

Now this was long ago, before the days of Christianity, so Aristides was a heathen. Some of the famous heathen, however, of old times are celebrated for virtues which are too often lacking among Christians, and some seem altogether so noble that in reading of them we can but think what fine Christians they would have made. Not many among us Christian folk would perhaps have acted like Aristides. But on the other hand, the man who would bring trouble upon another simply because he did not like him is by no means an uncommon character amongst us.

Boys and girls, if ever you are tempted to the meanness of injuring secretly by word or deed one whom you dislike, and for perhaps no better reason than that you are tired of hearing him or her praised, consider that you are dropping your tile into the urn, and that it will one day be drawn forth and read. But then there is this to be considered also, that for what you have written there, and for your motive in writing it, you will have to give account.

E. M. A. F. S.

IN SEARCH OF A DINNER.



ONE fine bright morning in early autumn a family, consisting of a widowed mother and several sons and daughters, set off to a remote part of the Highlands of Scotland, there to spend the holiday months of the year. Mother only half-fancied the expedition. She had many thoughts and fears as to the provisioning of such a large family, but she was outvoted by the young folk, and as nothing pleased her so much as to see them all happy, she at length assented to the arrangement.

'You know, mother,' said Charlie, 'that as we are to have a boat on the loch, of course we will be able to supply you with any quantity of trout.'

'And besides,' added Tom, 'there must of course be some kind of shop, or else how could the natives live?'

'And who cares for beef and mutton in the sweet Highland glens?' cried Lucy: 'for my part, if I get some milk, and a little honey to my bread, I care for nothing else; and we are sure of honey, mother dear, beside the heather.'

Mother listened, smiled, and said nothing; but while she quickly knitted away at her wool-work she thought to herself,—'Mrs. McPherson, I believe, keeps poultry, so I suppose we may count upon eggs, and a fowl now and then; but Charles and Tom, dear boys, are growing fast; eggs are all very well at breakfast, but at dinner—' However, here they were; and oh! how lovely everything was; their cottage nestling in a nook of the heather hill, while the deep, silent loch, lay far beneath, shimmering in the bright August sun.

It was early in the day when they arrived, and mother at once proposed a second breakfast, which was eagerly seconded by one and all; Mrs. McPherson coming in, all smiles, with some fine trout caught in the lake that very morning.

The boys were in transports of delight, and could scarcely finish their meal, so anxious were they to use the pretty boat which lay moored to a jetty down below. The younger children ran off by themselves, while Lucy, tying on her hat, was preparing to follow her brothers, when she heard her mother's voice.

'Lucy dear, stay a moment. I've been talking to Mrs. McPherson about dinner, and she tells me that a cart passes twice a-week with beef and mutton; but it won't come for two days yet. Now, dear, I am sorry to keep you from the boat; but would you mind going to the Post Office for a piece of beef? If we don't send soon it may be all sold out.'

'The Post Office, mother?' exclaimed Lucy. 'Have you not made a mistake?'

'No, dear,' said Mrs. Gordon with a laugh; 'Mrs. McPherson says it is all right. See, dear, that cottage over there, that thatched cottage beside the fir-tree, that is the Post Office; now run like a darling, the boys will be ravenous in an hour or two.'

And away went dutiful Lucy on her foraging expedition. Having reached the Highland Post Office she peeped cautiously in at the door. It seemed to be a general store—cloth, stationery, wools, groceries, cheese, &c. The master of the shop was stamping letters, his wife was selling snuff to an ancient Highlander, and a lively controversy was being carried on in Gaelic as to the price. Nobody took any notice of Lucy; the letter-sorter was deeply engrossed in his duties, the snuff-seller much too angry with her present customer to be able all at once to smile upon another. At last Lucy's turn came, and she meekly asked if any meat was to be had in the neighbourhood. A small leg of Highland mutton was brought up from below the counter, but Lucy remembered that her mother preferred beef.

'Beef!' echoed the shop-woman: 'there is not a bit of beef nearer than fifteen miles, and this is the

last bit of mutton: you had better have it, Miss, as long as you can get it.'

At this moment an elderly lady was seen approaching the store.

'There's the lady from the glen, she'll be wanting meat too.'

But Lucy had promptly produced her purse and paid for the leg, which suddenly appeared in her eyes to be of untold value.

'Please send it home at once,' said she; 'we require it just immediately.'

'We canna send anything,' said the woman, 'except on Saturday, when the bairns are no at the schule; but I'll put it in paper for you, and you'll maybe carry it yersel!'

Half an hour before, if Lucy had been told that she would have carried home a leg of mutton, she would have been highly amused at the idea; but with that hungry lady looking on, and the chance of roast beef fifteen miles away, things appeared to her in quite a different light. She seized her prize, and carried it home with more pleasure than if it had been a new book from the library; and ever since that day, in any domestic crisis or difficulty, the immediate cry is, 'Oh, Lucy can manage all that! You know she once carried home a leg of mutton!'

D. B.

TREES AND THEIR USES.

THE WILLOW.



THE Willow is a tree whose branches, when young, are very flexible, that is, easily bent. This tree will grow rapidly. In ten years, if the soil is suitable, and the roots have plenty of water, but not too much, a willow, of the right sort for growing, may be fifty feet high. Plantations of willows are formed near rivers, and on small islands.

These are called 'osier bolts,' and from them are made hampers, baskets, cradles, and various other useful things.

'The willow-field,' says Cato, the old Roman, 'is next in value to the vineyard and the garden.' The wood, when young, is sweet, and is eagerly eaten by the cow, the goat, and the horse. A ship has, ere this, ridden at anchor with a willow cable; a horse has been galloped with a willow bridle; cloth has been woven from the fibres of the willow. This tree, too, is a medicine, and it is curious, yet a proof of God's wisdom, that the bark of the willow contains a remedy for ague. The low, watery swamp which suits the willow does not so well suit man: it produces ague; but the willow is at hand to supply the sick man with a remedy if he will but use it.

Willow wood is soft and light. It was used anciently for shields, because of its lightness, and now it is used for ladders, the boards of steam-paddles, barrel hoops, and children's toys, the handles of hay-rakes, hats and bonnets, and many other things.

From among these we must single out the cricket bat.

One of old England's glories is her noble game of cricket: in this she shines eminent. Your Frenchman, German, or Spaniard, may be great each in his way, but cricket finds out the joints in his harness. At cricket he is nowhere. He has no relish for a barked shin or a broken forefinger. It is a thoroughly manly sport, one which tends to keep up the manly bearing of our race. When the 'Iron Duke' was once looking at the Eton lads, busy with this king of games, he suddenly exclaimed, 'That's where Waterloo was won.' He meant that the English love of such sports had much to do with that truly British pluck, which never knows when it is beaten.

As the cricketer swings his favourite bat, and now defends his precious stumps (dear as life) from a terrible straight ball, and now, seeing he may do it in safety, whacks it to leg, or over the bowler, scoring three or four, while a buzz rises from the on-lookers,—as he does it let him say, 'Thanks, O willow!'

It is far better to put the willow to this honest use, than to do with it what our hood-winked forefathers did. Long before Englishmen 'drave the wickets in,' cruel people formed huge figures of willow branches, and, having filled them with human victims, set them on fire. Those were the good old times!

The art of basket-making was once understood and practised by every labourer and gardener, but a basket may now be bought so cheaply that the knack of making one has been forgotten by the class who used to know it.

The first piece of weeping willow was, it is said, brought into England tied round a bale of Spanish or Turkish goods. Pope, the poet, thought the willow cord round the parcel would grow and prove something strange, so he put it into the ground near his home at Twickenham. It did grow, and in time became a fine weeping willow, and it was a very famous tree, and called 'Pope's Willow.'

Napoleon gave his name also to a tree of this sort, which grew in St. Helena. He used often to sit and meditate under its shadow.

Dr. Johnson, likewise, had a favourite willow at Lichfield; it stood near a public footpath in the fields. It had pleased his fancy when a child, and in old age he loved it, and paid it a visit whenever he could. It was ruined, partly by a storm, partly by mischievous boys who made a fire in its hollowed trunk. It fell at length, and was made into small articles as snuff-boxes, which were given away as mementoes of the burly Doctor.

While some willows tower up to a height of 60 or 70 feet others are very low shrubs indeed, scarcely rising an inch above the ground; in fact, the willow family is a very large and varied one. More than 200 varieties are noted in Loudon's great work on *British Trees*. There is a willow garden at Woburn Abbey, he tells us, where most of these varieties are grown. Surely the willow, so well known to us all, is a tree worthy of all honour, especially if the saying be true, 'A willow will buy a horse before any other tree can buy the saddle.'



Trees and their Uses.—The Willow.

Chatterbox.



Frisk and his Friends.



FRISK AND HIS FRIENDS.

ONE day my little dog, Frisk, ran to a neighbouring yard, where he found a large bone; he pulled it and tried to bring it home, but it was too big and heavy for him to get down a steep bank by himself; so off he ran and presently returned with his mother and her little puppy, two pretty little terriers, when they all three took hold of the bone and pulled it a long distance to their kennel, and then they all seemed thoroughly to enjoy it.

K. B.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's
feast;

The trumpeter Gadfly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.
So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry companions came forth in a throng;
And on the smooth grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,
Saw the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening's amusement together repair.
And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there was the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly, too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue;
And there came the Moth, with his plumage of down,
And the Hornet, in jacket of yellow and brown;
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting;
And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,
And brought to the feast his blind brother, the Mole;
And the Snail, with his horns peeping out of his shell,
Came from a great distance—the length of an ell.
A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made.
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey to crown the repast.
Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog, from a corner, looked up to the skies;
And the Squirrel, well-pleased such diversions to see,
Mounted high overhead, and looked down from a tree.
Then out came the Spider, with finger so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then, quick as an arrow, he darted along;
But just in the middle, oh! shocking to tell,
From his rope, in an instant, poor harlequin fell;
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons out-
spread,
Hung suspended in air, at the end of a thread.
Then the Grasshopper came, with a jerk and a spring
(Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing),

He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.
With step so majestic the Snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his
head,

And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with a
light.

'Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.'
So said little Robert, and, pacing along,
His merry companions returned in a throng.

ROSCOM.

ERNEST OF FELSENBURG.

CHAPTER I.



IN the beginning of the last century there lived in an old castle on the borders of a forest, Count Frederick and Countess Adelaide of Felsenburg. They had only one child, a beautiful little boy, called Ernest, whom they tenderly loved; but before the child could utter the name of 'father,' the Count was obliged to join the army. The Countess remained at home in the castle, intending to devote herself entirely to the care of her son.

One evening the Countess was sitting with the infant in her arms in her room. Margaret, the nurse, stood near, holding playfully to the child some freshly-gathered flowers; and as he stretched out his hands and laughed, the mother rejoiced in the happiness of her baby-boy.

In the midst of their enjoyment there entered the servant who had accompanied the Count, bringing the sad news that the Count was severely wounded, and begged to see his wife once more before his death, which he believed to be fast approaching. The Countess turned deadly pale, and could scarcely hold the child with her trembling hands. When the messenger saw the effect of his news, he tried to express a hope that his master might yet recover; but at the same time he could not conceal that she must travel day and night if she wished to see him again alive. The Countess resolved to set out immediately, and, kissing her child with bitter tears, 'Ah,' said she, 'you know not why your mother weeps! Poor child! you lose your father before you have learned to know him! How it grieves me that I cannot take you with me to the camp!'

'Oh, Margaret,' she cried, turning to the girl, 'it is in your charge that I leave all that is dearest to me here. I entreat you to take every possible care of the child; never leave him alone for a moment, not even when he sleeps. Watch him as carefully as if I were present; carry him every morning into the garden, sing to him, talk to him, and show him flowers and other beautiful things. Never let him

take anything in his hand with which he might hurt himself; and, above all things, never show any anger or impatience at his childish helplessness. The care of little children is an angel's task—may you be a good angel to my dear child. Promise me that you will never forget these my last words and wishes, that I may not be anxious about this while I am away from home.'

Margaret promised all. The Countess kissed and blessed the child; and, with a silent prayer, placed it in the girl's arms, and entering the carriage set out upon her journey amidst the tears and lamentations of her household.

CHAPTER II.

MARGARET was a poor orphan girl, and had been chosen by the Countess as nurse for little Ernest on account of her pious disposition, and cheerful, lively manners. For some time she obeyed all the Countess's commands, and not an hour passed in which her mistress's words were not present to her mind; for she loved the noble lady as her greatest benefactress.

One day Margaret was sitting at work by the cradle of the sleeping child; she had ornamented the basket-work over his head with roses, so that when he opened his eyes they might rest upon something beautiful. A white gauze protected the child, that he might not be disturbed by the buzzing flies; and more lovely and blooming than the flowers were the rosy cheeks of the sleeping child seen through the delicate transparent covering.

In the course of the afternoon there came some wandering musicians before the castle-door and began to play; then all the people of the castle went into a lower room and called them in, that they might spend an hour or two in the enjoyment of music and dancing. Margaret was very fond of music, but, mindful of the words of the Countess, she remained sitting by the cradle of the sleeping child. Suddenly the door opened, and George, the under-gardener, came into the room.

'Oh, Margaret!' he cried, 'do come down! you cannot think how we are enjoying ourselves! I never in my life heard such beautiful music. One of the musicians has a dulcimer, which he strikes as if he would beat it in pieces, a little boy plays the triangle, and a young man blows the post-horn: do come at once.'

Margaret said she dared not leave the child alone for an instant.

'Don't be so silly!' said the thoughtless lad; 'don't pretend to be better than the rest of us! Besides, the child is asleep, and you cannot help him to sleep. Come, come, and don't make such a fuss about it; you will be back again in a quarter of an hour.'

Margaret allowed herself to be persuaded, and went down, but she could feel no pleasure: a great fear came upon her. She tried to make her escape, but the others prevented her. When at last she got away, and hastened back to the cradle of her beloved charge, who shall describe her horror at finding the little bed empty, and the child was nowhere to be seen!

After the first shock, she consoled herself with the hope that George, or some one of the servants of the

castle, must have taken the babe away in a jest, and laid it in another bed to frighten her. She hastened from room to room, but nowhere could she see anything of the child. A terrible fear took possession of her, and she hastened below, and said to the dancers, 'The young Count is not in his bed, who has taken him away to frighten me?' Nobody knew anything about it, for no one had been near the room. All left off dancing, and the musicians went away without waiting for their money. Every place was carefully searched, and soon it appeared that, besides the child, many valuable things were also missing; so that they could come to no other conclusion but that the child had been stolen.

The former pleasure was now changed to weeping and lamenting: if they had mourned for the death of the child their grief could not be greater. Poor Margaret was distracted, and in the first moment of her despair she would have rushed out and thrown herself into the river, if she had not been forcibly held back. 'Oh,' she cried in her bitter grief, 'who would have thought that such a slight disobedience would have been followed by such a dreadful misfortune!'

CHAPTER III.

WHILE all the household were assembled in the child's room weeping and lamenting,—while Margaret, with wildly despairing looks and dishevelled hair, was crouching on the ground beside the empty cradle—while the roses which had adorned it lay scattered and trodden under foot, the door opened, and the Countess entered the room.

The wound of the Count had not been so dangerous as had been at first supposed; as soon as he was out of danger the Countess, at his persuasion, set out on her journey home. She had that moment arrived, and hastened from the carriage to the room where she hoped to embrace the darling of her heart.

The entrance of the Countess caused a general consternation. Margaret cried aloud, 'O God, be merciful to me and to her!' The empty bed, the tearful faces, filled the Countess with dismay; but no one dared to answer her questions. A thousand dreadful fears darted through her mind, and she trembled for the life of her child: but what words shall describe her anguish as she at last heard the truth!

'O God,' she cried, 'what a dreadful burden hast Thou laid upon me! Ah, my child, my child, my dearest child! Oh, my husband, my beloved husband, this news will pierce thy heart more deeply than the swords of the enemy! O my darling Ernest, where art thou now? How terrible the thought that thou hast perhaps fallen into the hands of wicked men, and wilt learn their evil ways! Ah, rather would I have wept over thy grave; then thou wouldst have been a beautiful angel near the throne of God, and I should have had the hope of seeing thee again. But alas, this consolation is denied me! Ah! what will become of thee amongst such men?'

'O God!' she cried again, falling upon her knees, and looking up to Heaven with clasped hands and streaming eyes, 'O God! Thou only consolation in all misery, my child is indeed torn from my arms, but from Thy hand he can never be taken. I know not in what dark wood, in what robber's cave he may be,



but Thine eye sees and knows all. Thou hearest the cry of the young ravens, oh! hear the voice of my child! To me and to my husband give grace to bear this trial patiently. Although human wickedness has robbed us of our darling, yet it is Thy will; Thou hast so ordained it; to Thee will I offer my child with a trusting, though a bleeding heart. I know well that even this sorrow may, under Thy guidance, be turned into a blessing.'

Poor Margaret, the nurse, fell at the feet of the Countess imploring her pardon. 'Ah,' she said, wringing her hands, 'I would willingly shed the last drop of my blood to save the child. Oh, let me die; my fault deserves nothing less than death.'

The Countess forgave her, saying, 'Your present grief is punishment enough; no harm shall happen to you: but you must now see how necessary my com-

mands were, and to what great misery disobedience, thoughtlessness, and love of pleasure, may lead. All our happiness in this world is at an end, like the roses which lie faded and scattered on the ground.'

When the Countess had somewhat recovered from the first shock, and had learned that the child had been stolen about two hours, she sent out her people in all directions in search of him. As one messenger after another returned from the search, Margaret went to meet them, and her tears broke out afresh as soon as she saw their despairing looks. At length, when the last came back without having discovered any trace of the child, Margaret's grief was sad to see. Gradually she became more quiet, but went about pale and dejected, like a shadow of her former self. At last she disappeared from the castle.

(To be continued.)



The Arrival on a Stormy Night.

THE DIAMOND CROSS.

(Concluded from page 316.)

CHAPTER IV.—THE ARRIVAL.

HE next two days passed at La Harpe in complete tranquility. No sign of attack was made, the soldiers being too eager in the pillage of Plâquières to care to leave it. The trusty Antoine had been already despatched by Claude with a letter to his father, begging the old Count to come down into the plain without delay, and he hoped for his arrival

at La Harpe before any further hostile advance should be made.

Pierre de Guion was thrown into extreme agitation by the tidings which Antoine brought.

He regarded his brother's surrender of La Harpe as the work of Heaven, and his joy at the prospect it opened of ending his days in his beloved birth-place was even touching. It was a sore trial that he had no men to send down immediately to protect it from even the semblance of molestation; he set out, however, with his own personal retainers, hoping yet to be there before Arnaud Le Verrier.

But such was not to be the case. On the second day, the sentinel could see that a troop of horse was crossing the plain from the direction of the town, and Claude and Gaspard prepared themselves accordingly. Arraying themselves in the garments they had selected they placed themselves on horseback immediately within the gates—rich caparisons serving to disguise the reduced condition of their horses—the garrison, on foot, arrayed to the best advantage, in their rear.

There was evidently some surprise among the enemy at the changed appearance of the castle, from the flag-tower of which the banner of Mont Royal waved proudly in the morning sun. They drew up in array before it; but the haughty Arnaud, though himself commanding, did not vouchsafe personally to summon to surrender. In his stead a herald went forward, who announced in a loud voice that he came on behalf of Arnaud Le Verrier, to demand of Adrien de La Harpe the surrender of his person and his castle in the name of the King of France. When the herald had finished his proclamation a trumpet blew. To the amaze of the soldiers a strain, not only defiant, but jubilant, made answer from within the walls, and the next moment the gates were thrown open, and Claude appeared, with Gaspard at his side, and a troop of men behind him.

‘Tell your master,’ said the youthful Count, ‘that this castle belongs not to Adrien de Guion at all, but

that I hold it in the name of my father, Pierre de Guion de Mont Royal, whose of right it hath ever been, and who will in person receive Arnaud Le Verrier, if he care to come, at noon to-morrow. If thy master seek obedience from Adrien de Guion he must look for him elsewhere. I cannot say with certainty in what country he is to be found. The house of Mont Royal hath ever been faithful to the King and to the Church, and harbours no heretics within its walls, as most men know. If Arnaud Le Verrier ask witness of my words, let him look up and behold the ancient pennon of black and red gold which waves from the Harp of Stone. Let him further come and look me in the face. He knows me,—I am Claude de Guion!’

Arnaud Le Verrier, who sat himself on horseback at the head of his men some distance from the herald, was not yet too distant to hear distinctly every one of these proud words. He recognised the face of Pierre’s son, and knew that he had come on a vain quest. Gnashing his teeth, and with a gesture of fierce scorn, he turned away, meditating indeed how best to be revenged for the loss of the treasure he had coveted, and which an hour before had seemed almost within his grasp, but sensible that it was not then the time to strike, for the loyalty and piety of Mont Royal were beyond all question.

The excitement of the day was not yet over, for the pipes of the mountaineers were heard faintly in the distance before another hour had passed, and soon their little band advanced with Pierre de Guion at its head. Once more the trumpets of La Harpe sounded, this time in welcome, and the old Count rode proudly within its opened gates. His son pressed forward to embrace him, yet, even as he did so, Claude found time to whisper, ‘It is all *thy* doing, Gaspard. My uncle had not been saved, nor my father here to-day, but for thy bright wit!’

But Gaspard, unlike himself, could make no cheerful answer. He felt for the moment only that it was his hand which had taken down Count Adrien’s banner, and that in doing it he had crushed for ever a bright possibility which had once floated like a golden dream before the eyes of himself and Clare.

Claude, partially at least, understood his evident emotion, and, leading the brave youth to his father, he said, with deep feeling, ‘Sir, behold Gaspard Nouay, to whom we owe both my uncle’s life and the salvation of this fair castle.’

‘Henceforth, then, I have *two* sons, Claude,’ responded Pierre.

This happy speech from the old but courtly warrior brought back a smile to poor Gaspard’s face, and the little procession moved within the castle walls.

‘My work is over now, Lord Claude,’ said Gaspard to the young Count, when the best repast which the slender resources of the castle could provide had been partaken of, and the two stood together once more on the Beacon tower. ‘I shall join my dear master so soon as I can see our men in safety.’

‘Thou also wilt leave us for the Dutch dykes, Gaspard: I almost envy thee. Wilt thou do me a service, dear friend?’

‘What is it?’ asked the page in surprise.

‘Wilt thou take a greeting from me to the Lady Clare, and say that all I did for her father was done,

not for his sake only, but in the hope that one day I might be privileged myself to bring her back to La Harpe.’

‘I will give thy message, since thou hast intrusted me with it,’ said the astonished page; ‘but thou must not think I have played thee false if there come back no answer of good.’

‘And wherefore should there come none?’ asked Claude, astonished in his turn.

‘Because, young Count, the Lady Clare and I have been together ever since we were children,’ said Gaspard; and then, unable to say more, he paused abruptly.

Claude’s brow flushed, almost with anger.

‘Thou art brave and good, Gaspard Nouay—none more so, as I can witness; but thou forgettest thou art not noble, and the race of De Guion wed only with their peers.’

‘And I am thy peer,’ cried Gaspard, crimson now himself. ‘I am Gaspard de Nouailles, whose fathers fought before Acre with King Philip.’

‘Then,’ asked Claude, ‘why callest thou thyself “Nouay?”’

‘Many a brave name is hid beneath such disguise among the Huguenots,’ replied Gaspard. ‘My grandfather lost all, and became a silk-weaver to earn his bread. He thought it good to change it thus; but thine uncle hath ever said I must take it back when a man, and I will. I am in my nineteenth year.’

‘Be not angry, Count Claude,’ he continued, ‘nor take my frankness as meant in aught but respect. I taught the Lady Clare to ride, and even to draw the crossbow, making her one for a toy myself, that she might learn: the thoughts of both of us are so linked together that we could not sunder them if we tried. I should be false if I gave thee baseless hopes; but I will tell her thy message, and she must answer thee.’

Poor Claude! The glow of hope went out in his heart, even as the tints of sunset had faded already in the sky above them. He felt that it was natural that his cousin Clare should love a brave, splendid fellow like Gaspard, when she had been brought up with him.

Meanwhile, the same night, which was falling softly upon La Harpe and its occupants, was also shrouding in its darkness the country-house of a Dutch burgher some little distance from Amsterdam. In one of the chambers of this mansion sat Countess Isabelle, and by her side the Lady Clare.

‘Dear child!’ said the mother, pausing in her embroidery work to shed some bitter tears, ‘I fear me thy father failed to be able to raise the rescue money, and if so, he must have perished. Plaquières by this time hath no doubt fallen, and La Harpe has been assaulted.’

The young girl could offer her mother no comfort, and they wept with each other. The playmate of her childhood had probably fallen as well as her dear father. . . . But who, while they are yet weeping together, has come on horseback through the stormy night, and is even now, having dismounted from his weary steed, lifting his hand to knock at the friendly door? Need I tell? I think not! My readers will be able to interpret the picture for themselves.

Ah! how were the tears of the wife and daughter turned to tears of joy, through which shone smiles,

as, with the burgher and his family for happy audience, Count Adrien told, with inexpressible thankfulness to God, the story of his rescue.

'I give up La Harpe for ever,' he said, in conclusion, with tears which he could not repress; and those who heard him, looking at his white, wan face, did not marvel that in his weakness he should let them flow. 'Ye, too, dear wife and child, must, for conscience sake, give it up with me. Ye, too, must say "Farewell, La Harpe!" yet add with Gaspard "Welcome, liberty!"'

'I do, dear Adrien,' answered Countess Isabelle; 'I give all up, happy since thou art safe!'

'Yes, happy since thou art safe, dear father!' repeated Clare with a caress, and added softly, 'Doth Gaspard follow thee?'

'So soon as he can, dear child; and then, I have made up my mind, we will go to England.'

They talked late into the night, and to the gentle Countess it seemed as though her husband had escaped through God's blessing upon deeds of love offered in faith and prayer. Her own letter, the beacon fire, the zeal of Louis and Margot, the kindly sacrifice of Pierre and Claude, had they not all been links in one great chain of love?

Two weeks afterwards Gaspard arrived in Holland. Some of the men of La Harpe accompanied him. He had provided through Count Pierre for the safety of the rest.

He gave, as he had promised, Claude's message to his cousin; but she only replied, 'Thou knowest, dear Gaspard, that could never be.'

Still she wrote Claude a loving and grateful letter, thanking him for all he had done for her father, and, through him, for her mother and herself; thanking him, also, for the regard he had expressed for her, but telling him she could only, though affectionately, give him a refusal.

The old Count insisted that Adrien should accept a sum of money equal in value to the Diamond Cross, and he sent bills to this amount through Gaspard.

So, bidding a grateful farewell to the family of the good burgher, the party sailed for England. Here Count Adrien purchased a small estate in that fair home county which is sometimes called 'the Garden of the Land;' on this he built a manor-house, and here, on part of his estate, Gaspard established a silk-mill, and, with the aid of some who had been his father's old craftsmen, worked it prosperously.

In due time there was a wedding at the village church, and the true hearts of Clare and Gaspard were made one for ever. Their marriage-feast was held, indeed, in a land of exile, but already they had begun to know something of the sweet nature of an English home, and Adrien and Isabelle were well content.

The old English Rector who had married her sat with his rosy English face and kindly eyes on the bride's left hand; but next to him was no other than Count Claude de La Harpe, who had come over to the wedding with a fair young wife of his own: so the hearts of Clare and Gaspard knew not a single regret.

From the walls of the manor-house there looked down upon them all the portrait of the Huguenot mother who had pushed her little babe beneath the city gate; and as Count Adrien told once more the

story of her brave deed, and the history of the relief of La Harpe, the young bride whispered, 'Dear Gaspard, in trouble we must ever light the beacon of faith and prayer.'

The good old Rector overheard her words, and said with a smile, 'So do, dear children! I tell you, for I know it of a truth,—to faith and prayer some light *will* answer from Heaven's distant hill!'

ANECDOTE OF THE BUFFALO.

THE following story is a curious instance of the use of reasoning powers by the buffalo:—

In the year 1807 a Mr. Percival was hunting in Arkansas. He knew well the habits of his game, and that though buffalos are easily killed when in large herds, yet singly they are often dangerous. One day, after very little success, he at last saw a male buffalo alone in the distance. He approached it cautiously, and fired. The animal, only slightly wounded, rose and walked away. Mr. Percival followed, and, when within about fifty yards, was preparing to fire again. Suddenly the beast turned, and with a lowered head rushed on the hunter. He fired, and turned to run. In his flight some briars threw him down, and he lost his gun. Close to him was a tree about two feet in thickness, and to this he rushed. There was only time, however, to get behind it, for the buffalo was at hand. As it followed him round and round the tree, Mr. Percival swung himself to the other side. For four hours this went on; the buffalo dashing at the hunter and he swinging himself out of its reach. But now comes the most curious part of the story. The animal made a feint of rushing round one side of the tree, and then suddenly darted at the place to which Mr. Percival would swing himself out of reach of the expected blow. The buffalo was nearly successful; the hunter just saved his head, but was severely wounded in the arm. When the battle had continued for some time longer, he managed to wound the animal with his knife, and as it grew weaker by loss of blood from its wounds he was able to blind and then to kill it. A. B.

THE WISE MEN AND THE LOBSTER.

THE French Academy, a body of forty famous and, for the most part, learned men, was at work upon a great dictionary of the French language. In the course of their task they came to the word lobster. After some discussion, the following definition was almost agreed upon: 'Lobster, a little red fish that walks backwards.'

The Secretary was about to write down this description when one of the academicians, Fusetiere by name, said,—

'Gentlemen, the definition is no doubt a very clever one, but it is open to three objections. In the first place, the little animal in question is not a fish; in the second place, it is only red when boiled; in the third place, it walks straightforward, although it may not do so very rapidly.'

After this another definition was adopted.

A. R. B.



Mr. Percival and the Buffalo.

Chatterbox.





LOCKED IN.

“ON! Do you mean to tell me that we haven’t as much right to the pigeons as old Peggs?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Well, how do you make that out? The birds don’t belong to anybody; he only sets a trap for them to walk into.”

“Yes, but when he catches them they are his.”

“Not before he takes them out, anyhow. But I’ll tell you what it is, Joe, you are afraid to go up; that’s it.”

“No, I’m not,” said Joe, getting red in the face at this charge.

“That’s it,” continued Luke, not noticing the interruption; “you are so molly-coddled at home that you haven’t got the heart of a sparrow.”

And with these words Luke put both hands in his pockets, leaned back against the wall with crossed legs, and looked with an air of infinite superiority upon his younger companion.

Joe was the son of a widow who cared very tenderly for her only boy. Nothing was too much for Mrs. Manders to do for him.

“Law, Mrs. Manders,” the neighbours would say, “you do turn that boy out like a new pin! Are you not making too much of him?”

But to the widow’s mind Joe deserved all; and he certainly was an obedient and loving lad. But some boys in the village, whose mothers had to divide their affection and care amongst perhaps a small crowd of healthy and ‘masterful’ boys and girls, looked on Joe as a kind of hothouse plant. In some things he did seem to differ from them; but still he was a real boy.

Joe looked up to Luke Fiddes (who had attained the age of sixteen, and wore on Sundays a stand-up collar which had once belonged to his father) much in the way that a soldier does to his general. Luke’s father kept the grocer’s shop in the village, at which, besides groceries, you could also buy pots and pans, needles and thread, writing-paper, and other useful articles. Luke, therefore, was Joe’s social superior.

Once more he addressed him, “Are you coming? There’s the steeple; there are the pigeons; and there are jolly certain to be three or four in his traps. Now or never!”

“But how are we to get them unbeknown to him?”

“Easy enough. I saw him come out of the churchyard as I came by, and the steeple-door was still open; we can slip in and be down again in ten minutes.”

“But—”

“But” again! I never saw such a fellow for “buts!” They drop from you like apples from a tree in a storm.”

“But suppose—”

“But I shan’t suppose; I’m off.”

Luke turned on his heel, Joe reluctantly followed.

“Old Peggs will be back if we’re not sharp,” said

Luke, quickening his pace. Then, as they went, he ran on for some minutes about the fun of disappointing the old sexton, and the glory their great deed would bring them on the village green. On reaching the churchyard the usual crowd of pigeons was seen hovering around the steeple, and this of course excited their ardour.

Nothing could be seen of old Peggs, and the steeple door was just ajar. One good look around, and then they went in, Luke in front. Slippery steps they were in that steeple. Round and round they went, and the feet of many generations of bell-ringers and visitors had in many cases worn them away until they looked as if a bite had been taken out of the middle. And then it was dark, too; every little loophole for light was welcomed by the boys as a personal friend.

But at last they reached the ringers’ room, and sat down to rest for a moment. It was a tiring climb up that corkscrew staircase. But presently Luke got up, and mopping his face for the last time, said, “Now for it!”

Joe followed, and both climbing the ladder, soon found themselves amongst the bells.

A half-a-dozen pigeons flew out at the windows as they came up; and Luke, overjoyed at the prospect, gave a triumphant “hurrah!”

“Look out, Luke,” cried Joe, as his companion began climbing some of the framework to get at a window-ledge.

“Here you are,” answered Luke, holding up a cleverly made trap in which a pigeon stood trembling.

Presently they had gathered three traps, in each of which was a pigeon. But now the question was, how to carry them down?

“Look here,” said Luke; “you go down first with one in your hand, and I’ll come on behind with the other two!”

Joe started, and was soon at the bottom of the ladder in safety. Luke followed, clasping a pigeon to his breast with each hand. He went on well until about four rundles from the floor. Then he missed his footing and fell. The two pigeons escaped from his arms, and flew hither and thither about the ringers’ room. Luke himself lay upon the boards groaning. Joe sprang to his aid, letting loose the third pigeon.

“Where are you hurt, Luke?” he asked.

But Luke seemed at first too much stunned to answer. Joe raised his head.

“Where is it, Luke?”

“Somewhere here, I think,” he said, placing his hand on his right shoulder; “and it pains badly.”

“Let’s rub it; that’s a good thing for a bruise.”

He began to rub; but the first touch on Luke’s collar-bone made him yell out so lustily that Joe stopped at once.

“I’m better now,” said Luke, presently; “but it *does* pain.”

“Let’s try and get down and home; it must be nigh tea-time now.”

Joe tenderly raised his companion to his feet, and helped him to the staircase.

But these stairs were narrow and dark, and a very slow task it was for the two lads to get down them. Many were the times that Luke cried, “Oh!” as his injured shoulder came against the wall. And many

were the times that he wished himself at home safe and sound, and old Peggs and his traps undisturbed. 'Joe,' said Luke, as they neared the bottom, 'just go on in front and get the door open; it will light these nasty steps a bit.'

'All right,' said the other, quickening his steps.

Luke sat down upon the steps in the dark, and heard Joe slowly near the bottom. Presently there was a rattling at the stout oak door, and soon he was heard coming up again.

'Halloo, Luke!' he presently cried; 'we're locked in!'

'Locked in!' said the other in dismay.

'Yes; locked in. Old Peggs must have come back whilst we were in the tower, and have locked the door.'

'My!' cried Luke, in consternation.

'Here's a pretty muddle! All your fault, too,' said Joe.

'My fault!' said Luke; 'why, I should not have come if you had not followed! I should like to know who has the worst of it?'

'Well,' said Joe, 'the thing is, how to get out. I can't see the fun of spending a night here. It's just tea-time at home. I only wish I was there!'

Then they sat together in silence for a few minutes.

'I have it!' exclaimed Joe, springing up. 'If we get up to the belfry again we can easily attract somebody's notice, and tell them to fetch old Peggs.'

'And a nice climb for me!'

'But you needn't come.'

'All right, then. Go along. The sooner they come the better.'

Joe soon found his way up again, and hailed the first passer-by with loud shouts. But he was a crusty old villager, often teased by the lads. To be hailed by some one like this seemed to him a further insult. He shook his stick and marched on. Then some children came past. Hearing the voice from the tower in the shades of early evening, they thought it must mean ghosts, and they ran home at top speed. Then Farmer Jenes came along. Joe shouted and waved his handkerchief.

The farmer stopped, and walked into the churchyard. Then, at Joe's request, he fetched old Peggs. On his own account he told the Vicar, too.

Peggs came. So did the Vicar. So did Joe's mother, and a small crowd of parishioners.

'Give them a good dose of stick,' was the advice of more than one.

But, on examination, Luke's injury was found to be more serious than they thought. The two boys escaped, therefore, with no more punishment than a scolding and some serious advice from the old Vicar.

But Luke had a weary time of it before he was well, and now he has no doubt as to the perfect right of old Peggs to the pigeons. People say he is a wiser lad. Joe also has had a warning against being led into wrong-doing from want of moral courage.

A. R. B.

HOPE.

SWEETLY amidst our darkest hours,
When shadows thickly fall,
A tender soothing voice we hear
Whispering, 'Trust on through all.'

ERNEST OF FELSENBURG.

(Continued from page 324.)

CHAPTER IV.



E must now return to the lost child. An old gipsy woman had some time before obtained admission to the castle, under the pretence of telling fortunes, and while there had made herself acquainted with all the ways of the household. By arrangement with the musicians, they kept the servants amused in a lower room with the noisy music, while she entered

the garden through a little door in the wall, and hastened to the child's room and carried him off, together with all the valuables that she could collect together, and fled into a neighbouring wood.

Here she hid herself with the child in a thicket until it was dark, when she left her hiding-place, and carried the child further, through secret, unfrequented paths. She had provided herself with food for the journey, and wandered on for many miles until she reached the mountain. There she came to a deep cavern. The entrance was so overgrown with bushes, that it would have been almost impossible for any one not in the secret to have discovered it. After creeping for some time through stones, thorns, and brambles, the gipsy came to an iron door, of which she had the key. She opened the door, and through a long passage at last she reached the cavern itself.

This cavern was the abode of robbers, and here they hid themselves and their stolen treasures. The robbers, a number of rough-bearded men, were sitting drinking and smoking when the gipsy entered with the child. They were very pleased when they heard that the child was the son of the Count of Felsenburg, and they praised the gipsy for her successful theft: they had long wished to get into their power the child of some nobleman. 'You have done well, old mother,' said the captain of the band. 'Now we are quite safe; if one of us should be taken prisoner, we who are left have only to threaten to kill the child if our comrade is not set free.' He then ordered the gipsy, who cooked for the robbers, to take particular care of the child's health, as his life was so valuable to them.

In this gloomy cavern the poor child lived for some time, until all remembrance of his infancy had quite faded away. He knew nothing of the sun, the moon, nor any of the beautiful works of God, for no ray of daylight ever penetrated into this gloomy abode. A lamp which burned day and night hung from the ceiling, and threw a dull glare upon the rocky walls. There was no lack, however, of food; the robbers brought bread and meat, vegetables and wine, in abundance. A large cask full of water stood in a corner of the cave: but as the water had to be fetched from a distance the gipsy was obliged to be very sparing with it, and ordered the boy to be very careful in turning the tap.

The old woman let the child want for nothing; he was plentifully provided with everything necessary for his bodily comfort, but she was quite incapable of giving him any instruction: he could neither read nor



The old Gipsy Woman and Ernest.

write, and never heard from these bad men a word of the good God Who had made him. Only one among them, a young man named William, the son of honest people, who had taken to this wicked way of life from his love of gambling, showed kindness to the child. He often brought him playthings to amuse him; little carved wooden figures of a sheepfold with sheep, and shepherd and shepherd's dog; a garden, with different sorts of trees covered with red and yellow fruit; a looking-glass; and other toys. Once he brought him a flute, and taught him to play little airs upon it; another time he brought him a group of painted flowers, and taught him to cut flowers out of paper, and paint them with various colours. But the most precious of Ernest's treasures was a little

picture of his mother, which the gipsy had brought away from the castle; it was beautifully painted and set in gold and surrounded with diamonds; but the gipsy only allowed him to have it now and then when she was in a good humour.

William often looked at this picture, and thought sadly of his own mother. 'Poor child!' he would say to himself, 'how cruel it was to tear you away from such a mother! How gladly would I take you back to her if it were in my power!'

This young man often talked with the child, and told him many things which aroused his intelligence, but he never dared to speak of God or eternity, for the robbers carefully avoided all that might awaken their conscience.



Ernest and the Lamb.

CHAPTER V.

As the boy grew older, he became very curious to know where the men went to, and often begged them to take him with them; but they answered him roughly or put him off with promises. Once they had all gone out upon an expedition, leaving behind the old gipsy woman, who was a dull companion for a lively boy; she would sit for hours mending old linen, without uttering a word, until she fell fast asleep.

On this day, when she had been sound asleep for some time the boy took courage, lit a taper, and went into the dark passage through which the robbers had gone out, until he came to the iron door, but finding it fast locked, he turned sorrowfully back. But in the passage through which he had come there

were several narrower openings, in which one might wander about for hours under ground. He turned down the first of these passages, and after walking for some time until his taper was nearly burnt out, he thought he saw in the distance a bright light. Full of curiosity, he pressed on towards the light, which seemed to grow larger and larger. He went boldly forward until he came to an opening in the rock, through which the morning light was shining, and then, with one leap, he was in the open air.

It would be difficult to find words to describe the impression produced upon the delighted boy by this, his first sight of God's beautiful earth, upon his escape from his dark underground abode. It was a bright summer morning; the sun was just rising, and a soft

glow hovered over the wood and mountain. The ground was everywhere covered with grass and flowers, and the birds were singing their morning songs of praise. Below, in the valley, the green tops of the mountains were reflected in the clear waters of a peaceful lake.

At all these new and wonderful sights the boy was beside himself with wonder; he seemed like a person awakened from a deep sleep. For some time he could find no words to express his delight. At last he exclaimed, 'Where am I? how big and beautiful everything is!' And then he looked first at the great oaks, then at the bright lake, then at a flowering rose-bush.

And now the sun began to appear above the tops of the hills. The child looked at it with wondering eyes, and thought that it was a fire, and that the clouds were beginning to burn, until at last it rose round and bright over the hills. 'What can that wonderful light be?' said the boy, looking at it with wonder, until dazzled by the increasing brightness he was obliged to turn his eyes away. Then he went a little further, but scarcely ventured to walk about, for fear of treading upon the flowers which seemed scattered everywhere. All at once he saw a lamb lying under a bush. 'Oh, a lamb! a lamb!' he cried joyfully, running up to it and touching it. The lamb got up and began to bleat. The child started back frightened. 'What is that?' he cried; 'it lives! it can move! it has a voice! Mine were quite dumb, and never moved at all. What a wonderful thing! Who can have made it alive?' He then wished to talk to the lamb, and asked it all sorts of questions, and was at last quite angry that it would only answer with its 'bleat, bleat.'

Presently a shepherd-boy, who had missed the lamb from his flock, came to look after it. The child was frightened at the first sight of the youth, but took courage when he spoke kindly to him.

'Tell me,' Ernest said to the youth, pointing with outstretched arms to the earth and sky, 'does this large cave belong to you, and may I stay here with you and your lambs?'

The youth did not understand the child at first, and thought that he must be mad. He asked him where he had come from, and when the child told how he had crept from under the ground, and talked about the old woman and the bearded men, the youth seized him by the hand, and hastened away as if he thought the robbers were already after him.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the mountain there lived a venerable hermit, more than eighty years of age, who was known by the name of Father Meurad, and was renowned far and wide for his wisdom and piety. To him the youth determined to take the child. The hermitage, which was not far off, was on the side of the mountain near the lake, and stood in the midst of a garden full of fruits and vegetables. Behind the cottage was a vineyard, and a cornfield stretched along by the lake. Upon an overhanging rock there stood a chapel, and a flight of steps cut out of the rock led up to it.

When the boys reached the hermitage and opened the garden gate, the old man was sitting upon a

wooden bench under an apple-tree; a large book, from which he was reading, lay on the table before him. His hair and beard were as white as snow, but his cheeks were fresh and ruddy.

He received the boys kindly, and listened to the story of the young shepherd; after questioning the child, he concluded that he belonged to noble parents, from whom he must have been stolen.

'Leave the child with me,' he said to the youth, 'and say nothing about him to any one. I hope we may be able to find his parents, and here he is quite safe from the robbers, for they avoid my hut; they know that I have nothing worth stealing, and they despise the only treasures that I could give them—good advice and friendly warnings.'

Then turning to the boy he said, 'You are heartily welcome, my child. I will be your father, and will take care of you until I can give you back to your own parents. From this time call me only father.'

The old man then set some bread and milk before his guest, and when the young shepherd had eaten and drunk he took his staff and prepared to leave. The child was very unwilling to part with him; he cried and held him by the hand; but when he promised to come back soon, and gave him the lamb, the child was contented, and was delighted with the present, which in his eyes was of great value.

When the youth had gone, the old man placed the child on the bench by him, that he might question him more closely. 'My dear child,' he said, 'do you know nothing of your father and mother?'

'Oh, yes,' said Ernest, 'I have a beautiful mother here, in my pocket!'

He took out the little picture, and never having seen it before by daylight, was delighted at its beauty, and the glitter of the diamonds that surrounded it. 'How bright everything here is!' he said. 'But tell me,' he added, pointing to the sun, 'who has lit that gold lamp up there, which makes everything so bright? I cannot even look at it. The lamp in our cavern was quite dull and gloomy. And how is it that it gets up higher and higher? When I first saw it, it was just behind the trees, and now it is so high that I could not reach it if I climbed up the highest tree. And what is it that holds it up? I cannot see any string. And who can get up so high to give it fresh oil?'

Father Meurad told him that the bright light was called the sun, and that it had been burning many, many years before Ernest was born, and never needed a single drop of oil.

'I cannot at all understand that,' said Ernest. 'But what beautiful flowers you have!' continued he; 'they are all painted red, and yellow, and blue. And who can have cut out all these leaves? and what can they be made of?—not paper, nor silk either. Did you make all these flowers? What a long time it must have taken! and what fine scissors and sharp eyes you must have! I can make flowers, but not like these.'

Meurad told him that no one had made the flowers, but that they grew of themselves out of the ground. This Ernest would not at first believe; then the old man showed him the seed-vessel of a poppy, and shaking the round tiny seeds into his hand, told him that from such seeds came a number of large scarlet

flowers, after the seeds had been laid in the ground for some time.

The boy looked at the old man to see if he were in earnest. 'Can those large flowers come out of these little seeds?' said he; 'they must be more difficult to make than a gold watch.'

'Indeed it must be,' said Menelaus.

'But,' asked the child, 'who can have made the seed? I should think it would be easier to make all the flowers than to make one such little seed.'

(To be continued.)

TALES OF TROY.

XIV.—THE FIGHT AROUND THE BODY OF PATROCLUS.



It was Menelaus who chiefly distinguished himself in the defence of Patroclus' body.

'My hand laid him low,' cried Euphorbus; 'wherefore, leave me the spoils of war, or prepare for death.'

Menelaus replied,—

'I have but lately slain thy brother, and if thou stayest here I will slay thee.'

Euphorbus answered with fierce words, and then hurled his lance at the Greek. It fell harmless from his shield, but the dart of Menelaus, coming swiftly back, laid Euphorbus in the dust.

Hector saw what had happened, and shouted in a voice of thunder. Menelaus could not cope with Hector; so he retired, until he met Ajax.

'Haste, Ajax,' said he, 'and defend the body of Patroclus. He lies, I fear, despoiled by this time, and Hector rejoices. Let us carry off the body at least.'

It was just time; for when Ajax reached the place, Hector had begun to drag away the rifled corpse. Seeing Ajax, Hector retired, not caring to fight him just now; and the stalwart Greek stood and sheltered the dead Patroclus with his mighty shield.

Glauco taunted Hector with his retreat.

'Thou didst leave Sarpedon, who died for Troy, to feast dogs and vultures! Could we but drag yon body, which Ajax covers, to our walls we might obtain Sarpedon's corpse in exchange for Patroclus. But thou art afraid of Ajax.'

'Afraid of Ajax! Not I!' replied Hector, astonished. 'Come and see if I am afraid.' Then, lifting up his voice, he shouted, 'Trojans and allies, be men, and remember your glory. I will put on the arms of Achilles, and do you follow me.'

So saying, he clad himself with the immortal armour, and Jove beheld him with pity.

'Thou shalt have one day of glory, unhappy man! and no more.'

Every word Hector now spoke seemed to kindle the courage of the Trojans.

'Whoever shall drag Patroclus to Troy,' shouted he, 'shall share the honour and the spoil with me.'

Ajax noticed that a storm was brewing, and he said to Menelaus,—

'Look what a tempest is bearing down upon us! Greeks! Chiefs! Princes! Come! Come and save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy!'

The other Ajax heard; so did Idomeneus, and Meriones; and these five, with their shields, made a ring about the body. But being beaten off, a Trojan, named Hippothous, contrived to fasten thongs to the dead man's ankles, and thus to drag his body away. As he was doing this, the lance of Ajax tumbled him dead upon his victim. Then flew Hector's javelin at Ajax. It missed him, but killed Schedius, the noble and brave. Ajax replied by slaying another of the Trojans. The latter were daunted, and would have retired, had not Æneas come to the rescue, and shamed Hector into a fresh attempt. And now another most terrible battle went on over the body of Patroclus. Heaps of Greeks and Trojans fell, and all around the mass of struggling men was spread a dismal gloom.

Meanwhile, the steeds of Achilles stood sorrowing, as if they knew that something was wrong. Their heads hung down, their long manes trailed on the dust. These were not ordinary horses. Jove looked down on them, and bade them move. They obeyed. Meeting a Greek named Alcimedon, their driver got down, and Alcimedon taking the reins drove towards Troy, perhaps to bring back, if he could, the corpse of Patroclus.

'See!' shouted Hector. 'It is the car of Achilles! Let us seize it!'

He aimed at the driver Automedon, who ran beside, fighting; the spear missed Automedon; but Automedon killed young Æretus, and hung his blood-stained arms on the chariot of Achilles.

And now Minerva, assuming the shape and voice of Phoenix, said to Menelaus,—

'Is the friend of Achilles to lie below the Trojan walls, a prey to the dogs?'

'I wish for nothing more than to guard his body,' replied Menelaus. 'And O that Minerva would give me strength to do it! But we cannot resist Hector.'

Minerva was pleased at this wish, and she gave Menelaus fresh strength, so that 'He sent his heart with every lance he threw.' Among those he killed was Podes, a great friend of Hector. As he fell, a voice seemed to say to Hector,—

'Menelaus has killed thy friend—and wilt thou yield to Menelaus?'

Hector started, as if a bee had stung him, and, raging, drove the Greeks before his lance. Ajax spoke despondingly to his comrades, and prayed that the dark cloud which shrouded them might pass away, for he wished to see some one whom he might send to Achilles with news of Patroclus' death. Suddenly the sun scattered the mist, and Ajax bade Menelaus send Antilochus, if he could find him.

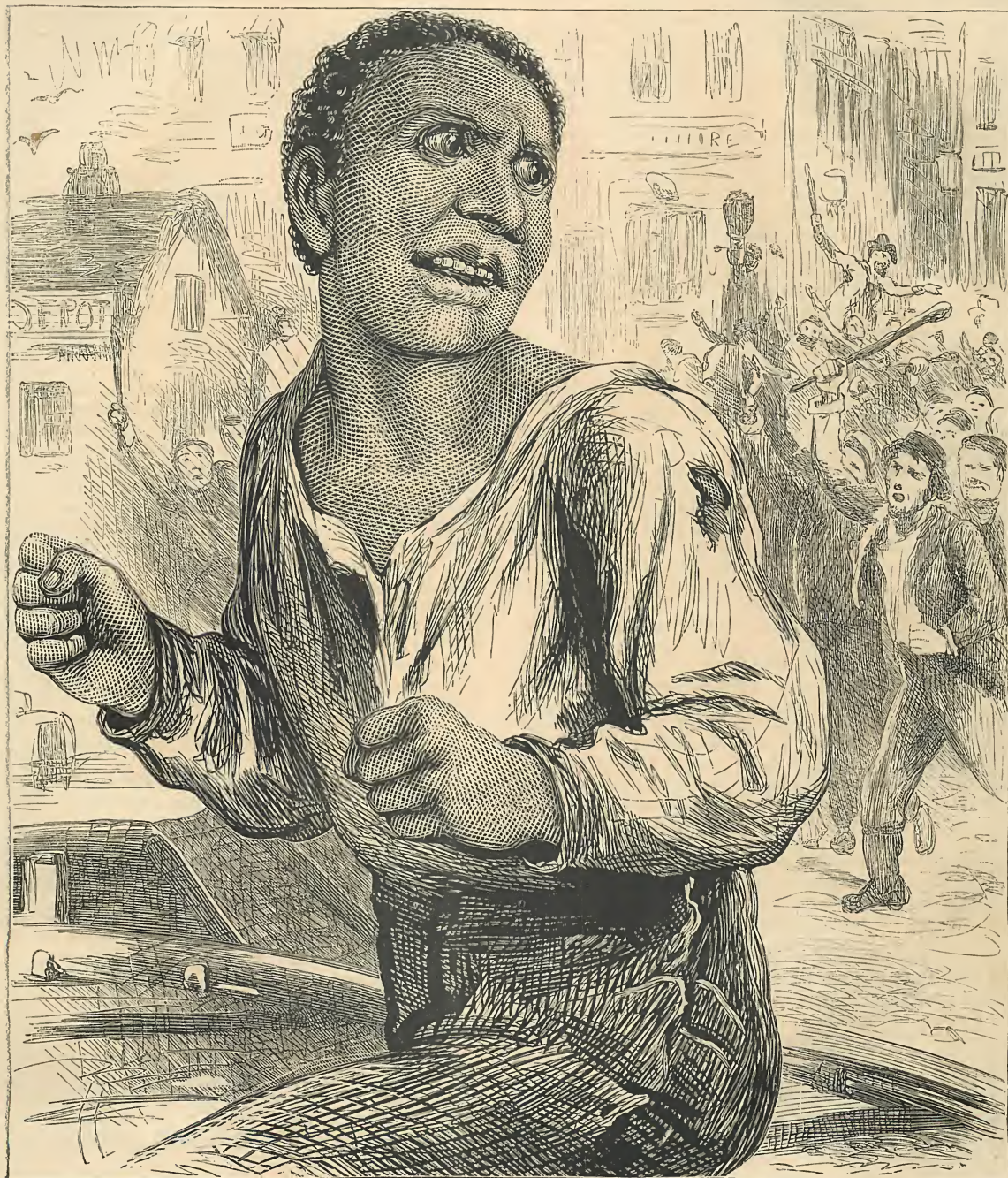
'Guard the body of Patroclus,' said Menelaus to his men, 'while I find Antilochus.'

When he at length discovered him busily employed, he sent him to Achilles with the sad news. Antilochus, a young man, cried bitterly, as he hastened to the tent of Achilles. Meanwhile, Menelaus returned to the scene of action, and helped Ajax and another to lift the body, while others beat off the Trojans who pressed after them. Slowly was the dead man carried toward the Greek lines, the tumult raging behind at every step, amid which might be seen conspicuous in the throng the bulky Ajax, the pious Æneas, and the furious Hector.



The Fight around the Body of Patroclus.

Chatterbox.



The Fugitive Negro.



THE FUGITIVE NEGRO.

DURING what were called in New York the 'Draft Riots,' about the end of 1862, much agitation prevailed in that city of many nationalities. War had begun with the Southern States, and it was unpopular with many; the disturbance of the currency being an additional cause of panic and suffering. A strong prejudice sprang up against the free negroes residing in New York; and this feeling was very intense among many persons, who believed that in some way or other these inoffensive persons were the cause of the war. The feeling of irritation increased from day to day, till it culminated in acts of shameful violence, inflicted upon individual negroes, merely on account of their race and colour. At this time, unfortunately, the greater part of the militia had been sent to the seat of war, and the police were not numerous enough to cope with this outburst of lawlessness on the part of the mob. For three days, especially, it may almost be said that New York lay under a reign of terror, and it was only by the recall of some of the troops, and by prompt and united action on the part of the more respectable citizens, that order was again restored. During these three miserable days not a negro was to be seen on the streets of New York.

Many of them had deserted their homes and were hiding in the woods, while all the hotel managers who employed negro servants had to conceal the unfortunate men in cellars, or elsewhere, from the fury of the rioters. It was just at this time that the following incident occurred.

A Scotch gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Blair, and who had long been resident in New York, was proceeding homewards on a Sunday, along the railroad track, when, on turning a corner, he saw advancing towards him a gang of ruffians, numbering about sixty, and all of the lowest class. They had among them a negro, who as soon as he saw Mr. Blair's advancing figure, burst away from his captors, and with surprising agility bounded into the railroad track, and rushing up to him, implored him not to hinder his flight.

The gang were in full pursuit, with oaths and imprecations, shouting to Mr. Blair to stop the fugitive: while the poor man, his face ashen gray with terror, clasped his hands together, and gasped out, 'Oh, good massa! for love of Heaven no stop poor nigger!'

'Come on! come on!' shouted Mr. Blair, who saw how the mob were gaining on the fugitive; and with a look of unspeakable gratitude the negro was again in full flight. He was a powerful young man, and, under the pressure of fear, he soon got considerably ahead of his pursuers.

They, in the meantime having come up with Mr. Blair, seemed for a few minutes inclined to vent on him the malignant fury with which they regarded their escaped captive. But when Mr. Blair, who was quite unarmed, reminded them that he was well-

known and had many friends, they thought better of it, and with many imprecations they left him and again pursued the negro.

But help was close at hand. A coffee-house, frequented entirely by Germans, stood on the edge of the railroad track, several hundred yards from where this exciting scene was taking place. The negro made for this with all speed, and bursting in at the open door he fell down on his knees imploring the men present for assistance and protection. About twenty Germans were present, and the request was no sooner made than granted. Indeed, they were not averse to have a skirmish with the roughs; and the poor negro was a very good subject to quarrel about, for it was well understood that his only crime was his colour and race.

In less time than it takes to write, the fugitive was hidden in the rear of the building, the door was shut, the windows barricaded, and all was ready. It is needless to say that most of the Germans were armed. Presently the mob were at the door, calling out that they would batter down the building with stones unless the man was delivered up to them. A derisive laugh was the only response; then the stones came in good earnest, and the skirmish had begun. But upon a given signal the Germans suddenly opened the door and made a rush upon the enemy. The effect was magical. The Germans were all young, vigorous, determined men, ready to defend themselves and the negro to the death, and before this resolute spirit the cowardly mob gave way. Breaking up in complete disorder they turned and fled, pursued for a considerable distance by the Germans, who fired two or three shots over their heads, which helped not a little to quicken their flight. The negro was kept in hiding for a few days till order was restored in the city; and when it was thought safe for him to be again at large, a collection was made for him by his German friends, as his poor home had been wrecked, his wife and children driven to the woods, and his furniture burned.

It is pleasant to be able to say that he proved himself deeply grateful for the protection and kindness afforded to him in the day of his distress.

D. B. McKEAN.

ERNEST OF FELSENBERG.

(Continued from page 335.)

CHAPTER VII.



WHILE they were talking, the sun gradually became hotter and hotter.

'What a heat that lamp gives!' said the boy. 'It is so far off, and yet it makes us so warm; it is a wonderful light!'

Meurad took the child under the apple-tree which sheltered the bench and the table.

'It is cool and pleasant here,' said Ernest, looking at the tree:

'this tree is like a green shade, which shelters us from the heat as well as the light. How large it is! and what a number of leaves it has! The stem, I

see, is made of wood. But I cannot think that you can have made all these leaves and flowers; that would indeed be too hard work.'

After a while the old man went into the hut, and prepared a meal for the child and for himself—some bread and apples, and a large melon. Ernest enjoyed the fruit very much, and said to the old man, 'But how do you get all these nice things? do you go out to rob?'

Father Meurad told him how wonderfully everything grew. 'See,' said he, 'these apples came from this tree, and the tree grew from a little seed like this,' showing him an apple-pip. 'And the bread too came from seed like this,' he continued, showing the boy an ear of corn. 'And so it is with everything that grows—the grass under our feet, the rose-bushes, the wheat, the vine which covers the side of the hut, the large oaks and fir-trees upon the mountain, and the soft moss here round the trunk of the apple-tree; they all grow, or at least might grow, from such little seeds. All this was very wonderful to the boy, and he was as much astonished at the words of the old man as he had at first been by the new sights which surrounded him.

By this time the sun was declining, and the flower-beds lay in shade. Some of Meurad's favourite flowers were drooping with the heat, and although he hoped it might rain soon, yet he thought it best to water them; so taking his water-can, he led the boy to a spring which flowed plentifully from a moss-covered rock.

'What a quantity of water!' Ernest cried, 'and all running out of the stone! Every moment I think it must leave off, but it still flows as fast as ever. Who has poured such a quantity of water in? and where do you get enough to fill it? You should shut up the opening, and be more careful of the water, or you will have none left.'

Meurad told him that the water had been flowing as long as the sun had shone, that it never left off, and never needed a fresh supply. He told him too that the lake, which he had taken for a large looking-glass, was nothing but water. This was a new wonder to the boy.

When Meurad returned with his water-can he began to water his flowers.

'Oh, what are you doing?' said Ernest: 'you will wash all the colour off your flowers!'

Meurad said, smiling, that water was as necessary for plants as drink was for ourselves.

'But,' said Ernest, 'who can ever water all these things? how can any one get up high enough to water the trees that grow on the mountain?'

Meurad said, 'That is provided for; and you will see—perhaps sooner than we think,' added he, looking up at the sky.

After a while there came a cloud over the mountain, and it began to rain. This was yet another wonder to the child. 'That is a very good plan,' said he, 'and saves a great deal of trouble. The water falls down in drops, as if it came from a water-can. But where do those things that you call clouds come from? and how is it that they hang there without falling?'

'That you shall hear presently,' said Meurad.

Then the child watched the clouds until they were dispersed, and the sky was bright and blue again.

And so the day passed quickly away while Ernest was lost in wonder at all that he saw. A thousand things which we hardly notice, from being so used to them—a bright green beetle upon a rose-leaf, a snail which crawled out after the rain, the sparkling drops that hung like diamonds upon the leaves, a linnet which sang its evening song upon the branch of a tree, the hermit's goats, which came in the evening back from the mountains, were all new wonders to the child, and gave occasion for numberless questions and answers.

At last the sun disappeared below the lake. 'Oh,' exclaimed Ernest, quite frightened, 'the water will put the lamp out! we shall be in the dark, and all our pleasure will be over! Even if we could light a lamp of our own, it would be of no use in this large, wide space.'

But Father Meurad consoled him. 'Do not be uneasy,' he said; 'we shall soon go to sleep, and then we shall not need a light. When we wake in the morning, the sun will appear again on the opposite side between the mountains. And so it goes on day by day, without stopping for a moment, and lightens and warms everything.'

CHAPTER VIII.

ERNEST still kept returning to his questions, which the wise old man would not answer at once, wishing to excite the child's curiosity.

'But how is it,' he asked again, 'that the sun goes on moving? And who has built the large arch over our heads, and painted it such a beautiful blue colour? Who has put so much water in the rock, that it always flows? Who guides the clouds, and makes them water all the green things with those sparkling drops? Who teaches the birds to sing such pretty songs without a flute? Who has hidden the flowers and trees in the little seeds, so that we can cover the ground with a soft carpet, and have everything we need? Who has arranged it all so very wisely?'

'So you really think,' said Father Meurad, 'that there must be some one who has made all these wonderful things?'

'Oh, yes, certainly!' said Ernest. 'It would be very foolish to doubt that. The men in the cavern were obliged to work for a long time when they wanted to make it a little larger. Once, part of it fell in, and then they had a great deal of trouble to build it up again. And this large arch has not even a single pillar to hold it up! Our lamp would never light itself, and we were always obliged to put in fresh oil. And we should have died of thirst, if we had not kept the water-cask full of water. And what a trouble it must have been to cut out all those flowers! I am quite sure no man could have made all the things that I see round me. But whoever it can be that has made them, I cannot at all understand.'

And now that the boy showed himself so much struck with the greatness, beauty, and wise arrangement of the world, and was full of curiosity to know who the great Benefactor might be, to whose goodness and wisdom it was all owing, the old man felt that the time had come when he might speak to him of the power, wisdom, and loving-kindness of God. With deep reverence he told the child that he



Father Meurad and Ernest.

was right; that there was One Who had made all, and that this Almighty, All-wise, All-loving Being, Whom we call God, was our dear Father in heaven, and to Him we owe our life and everything we possess.

The words of the old man darted like a ray of light through the mind of the child, and the thought of God awoke more wonder and delight in his soul than even the first sight of the morning sun.

'Yes, dear child,' continued Meurad, 'it is God Who has made all that you see. He has built the blue arch which we call heaven; He has lighted the sun and directs its course: it not only shows us the wonders of His works, and lights us upon our way, but by its warmth the fruits become ripe, as food is cooked at a fire. He makes the water spring out of

the ground and drop from the clouds to refresh us and give us drink; He spreads the carpet of grass at our feet; He gives scent and colour to the flowers; He loads the branches of the trees with all kinds of fruit; He teaches the birds their songs to cheer us; He clothed the lamb which is resting at our feet with soft wool, of which your dress and mine are made; He gives us all that we need for life and comfort; He has made everything so beautiful, that we may have pleasure in His works and love Him, and live with Him at last in a still more beautiful country, where we shall enjoy still greater happiness. And although we cannot see Him now, yet He sees us, and hears every word we say, and even knows our thoughts. We may speak to Him every moment; He rules every action of our lives; He set you free



Trees and their Uses.—The Chestnut.

from the cavern and led you to me; He is our best Friend, our most loving Father.'

Ernest listened to the pious old man with the greatest attention, and kept his eyes firmly fixed on him. While they were talking the night came on, but the child never noticed it. The lake looked like a bright mirror, in which one seemed to see a second sky, with moon and stars. A solemn stillness reigned over all, and not a leaf moved on the trees. A new feeling which he had never before felt—a feeling of nearness to God, filled Ernest's heart; and the old man folding his hands, and raising his eyes to Heaven, uttered a few words of prayer, while the boy, for the first time in his life, clasped his hands in prayer, and followed the old man's words. And when he had ended, the child, to the great delight of the pious old man, added of his own accord these words—'I thank Thee, O God, that Thou hast taken me from the dark cavern, and led me to this good man, who has taught me to know Thee!'

Father Meurad then led the boy to his cell, and spreading a couch of soft moss, covered him with his own mantle.

(To be continued.)

TREES AND THEIR USES.

THE CHESTNUT.



FINE, stately tree, is the chestnut, and long-lived; but its wood, unless it is cut in its youth, is far inferior to oak. If it is cut before it has reached forty or fifty years its timber is exceedingly sound, but after that period its heart becomes deceitful and brittle. 'When it is let to stand beyond its full growth,' says a writer on

trees, 'it is the worst of all timber, being apt to crack and fly into splinters.' One variety of the chestnut produces sweet nuts; the French and Italians roast and eat them. The trees which produce this sort of food are called sweet chestnuts. They do not yield fine nuts except they grow in a warmer climate than ours; they thrive best where grapes ripen out of doors. The county of Devon, however, does produce this fruit, fairly large in size and good in quality. The finest chestnuts, it is said, are imported from Spain.

One favoured spot, where the chestnut grows to perfection, is the Valombrosa, in the Apennines. Another spot where this tree flourishes is Etna; here is the world-famed 'Chestnut of a Hundred Cavaliers,' so called because that number of horsemen, who were escorting a high-born lady to Naples, took shelter under its canopy at one time. Its girth in 1770 was 204 feet, but it seemed as if it were a clump of five trees all in one. The chestnut seems to like a mountain side. Olympus was once nearly shaded by these trees. It is a delicate tree, as was proved by the great frost of 1709. This severe weather, following on heavy

rains, destroyed whole groves of chestnut-trees in France.

We have already said the chestnut is most valuable for its timber in its youth. 'Let no one be afraid of cutting it too young,' says a great authority on trees. Even at the age of fifty years it will be found 'ring-shaky' within. But it is a very valuable tree when felled before its prime. It is much used for the manufacture of wine-casks. It is said that wine, in these barrels, ferments slowly, and has no unpleasant taste of wood; and the timber resists the dry rot so common in cellars. Chestnut-wood is also very useful for posts and fencing.

The foreigners use the leaves for stuffing their beds and for littering cattle.

We have no idea in our country of the great use of chestnuts to the poor man in the south of France and the north of Italy. The nuts are ground, and from the flour are made thick flat cakes, porridge, and sweetmeats. Chestnut-flour will keep good for many years if put in sound air-tight casks. Sugar, too, is made from the chestnut-fruit. The tree is said to have come originally from Asia Minor, and its fruit was long known as the 'Sardis nut.'

The oldest and largest chestnut in our country is that on Lord Ducie's estate at Tortworth. It is supposed to have been planted by the Romans. It is cited as 'the Old Chestnut' in writings made in the reign of King John.

THE ARABS' OPINION OF ENGLAND.



ANY years ago an Arab woman came to England in the service of a gentleman. She spent about three years amongst us, and, of course, on her return all her friends were eager to hear about this country.

'What did you find in England?'

'Is it a fine country?'

'Are they rich in horses?'

'Are they all happy?'

These and many other questions were asked.

She answered that England was like one great garden: all the people were rich, had fine clothes, fine horses, and seemed both wise and happy.

At this answer the hearers' faces fell. They were going away in a very envious mood when the woman cried out, 'England certainly needs one thing.'

'What is that?' they all asked in one breath.

'There is not a date-tree in the whole land!' she replied.

'No date-trees! Are you sure?' they all cried in astonishment.

'Quite sure. I looked everywhere for one during my stay, but it was all in vain.'

The Arabs' looks changed in a moment. They now no longer envied England—a land where their precious date-palm did not grow—but rather wondered why any one could choose to live in such a place.

There are many who long to see foreign lands, and who, having seen them, find that home after all is better.

A. R. B.

LISZT AND HIS PUPIL.

From the French.

A YOUNG pianist was giving concerts in the provinces of Germany. In order to attract the public she announced that she was a pupil of the famous Liszt. On arriving at a little town she had advertised a concert; but great was her consternation when she noticed among the list of new arrivals at the hotel the name of the Abbé Liszt. How could she get out of the difficulty into which she had brought herself? Her fraud could not fail to be discovered, and she would not be able to give any more concerts: she already saw her future ruined. Trembling all over, she presented herself before the *maestro* to confess to him her trickery and deceit, and to implore his pardon. She threw herself at his feet, and, with her face bathed in tears, related to him her past history. An orphan at a very early age, poor, possessing nothing but her talent, the young girl thought she could only surmount the obstacles which beset her path by making use of the name of Liszt.

'Well, well,' said the great musician, helping her to rise, 'we will see, my child, what we can do. There is a piano; let me hear you play a piece intended for to-morrow's concert.'

She obeyed; the *maestro* sat down beside her, gave her several hints, suggested some changes, and when she had finished her piece said to her,—

'Now, my child, I have given you a music lesson; now you are a pupil of Liszt.'

Before she could stammer out a few words of gratitude Liszt asked her,—

'Are the programmes printed?'

'No, sir: not yet.'

'Then put on the programme that you will be assisted by your master, and that the last piece will be performed by the Abbé Liszt.'

A vulgar disposition would have gladly embraced this opportunity to punish the poor young girl, who, doubtless, would have deserved it, for so impudently using Liszt's name. But charity is ingenious to cover a multitude of faults—to turn evil into good. Let us acknowledge, too, that the young girl did the best thing possible in confessing her guilt, and throwing herself at the feet of the generous man whose name she had so wrongly used. J. F. C.

TALES OF TROY.

No. XV.

ACHILLES AND HIS NEW ARMOUR.



ACHILLES was well-nigh heart-broken at the news which Antilochus brought him. He threw himself on the ground in an agony of grief, and strewed ashes on his head.

His distress was noticed by his mother, Thetis, who, with her attendant maidens, went to comfort him.

'Mother,' said Achilles, 'my friend Patroclus is slain, and my arms are worn by Hector. I hate life, or only wish to live that I may have revenge!'

'Alas! when Hector falls, thou too must die!' replied Thetis.

'Then let me die,' said Achilles. 'I will meet Hector, or death. Let me go this instant into the field of glory!'

'Thou canst not go unarmed,' replied Thetis. 'Stay till the early morrow, and I will bring thee a fresh suit of harness.'

So saying, Thetis left her son.

Meanwhile, the dead Patroclus was being carried, foot by foot, into the Grecian lines, and, spite the efforts of those who bore him, and fought about him, he was several times nearly carried off. Indeed, his body was in such peril, that Juno urged Achilles to go and prevent his friend being cast to the dogs.

'I have no arms,' replied Achilles; 'nor shall I have until to-morrow by the break of day.'

'Go, then, unarmed. Go, clad in thy own terrors,' urged the goddess. 'One glance of thine eye will be enough to give Greece new courage.'

He rose and left the tent. He stood on the rampart and gave a shout. His voice rang like a trumpet, and at the sound of it the Trojans dropped their arms and fled. Back went the chariots—down fell men and horses together. In this tumult the body of Patroclus was safely conveyed to the Greek lines; and long did Achilles hang over the pale, senseless form, as it lay on a lofty bier.

The Trojans meanwhile called a hasty council, and Polydamas advised all to retire within the walls of Troy, as Achilles had again appeared; but Hector indignantly rejected the counsel, and, amid loud shouts of applause, he proposed an attack on the fleet as soon as morning dawned.

Now, while the body of Patroclus was being washed and laid on a bed of state, Thetis went to the gloomy workshop of Vulcan, where that prince of blacksmiths, bathed in sweat, was busily engaged in pouring molten gold into moulds prepared for it.

Vulcan had cause of old to be grateful to Thetis, for she had been very kind to him, and, as she had come to visit his workshop, he gave over his labours; and, having cleaned himself, asked her why she had come to visit him, and what she wished?

'Vulcan,' replied she, 'my son is the bravest hero that lives. He is now near Troy: but he will never return home. He has been wronged, and has refused to fight. He allowed Patroclus to fight in his armour, and Patroclus is killed, and my son's armour now adorns Hector. I come to ask thee to provide my son with new armour, that he may go into the battle-field, and shine with glory there.'

'What I can do I will,' replied Vulcan. 'I wish I could secure him from death.'

Vulcan then returned to his forge, and set his twenty fires to work. He took up his hammer and tongs, and formed, first, an immense shield, on which, in twelve compartments, were towns, assemblies, battles, harvests, animals, dances, peace, and war, and other scenes of rarest beauty. Besides this, he made everything that a warrior requires: cuirass for the breast, helm for the head, greaves for the legs. When they were finished, Vulcan laid them at the feet of Thetis, and she, taking them up, carried them swiftly away, and put them in the tent of her son Achilles.



Achilles in an Agony of Grief

Chatterbox.



The Mastiff.



THE MASTIFF.

HERE are several species of mastiffs, but the English is the most valued, being more elegant and majestic. Its colour is buff, varying in shade, with dark nose and ears. As a watch-dog, the mastiff has no superior. He will observe the motions of a thief with the closest attention, even walk by his side without doing him any bodily injury, but resolutely forbidding him from touching a single article. He has a remarkable sense of self-respect and personal dignity, and, besides, is sometimes actuated by motives of benevolence. Of this last we witnessed a remarkable manifestation a few years since in New York, where we then resided. A small dog was attacked by a larger one, and sorely pressed. At this juncture a mastiff came along, and, contemplating the unequal combat for a moment, rushed upon the larger dog, knocked him over, and, raising one of his hind legs, after the fashion of dogs, manifested his contempt for him in a most extraordinary manner. In the *Naturalist's Library* a similar instance is related. 'A mastiff at Plymouth, in England, passing up Union Street, was beset by a whole troop of curs, till they quite impeded his sober walk, sufficiently to excite his resentment, and accordingly he lifted one of his hind legs and astonished them.'

The courage of the mastiff is well attested. It is said that in the reign of Henry VII. a mastiff attacked singly, and conquered, a lion. That monarch, who regarded the lion as the king of all beasts, ordered the poor animal to be hanged for daring to assail his sovereign.

A young man once, going into a house of public entertainment at Paris, was told that his dog, a fine mastiff, could not be permitted to enter, and he accordingly was left with the guard at the door. The young man had scarcely entered the lobby when his watch was stolen. He returned to the guard, and prayed that his dog might be admitted, as through his means he might discover the thief. The dog was suffered to accompany his master, who intimated to the animal that he had lost something. The dog set out immediately in quest of the strayed article, and fastened on the thief, whose guilt, on searching him, was made apparent: the fellow had no less than six watches in his pocket, which being laid before the dog, he recognised his master's, took it up by the string, and bore it to him in safety.

ERNEST OF FELSENBURG.

(Continued from page 342.)

CHAPTER IX.

FATHER MEURAD kept the boy with him all the summer, that he might instruct him still more, and cure him of some bad habits which he had learned among his former companions. He thought, too, that the simple food and fresh mountain air would restore his health, which had suffered from living so long underground.

Towards autumn, Father Meurad resolved to leave

his lonely home, and go forth to seek for the parents of the boy. But he intended to take the child to the father of the youth who had first met him (an honest farmer who lived in the mountain), that he might be taken care of during his absence.

Early one fine autumn morning the old man awoke the child, and went with him to the chapel to pray for a blessing upon his journey. After they had breakfasted, and provided themselves with food for the journey, they set out, travelling at first in lonely footpaths, which were only frequented by shepherds and chamois-hunters. Towards midday they came to an overhanging rock, in whose shade they sat down to rest and refresh themselves.

Presently a little son of the goat-herd came past and made his bow to Father Meurad. Ernest sprang up and cried out in astonishment, 'Oh, look! there is a little man like myself. Oh, I never knew that there were any more little people: I thought I was the only one in the world. You will go with us, will you not?'

The shepherd-boy begged to be allowed to carry Meurad's wallet, and went with them to the delight of the child, who talked much to his new companion.

Soon they came to a green valley, where a herd of sheep was grazing, and under the shade of a rock they saw a shepherdess sitting: she had in one hand a crook, and in the other she held a book, from which she was reading. The look on her face was soft and gentle, but very sad. Meurad went up to her, and although they had never met before, she knew him by report, and rising, saluted him respectfully. Meurad said to her, 'You cannot have been keeping this flock long. When I saw the owner lately he never mentioned you.'

She replied that she had kept sheep for some years in the mountains, but had only been in the service of her present master three days.

'Where do you come from?' he asked, 'and why do you look so sad?' At this question the girl burst into tears.

'Ah!' she said, 'I come from a long way off. When I was young, a thoughtless action caused me great misery. I was in the service of a kind mistress, and carelessly left her only child for a few minutes alone; in my absence the child was stolen by robbers. I could not bear to see the grief of my mistress, and fled into the mountains. Here I live in loneliness, and pray daily to God that He will one day restore the child to his parents.'

Father Meurad listened with deep attention, and said, 'I think that God has even now heard your prayers;' and taking from his pocket the picture of Ernest's mother, which he carried with him, the more easily to discover the child's parents, he showed it to the girl and said, 'Do you know this picture?'

The girl uttered a cry of mingled fear and joy. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'it is the Countess of Felsenburg, the mother of the stolen child!'

At the cry of the girl little Ernest came running up, and looking at the new figure with wondering eyes, said, 'What is the matter, and why do you cry? Are you hungry? Here is some bread and an apple, will you eat them?'

'See,' said Meurad, 'this is the child who was stolen with the picture.' Overpowered by the sud-

den joy, the girl sank on her knees, and raising her hands to Heaven exclaimed, 'O God, Thou hast heard my prayers; hear now my thanksgiving, which I am not worthy to offer unto Thee.' Then embracing the child she exclaimed, 'Can it indeed be true, or am I dreaming? Yes, it is the dear child himself! You are as like to your father as one dewdrop is to another. Oh, how delighted your mother will be to see you! and what pleasure to you to see your father and mother!'

Father Meurad was deeply moved at the meeting, and said, 'God be praised, Whose providence has so watched over this child. He has dried the tears of this poor girl, and will restore the child to his sorrowing parents. He has blessed the first steps of my journey, and spared me the fatigue of a long search. Praised be His name for ever, for His mercy and goodness.'

Meurad then went with Ernest and Margaret to the cottage of the farmer, while the little shepherd-boy returned to his sheep.

'Are these my father and mother?' asked Ernest, as the farmer and his wife came to their cottage-door to meet them; he was very disappointed when he heard that they were not. 'They look so kind,' he said, 'my father and mother could not be kinder; I should like to stay with them.'

They only remained here a short time, and continued their journey accompanied by the shepherd-boy, the son of the farmer. Towards evening they left the mountain and came to a village, where they passed the night. The following morning they hired a carriage and set out upon their journey, in the hope of reaching Felsenburg in three days.

CHAPTER X.

THE first day of the journey passed quickly away. The pleasure of the drive, and the number of castles and villages which seemed to fly past the carriage, delighted Ernest beyond measure, and whenever he saw a castle upon a mountain in the distance he always asked whether it was not Felsenburg.

Towards the evening of the second day they came to a thick wood, through which the road was so bad that travelling was almost impossible; the wind blew roughly, and the rain fell in torrents. They were obliged to take refuge in an inn in the midst of the wood, which was supposed to be full of robbers. Tired with the journey, they were all soon asleep excepting Meurad, who, having seen the child safe in his room, remained up praying and reading by the light of a taper.

All of a sudden there was heard a loud knocking at the doors, and men's voices demanded admittance. All in the house were startled out of their sleep, and Meurad left his room.

'Oh,' cried Margaret, meeting him, 'I am afraid there are robbers, and the young Count will be stolen again!'

Meurad quieted her, and went down, but the people of the inn were too much frightened to open the door; the men outside continued knocking, and threatened to break it in.

Meurad, with a calm and courageous voice said, 'The door cannot protect us; God alone is our shield; we are all in His hands.'

He then opened the door, and four fierce-looking armed men came in, one of them carrying a lighted torch.

'We must have every room in the house,' they said; 'our master will be here immediately, and the inn must be at his service.'

Meurad asked who their master was, and heard with as much surprise as joy that it was the Count Frederick of Felsenburg, Ernest's father. The Count had never left the army so long as the war lasted, but now that peace was declared he was on his way home.

The news of the declaration of peace filled all with joy, and the people of the inn vied with each other in attention to the soldiers, who excused themselves for their violent conduct on account of the weather. 'In such a storm,' they said, 'even a soldier might be excused for not wishing to pass the night out of doors.' They told, too, how they had lost themselves in the wood, and could not at first find the house, until they were guided to it by the burning light.

The fact that the taper by which he was praying so late should have led the Count's soldiers to the house made a deep impression upon Meurad, who saw the hand of Providence in all things; and he thanked God heartily for the happy result.

Soon afterwards the Count himself came,—a tall, noble-looking man, with a handsome face and a pleasant manner. Upon hearing that Father Meurad was in the house he sent for him.

'I am heartily glad to see you, reverend father,' said he. 'After such a journey and in such weather, to be again under a roof and in a warm room is a great comfort; but the sight of your face is a still greater pleasure, and I must open my heart to you. All my people are, as you see, in high spirits at the prospect of seeing their homes again, after their toils. But I, their leader, as is often the case in this world, have the only sad heart among them. I fear that some misfortune has happened at home. My wife is indeed well, but I am very anxious about my only son; for a long time my wife has scarcely mentioned him, and in her last letter she tells me that I may, perhaps, never see him again. You are acquainted with many people in this part of the country, father, do you know anything which has happened at Felsenburg? If you cannot give me information, at least you can offer me some counsel or consolation.'

Father Meurad answered with a cheerful air: 'I can, indeed, give you the most welcome news. Your son is alive and well; and is the dearest child I ever saw in my life.'

'You know him?' said the Count, surprised.

'Oh, very well,' said Meurad. 'The time you have been away has been very eventful to him.' He then related to the astonished Count all that he knew of the child, and to confirm his story he showed him the picture of the Countess.

'Yes, it is she!' said the Count, 'to the very life! But I fear she will not look so blooming now, she must have suffered very much. But where is the boy?'

'Here, in this house,' said Meurad.

'In this house!' exclaimed the Count. 'Oh, why did you not tell me that before, father? Take me to him at once.'

Meurad took the taper from the table, and the Count



followed him to the room of his son. The child was sleeping the peaceful sleep of innocence, and the Count bent over him with tears in his eyes. 'Ernest, dear Ernest!' he cried, taking the boy's hand and gently kissing him. 'Wake up, your father is here.'

The little Ernest rubbed his eyes and looked at his father, at first only half awake.

'Are you really my father?' he said at last. 'Oh, I am so glad. Is my mother with you?'

The Count took the child in his arms, shedding tears of joy. 'God has wonderfully preserved you, my child,' said he. 'I can never be thankful enough to Him for having restored you to me.'

'Nor can I,' said Ernest. 'Oh, how happy He has made us!'

The Count was delighted with the child. 'Oh,

Father Meurad,' he said, after listening with pleasure to Ernest's lively questions and answers, 'what do I not owe you! All my estates would be too little to reward you for the care you have taken of my child.'

In the meantime Margaret had entered the room, and stood timidly at a distance; when the Count saw her, he gave her his hand in token of forgiveness, and spoke kindly to her. 'But the robbers,' he said sternly, 'shall pay heavily for their misdeeds.'

He at once gave orders to his soldiers to seek them out in their hiding-place, and bring them to Felsenburg. Then he turned again to talk to his son, and would gladly have remained there all night, if Meurad had not reminded him that they all needed sleep, that they might be ready for their journey to Felsenburg in the morning. *(Concluded in our next.)*



THE PRENTICE PILLAR.

THE Prentice Pillar stands alone,
A silent monument of stone;
Silent, yet eloquently still,
It tells a tale of dark self-will.

It stands alone among its peers,
The beauteous child of bygone years;

Its plainer brothers grouped around,
And all about is hallowed ground.

Yes, hallowed ground, where mortals kneel,
To pray for grace in woe and weal;
Oh, needful, needful is the prayer,
'Lord, keep us from the tempter's snare!

From envy, malice, and from hate,
Keep us, good Lord; or desolate
The happiest earthly home may grow,
By one rough word or hasty blow.

Yes, there that beauteous pillar stands,
To say how soon a mortal's hands
May have a dark and awful stain,
That neither seas nor flooding rain

Can ever cleanse. Oh, come awhile,
And let us pace old Roslin's aisle;
While some few simple rhymes declare
What says the 'prentice pillar' there.

Look at its exquisite design,
The gem, they say, of Roslin's shrine:
Its chiselled graces were not wrought
By one who had grown gray by thought.

No; youthful readers of my lay,
Young fingers made that lovely spray;
Those wreaths of stone a boyish mind
Around that beauteous pillar twined.

His master had been told to twine
Such shafts for Roslin's sumptuous shrine;
He did not dare to answer, Nay,
But hied him far and far away.

To find within some abbey shade
How such-like pillars could be made;
How such-like he might call his own,
And get high glory from each stone.

He travelled far—was absent long—
Meanwhile the prentice claims our song—
Gifted with genius bright and rare,
A youth to triumph anywhere,

He knew the need; he knew, and brought
To bear upon it prayer and thought:
When prayer and pains together meet,
What may not active hands complete?

In the boy's rough and dusty shed
That thing of beauty reared its head,
And soon its marvellous renown
Drew pilgrims from the busy town.

Artist and mason, monk and priest,
Came Roslin-wards from West or East;
They walked around the thing of grace,
And thought it fit for any place.

Full well might it enrich the store
Of regal hall or minster hoar;
No monarch in broad Europe bent
Beside a lovelier monument.

The Baron heard, but he was slow
To see the boyish studio.
'Some nine-days' wonder it,' said he;
'Some fond conceit; so let it be.'

But when his wife one morning stole,
Half-blushing, to a little hole,
And, peeping through, in rapture stood,
She, first of Roslin's womanhood;

And when her lips and eager eyes
Spoke words and glances of surprise,
Her pliant husband soon she led
To that same rough and dusty shed,

Where he, a man of dogs and sport,
Stood dumb, astounded, breathing short;
And, looking full and keen, said he,
'Is all this thine? no trickery?

Work and design, upon thy word,
Thine own?'—'It is, indeed, my lord;
Nor much I deem it: better still
I hope to do, with God's good will.'

'Better than this? No better can
Be ever wrought by any man.
Come! this shall to the church, I swear,
Or else my name is not St. Clair.'

The youthful mason wished it not,
But barons' tempers then were hot,
Their orders law; and few did dare
To say, 'I will not!' to St. Clair.

And so the pillar left its shed,
To stand upon the sacred bed
Where now it is, a marvel quite;
And all men said St. Clair was right.

All men save one, and that one he
Who, home returning over sea,
To Roslin came, with way-worn dress,
But glad with hopes of high success.

The secret he had followed long
Was his at last; he hummed a song,
As men light-hearted will; he strode,
Brisk as a fawn, upon the road.

Roslin at last!—'tis eve, but still
Light's rosy fingers tip the hill:
At Roslin's shrine he'll have one peep,
Then homeward hie to sup and sleep.

The prentice in the gloom he met,
Beside his pillar newly set;
He started back, 'What's this?' he said,
His face with anger flushing red.

'Whence comes this pillar? Who brought here
The secret I have earned so dear
With cost of travel? Cursed be
The wizard who has ruined me!'

A dim fear on the prentice stole,
Was this loud curse to be his dole?
But never had he framed a lie—
He simply murmured, 'It was I.'

'Thou!' shrieked his master, now possess'd—
'Thou! then I am a sorry jest—
A laughing-stock—a thing of scorn;
Where shall I hide to-morrow morn?'

'But, Master——!' 'Not a word! My curse
Be on thee, villain, dog, and worse!
Out of my sight——' 'But, Master! pray——'
The furious builder turned away.

Upon the floor a tool was seen—
Oh, that the gloom had deeper been!
He snatched it up, a Cain that hour,
And smote the boy with all his power.

The sweet young spirit sobbed one prayer,
'Mercy, good Lord!' then, up the stair,
The golden stair, the glory way,
Sped to its everlasting day!

No more dark shadows in the aisle,
Nor murderous looks; but Jesu's smile;
The smile of Him Who praises when
His children quit themselves as men.

One tear of pity drop upon
The hapless builder, who had done
A deed so sudden, rash, and bad,
And made his life for ever sad.

What came to him we know not now,
But Cain's dark brand was on his brow;
For evermore he must abide
The sorrows of a homicide.

Perhaps he let his anger blaze
Unchecked, unstayed, in early days,
Vexations slight his temper blew
Into a flame, and passion grew

Until it was a giant old,
And strong, and big, and uncontroll'd;
And so at last grim Murder came
And blasted both his peace and name. G. S. O.

TALES OF TROY.

No. XVI.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

HEN Thetis presented the arms to
her son, rage divine was kindled
within him.

'Now,' said he, as he turned
them over to examine them, 'now
let me go to the battle. But
who is to watch over Patroclus
and drive away the flies from
his dead body?'

'I will take care his body shall
not corrupt,' replied Thetis. 'But

go thou and tell the Greek princes that thine anger
is past and gone.'

She then poured some drops of nectar into the
nostrils of the dead man, and Achilles went, obedient
to her wishes, and called the chiefs together.

He then stood up, and said, 'It had been better
for Greece if the maiden about whom they quarrelled
had been dead ere their quarrel began. But let
by-gones be by-gones. Here ends the anger of
Achilles; and, as Greece has bled, so now let Troy.
He may be counted happy who shall escape this arm
to-day.

Loud shouts of 'Achilles! Achilles!' greeted these
words.

Agamemnon, without rising from his seat, begged
the council not to lay the unhappy quarrel to his

charge. 'I was driven by fierce, wayward passions,
to force the prey from Achilles' arms,' said he.
'What could I do against the will of Heaven? I
was misled (even as Jove himself); but do thou,
Achilles, help us, and whatever Ulysses promised
thee on his visit shall be thine.'

'All I care for, O King, is war,' replied Achilles.
'While we talk our work remains undone. Let
every Greek come and emulate me.'

'Our soldiers require rest and food,' put in the
prudent Ulysses. 'Dismiss the assembly, O King,
and order a good repast to every band. Spread out
the presents you promised to Achilles in the sight of
all, and never let thy kingly might exceed the bounds
of reason or justice any more.'

'Thou speakest wisely, Ulysses,' said the King.
'Grudge not a short delay, Achilles, while the presents
are brought and the feast eaten.'

'Better go and fight at once,' replied Achilles. 'I
feel our dead friends are calling for revenge; and
were my mind to carry the day, I would go and fight
at once. My mouth, at least, shall taste no food
until Patroclus is avenged.'

'O best and bravest!' argued Ulysses, 'it is thine
to fight, and mine to reason. Were we to weep for
all who die, our grief would be endless. Greece does
not honour her dead by fasting. Let our men have
a good meal, and then will they be ready to follow
thee, more like men than ever.'

Achilles moodily consented—the gifts of the king
were displayed, and a solemn oath was made.

Achilles then retired to his tent until the soldiers
had refreshed themselves with meat and drink, and
were ready for the battle. The costly gifts were
carried by squires, and deposited in their proper
places, and the warriors poured forth upon the plain
in all the pomp that is usual in such times. Towering
among them all strode Achilles, full of grief, and
furious with thoughts of revenge. His armour was
varied and wonderful. His thighs were defended
with silver plates. His breast shone all golden. His
sword was of well-tempered steel, hanging in a
girdle starred with jewels. His broad shield blazed
like a full moon. He was charmed with Vulcan's
work. It seemed to buoy him up like a bird. He
now took his huge spear and shook it. It was made
of one entire ash, and none but he could wield it.
The chariot and horses were ready. The charioteer
leaped lightly into his place, grasped the ivory-studded
reins, and whirled his lash about him. Then Achilles
stepped in, and gave his orders to the knowing steeds,
Xanthus and Ballus, in a loud voice:

'Be swift, and mindful of me. Bear me through
the ranks of the enemy; and do not leave me as you
left Patroclus.'

Then Xanthus spoke (for the only time in his life):
'This day we will bear thee safely; but thy fatal
hour will come. Not by our fault fell Patroclus, but
by Heaven's will. Nor when thou fallest will it be
our fault; the Fates demand thy death.'

The mouth of Xanthus was then sealed up, and
Achilles answered,—

'So let it be. I know I am to die! and never to
see my parents nor my home again. I die, when it
is Heaven's will. But now—perish Troy!'

So saying, he rushed into the field of battle.





Achilles' Shield and Armour brought to his Tent.

Chatterbox.



The Click of the Gun.

THE CLICK OF THE GUN.



SCOTCH gentleman, long resident in New York, having accepted a situation in Colorado as overseer and paymaster of some gold mines, removed to that far-distant settlement with his wife and two young children. The engineer and he had a small mine of their own, about twenty-five miles from the larger mines.

This was situated in the heart of the mountains, quite beyond the reach of civilisation, and to this place they had sent two men to sink a shaft and get the mine into working order. The shaft was on a singular elevation, about a quarter of an acre in extent, and on this plateau the men had built a wooden house, in which they lived. One of the two had his wife with him, and she attended to the cooking and other matters.

There were many Indians about, all belonging to the tribe of Utes, but they were on friendly terms with the white men, and the treaty of peace between them was very generally respected by both parties. Upon one occasion, Mr. Blair and his friend, the engineer, resolved to visit their own mine, and see for themselves how matters were progressing there. The engineer was a man much respected by all. He was very quiet, with a calm and equable temper, and belonged to the Society of Quakers. He was tall and powerful, and well able to hold his own if he chose to do so. They left Central City on a beautiful morning in early summer, both men being on horseback. The horse ridden by Mr. Blair was a very fine one, up to any amount of work, and worth a large sum of money. The Indians, whether on friendly terms with the white men or not, can scarcely at any time resist the temptation to steal a horse. Their own ponies are not worth much, and they move about so much from one hunting-ground to another, that good horses are of great value to them.

The visit to the little mine had been paid, and directions as to their work given to the two men, after which Mr. Blair and Charlie, the engineer, leaving the wooden house, sauntered along a little way, leading their horses, and looking about them, the two men meanwhile standing outside the house, and the woman being within doors. Quite suddenly a chief and three of his braves rode up to them. They were Utes; but both Mr. Blair and Charlie knew well what a temptation the fine horse would present to the red men. They also saw, with uneasiness, that the Indians were fully armed; the three braves having bows and arrows, with tomahawks and knives in their belts, while the chief had a gun. The Indians reined up their ponies in an apparently friendly manner, and the chief saluted them in the usual manner, by saying, 'How, how!' their invariable greeting to a white man. 'How, how!' was the immediate response, and then silence while the two parties measured each other. Neither of the white men were armed, and in the wooden house there was only one gun. The rest of the narrative I shall give in Mr. Blair's own words:—

'I was standing by my horse's head, holding the bridle over my arm, when the chief said a few words in a guttural tone to one of the braves. The man slid off his horse, and, before I was aware of his intention, he had taken the bridle from my arm, and dragged the animal to his side of the mound. I felt almost as though I would go mad, that horse was so unspeakably valuable to me, but I scarcely knew what to do; the least movement on my part would certainly bring on a fight, and it was easy to know what the end of that would be in our defenceless condition.

'At this moment Charlie said to me in a low tone, "William, go and take back your horse *quietly*." I at once stepped up to the brave, and, without haste, or saying a word, I took the bridle from him. As he yielded it, he glanced at his superior, but there was a look of hesitation on the chief's face. The wooden house was within view; the two men were rapidly approaching us; how many more men there might be in the house the chief did not know. I could read all this in his wild, dark eyes. He gave no sign to the brave, so the man did not resist me as I led the horse back again, and resumed my place beside Charlie. There was now a silence that one could feel; it was evident that the chief could not all at once forego such a splendid prize as my horse would be, still. . . . Both parties, if I might judge from my own feelings, were strung to the highest pitch of excitement, while still preserving an outwardly calm demeanour. The chief spoke again, and the same brave made another attempt to lead away my horse, but I was prepared for him this time, and, putting out my left arm across his breast, I stopped him, looking him straight in the face. He never took his eyes off mine, and I knew that he only waited for another word from his chief to resort to violence. It was the supreme moment, when, amid the breathless silence, we distinctly heard the click! click! of a gun. It came from the wooden house. Well, I have often heard a gun cocked, but I never heard one, before or after, that sounded in my ears like that. It was our salvation, for I was so wrought up that I would have been tomahawked before I would have let my horse go. The click of that gun, in the hands of a brave and ready-witted woman, decided the chief. Motioning to his brave to remount, he turned to me, and, with a curious smile, he again said, "How, how!" turned his pony round, and was gone.

'Charlie and I did not stop to see the sun set, nor did we much care about the splendid view on our road home; and that horse of mine knew what fast riding was before he got his supper that night.'

D. B. MCKEAN.

LAW AND LAUGHTER.

IT is to be feared that most people who are concerned in actions at law find them anything but a laughing matter. Still, now and then judge and advocates seem to combine to enliven the scene. Sometimes, too, the witnesses distinguish themselves. It is related of a celebrated counsel, now dead, that he was once examining a witness with a very red nose.

'Now, Mr. Coppernose,' he began, 'you have been sworn. What do you say?'

'Why,' said the witness, 'that I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face.'

An equally successful retort was made upon a certain Sergeant Cockle. He was examining a witness on some fishery question, and asked,—

'Do you like fish?'

'Aye,' said the man; 'but I dinna like cockle sauce wi' it!'

A. R. B.

ERNEST OF FELSENBURG.

(Concluded from page 348.)

CHAPTER XI.

IN the meantime, the Countess was leading a lonely, sorrowful life at Felsenburg. She had heard the proclamation of peace, and hoped soon to see her husband again! but, mingled with this hope, was the dreadful thought that he must now hear of the loss of his child. In her anxiety she could find no peace and rest; she wandered about from room to room, now in the chapel, now in the garden, finding no comfort but in fervent prayer, and in the thought that all events are overruled by an all-merciful God.

One day she wandered to the garden, and entering an arbour, spent some time there in weeping, and praying for strength to bear her great trial. Suddenly she heard a footstep, and looking up, she saw Margaret, who had just arrived with the Count's party. A ray of hope dawned upon the heart of the Countess as she recognised Margaret, and saw the girl's cheerful face.

'Oh, gracious lady!' said Margaret, 'I bring you good news of your dear Ernest! He lives, and you will soon see him again!'

She had scarcely begun to speak when Father Meurad entered the arbour, to prepare the Countess for the arrival of her husband and child. The Countess led Meurad to the room in which the child had formerly slept.

As she opened the door of the room, what was her astonishment at seeing her husband, with the child in his arms, hasten to meet her! With a cry of delight she sank into the arms of the Count, embracing her husband and child.

'Now I could gladly die,' she said at length, 'since I have lived to see this day. Oh! how wonderfully has God overruled all events! I dreaded to meet you, my dear husband, without our child; and now, at the first moment of our meeting, you place him in my arms. Never again will I distrust God's mercy and goodness!'

The happy parents shed tears of joy and gratitude. Margaret wept with them, and even Father Meurad could not restrain his tears.

After they had somewhat recovered their calmness, Ernest began to tell his story to his mother, who listened to him with mingled smiles and tears; he pictured the moment when, through a cleft in the rock, he first caught sight of the outer world. But with still greater emotion he described the moment when Father Meurad first spoke to him of God.

'Really,' said the Count, 'I could almost wish to have passed my childhood in such a cavern! We are too much accustomed to the sight of the works of God; if we could see them for the first time as Ernest did, when we have reached an intelligent age, what a different impression they would produce upon us! How we should rejoice in the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, and see in the greatness of His works a pledge of His love and goodness towards us, His creatures!'

'Yes,' replied the Countess; 'and perhaps the first sight of Heaven may produce in us the same feelings as the sight of the beautiful earth did in Ernest, upon his escape from his underground abode. For it seems to me that as Ernest's playthings, the flowers, the lambs, and the trees, which pleased him so much in the cave, were only imperfect copies of the works of nature, so all our delights in this world may be only a shadow of the joys of Heaven. But certainly the happiness of seeing again, even on earth, our loved ones after a long and sad separation, must be a real foretaste of the bliss of meeting in Heaven those whom we have loved and lost; for I feel at this moment as if Heaven itself could have no greater joy.'

The venerable Father Meurad added, 'I quite agree with all you say, but the special lesson which Ernest's story teaches us seems to be that the wisdom, goodness, and mercy of God, are so evident throughout creation, that even a child can see them, and recognise the Creator in His works.'

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER a few days the Count's soldiers returned, bringing with them the robbers, whose retreat they had found out. The robbers had not sought after the lost child; for, finding the iron door locked, and not being acquainted with the opening in the rock through which he had escaped, they concluded that he must either have fallen down one of the deep pits about the cave, or have been buried alive by the falling in of one of the passages.

They were, therefore, much astonished when they arrived at Felsenburg, to see the young Count standing by his father's side.

'We thought,' said the captain, 'that no man living could equal us in cunning; and now we are over-reached by a mere child!'

The musician with the dulcimer, who was among them when they were taken, said to himself, 'We stole this child that he might secure our safety, and now he is the cause of our ruin.'

William, the young man who had always been kind to the boy, said, 'This is the hand of God, Who has saved the child from us; and I rejoice that he is alive, although I must lose my own life. I now see the truth of what my father and mother used so often to tell me: "If the wicked could hide himself in the depth of the earth, yet God's justice could find him, and bring him to the punishment he deserves."'

When Ernest saw William among the robbers he was grieved, and begged his father to spare this man, who had shown him so much kindness. The Count said he could promise nothing; but that he would deal with him as mercifully as he could. As it appeared upon examination that the young man had never shed



blood, and was more a servant to the robbers than a robber himself, he was condemned to be imprisoned until he should show that he might safely be allowed to return to his friends.

'See,' said the Count to him, 'as no wrong is left unpunished, so no good deed is left unrewarded. You owe the lightness of your punishment to your kindness to my child. I will pay back to your mother all that I owe you for my son, and I hope you will so conduct yourself that I may soon be able to restore you to her.'

The rest of the robbers received the just punishment of their crimes; and the old gipsy-woman was imprisoned for life.

Margaret remained in the service of the Countess as before. The young shepherd from the mountains returned to his parents loaded with useful presents.

The Count would willingly have kept Father Meurad with him at Felsenburg, but he could not persuade him to change his hermitage for the castle. When the hour of parting arrived, the old man blessed the Count, the Countess, and the little Ernest, who clung to him and would hardly let him go. The noble family accompanied him to the castle gate; and before entering the carriage which was to bear him away, he turned once more to them and said, 'Farewell, and the peace of God be with you. We shall meet again in Heaven.'



LITTLE HUMPHY.



STRANGE name—is it not?—for a little girl; and yet this is what the little girl I am going to tell you about was always called by the children in Elm Court, after she came to live there with her aunt.

Her real name was Annie, and till she was nine years old she had never been called by any other. She had been deformed, poor child, almost from babyhood by an accident; but in the quiet village where she lived every one pitied her, and all had a kind word for her. The first years of her life were most happy ones to the child, in spite of

the pain she often had in her back. Those years were spent almost entirely with her mother, for she was an only child, and her father being a sailor in the Royal Navy was very seldom at home. Every now and then, however, he would come for two or three weeks, bringing presents for his wife and child, and making that little cottage indeed a happy place. It was hard work to part with him again after those visits.

'When will you stay with us always, father?' Annie asked, the last time he was with them.

'Not till mother is an old woman, my child—unless, indeed, I come back without a leg or an arm some day; perhaps that will be it.'

But 'mother' was not to live to be an old woman. Late in the autumn, after Annie's ninth birthday, a fever came into the village, and the child's mother

was one of the first to take it. She was ill only a few hours, and then she died, leaving her little girl to the care of a kind neighbour, until her aunt could come to fetch her.

This aunt, Mrs. Home, was the sister of Annie's father. She was a widow, without children of her own, and very fond of her little niece; but as she was a charwoman she was obliged to be out all day in other people's houses, so that the child could no longer be waited on and petted as she had been by her mother. The day after the funeral her aunt took her to London; and the child began a new life in a strange place.

Strange, indeed, it was to her who, till now, had lived in the free, open country, to be shut up in a close court, with only a strip of sky above her head and flag-stones beneath her feet. For some days she did not venture out at all, but sat all the long day alone in the one room which her aunt rented on the ground-floor of the tall house. She would watch the children at their play, and wonder if she should ever care to play again; then she would sit down and have a good cry as she thought of her mother; and often, when her aunt came home of an evening, she would find the little girl lying asleep before the fire, with the tears on her cheek. At last one day, when all was very quiet in the yard, the children being at school or off to play in the streets, and the mothers busy indoors, Annie put on her bonnet and made her way to the entrance of the court. There was amusement enough for her as she stood there and looked up and down the busy street. She was wondering how the omnibus conductors could stand so safely on the step all the time the omnibuses were going on, and thinking that she must ask her aunt what these great carriages were called, when a clock not far off struck twelve. Almost as the last stroke sounded, a crowd of boys and girls came tearing at full speed, all shouting and talking at the top of their voices. Annie was so much amused with watching them make their way through the people that she did not notice several of them stopped at Elm Court, the entrance to which she was stopping up.

'Now then, make way, will you?' said a big boy, pushing her roughly on one side, and at the same time Annie found herself driven along by numbers who crowded after him into the yard.

'Why, it's the new girl,' cried another boy, 'what's come to live at Mrs. Home's! What's your name?' And he seized her by the arm.

Before Annie could answer a girl called out, 'I'll tell you her name—you needn't ask it. She's Little Humpty, all the world over.'

'Little Humpty! Little Humpty!' was passed from mouth to mouth, and soon the whole yard rang with the cry. Poor Annie! was this to be her treatment in her new home? She struggled to get free from the boy, who held her in a firm grasp. He only seized her other arm, and turned her face full to him, saying, 'Yes, that's what you are—Little Humpty; and now you may go;' and he pushed her from him with such force that Annie fell. He had been punished in school that morning, and being very cross, he was glad to find some one upon whom to vent his ill-temper.

The little girl, set free, found her way back to the lonely room from which she had come out, but the cruel cry of 'Little Humpty' followed her even there.

She shrank into a dark corner, and, crouching down, sobbed and cried till she was quite worn out, and could only moan, 'Mother, mother! dear, dear mother!'

In this state Mrs. Home found her when she came in that evening. She took the child on her knee, and petted and soothed her; then she lighted the fire, which had long since gone out, and set the kettle on to boil, that they might have their tea, talking cheerfully all the time. 'Annie, dearie,' she said at last, 'you shall begin to go to school on Monday: you will like that!'

'Oh, no! no!' cried the child, clinging tightly to her; 'don't let me go to school—I'll learn at home, indeed I will.'

'But, my dearie, I think going to school would be good for you. It is lonesome for you here, and you would have some playfellows there.'

'I don't want playfellows; they are cruel children here, Aunt Annie—very, very cruel!' And with a fresh burst of tears the whole story of the morning was told.

Mrs. Home looked very grave as she listened. She knew it would be useless to ask the children not to tease her little niece, and equally useless to speak to the parents. They were a bad set in Elm Court; should she move from there, and take a room in some other place? But it might be the same anywhere else, and perhaps after a time it would be better here; for a clergyman had lately come amongst them, who was doing his best to work a change for good. As she thought all this to herself, Annie once more spoke.

'Aunt,' she said, 'promise me I shan't go to school—that you won't let me go out without you.'

'No, dear, you shan't indeed; not till you wish it yourself.'

'I shall never do that,' said Annie, with a deep sigh; but she was content with that promise, and, drying up her tears, she found herself quite ready to make a meal of dinner and tea at once.

And so Annie became almost a prisoner in her new home. Only on Sundays, and now and then on other days when her aunt had no work, did she ever go out. She grew paler and thinner than ever, and took to fretting, and was quite unlike the bright child she had been a month or two before. Mrs. Home was sorely puzzled as to what to do with her; but, true to her promise, she said nothing more about school.

One day in the beginning of December, as Annie was standing idly at the window, watching a few sparrows hopping about on the stones outside, she saw a gentleman come into the court and knock at the door nearest to the entrance. She knew that he was one of the clergymen at the church to which she went with her aunt, and she knew that his name was Mr. Thomas. He had been away when she first came to London, but a Sunday or two ago he had read prayers, and then a neighbour who had walked home with them had remarked to Mrs. Home, 'So Mr. Thomas is come back; he don't look much better than he did afore he went away: but some folk always are thin and white, and it's not their own fault either.'

This was how Annie knew his name, and now she stood staring at the door into which he had gone, wondering whether he came and talked to people as their clergyman did at home.

'Suppose he should come in here?' she thought,

turning from the window, and giving a glance at the chairs and table, then running for a duster and giving them a hasty rub. 'I think I'd hide if he did.' She ran once more to the window as she said this to herself, and had just climbed up on a chair again to look out when there came a knock at the door; and before she could scramble down from her post she heard a cheerful voice saying, 'Are you in, Mrs. Home?'

(To be continued.)

THE FIRE-DOG.

WE all know what firemen are, and their arduous duties; but scarcely has one ever heard of a dog who felt it his duty to attend fires regularly, as if actuated by a benevolent desire to assist so far as he was capable. Here, however, is an authentic case. A gentleman residing, some few years ago, a few miles from London, in Surrey, was roused in the middle of the night by the intelligence that the premises adjoining his house of business were on fire. The removal of his furniture and papers immediately called his attention; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle that is ever incident to a fire, his eye every now and then rested on a dog, who, during the progress of the conflagration, kept running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep out of everybody's way, and yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir.

When the fire was subdued, and the gentleman had leisure to look about him, he again observed the dog, who, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make inquiries respecting him. Stooping down, and patting the animal, he addressed a fireman near him, and asked him if the dog was his.

'No, sir,' replied the man, 'he does not belong to me, nor to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog.'

'The firemen's dog? Why so? Has he no master?'

'No, sir; he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing to give him a night's lodging, and a pennyworth of meat; but he won't stay long with any of us. His delight is to be at all the great fires in London, and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we are going along; and sometimes, if it is out of town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past at which he has not been.'

Three years after this conversation, the same gentleman was again called up in the night to a fire in the village where he resided, and, to his surprise, he again saw this extraordinary dog, still alive and well, observing, with the same apparent interest, the progress of the fire, and the efforts made to overcome it. Still he called no man master, disdained to receive bed and board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen trace out his ordinary resting-place.

TREES AND THEIR USES.

THE ASH.

THE Ash is one of the finest of our forest friends, and when it grows in a soil that suits it, one of the loftiest. It has a very light appearance, with its

loose-hanging branches and elegant foliage. Its leaf is tender, and droops at the first pinch of winter; and yet it will grow and thrive in the highest and coldest situations, doing best if it has some running water within reach of its roots, which, by the way, are finely veined, and, when polished, extremely curious and handsome.

Who does not know the black-ash buds, and the graceful leaves that follow? The timber, which is at its best when the tree is in its youth, is very tough and elastic. It will bend, but it will not break; at least, no tree will bear so great a weight without breaking as the ash.

It is much used by those who manufacture ploughs, spade-handles, wheels, oars of boats, walking-sticks, &c.; and it is often employed for kitchen-tables and milk-pails. The pottery makers also use it largely for the crates in which they pack their crockery. It is an excellent wood for fuel, as it burns well when green; and the fisherman finds its smoke first-rate for curing his herrings.

The leaves of the ash are used sometimes as fodder. Some have thought the milk and butter of cows fed on these leaves disagreeable in taste, while others have denied the fact. The ash is a medicinal tree, both its seeds and juices being good for various complaints. The serpent is said to have the utmost dread of the ash, and will rather rush into the fire than glide across pieces of the wood. The juice of the ash is said by some to be a cure for the bite of a snake. Nothing will thrive well near a great ash tree, for it exhausts the soil, from its roots having so very many fibres. The roots and fibres are white.

The seeds of the ash are called 'keys' in some places. They are something like a wedge, and often lodge in curious places. One fell, as we are told by Mr. Gilpin, into a decaying willow, and an ash plant grew from the seed. Its fibres soon struck into the earth through the trunk of the willow, and the old tree was in no long time burst into pieces.

The French are not so partial to the ash as we are, and that for a curious reason. The leaves, when fresh and green, are devoured by hosts of small flies. These insects not only strip the trees of beauty, but, when they have eaten all they can find, die, and become disagreeable and a source of danger. A gentleman, who passed under an ash which had been stripped by these little pests, felt his face as if it had been bitten by gnats. These flies are called Spanish flies, and, when dead and dry, they form a powder which blisters the skin.

There are several varieties of the ash. The American ash is a beautiful tree; it has a lighter bark than ours, and its leaves are of a paler green.

The 'mountain ash,' we all know so well, is not an ash at all, but a member of the pear and apple family. Its berries are wholesome, and its wood makes excellent bows. There is hardly a churchyard in Wales without a mountain ash in it; it is called 'wigginn' in Yorkshire, and 'roan' in Scotland. Perhaps wigginn is a corruption of witchin, or witch tree, as the mountain ash was thought to have a power of driving witches away. In a certain old picture, our Saviour is seen descending into hell with a cross made of mountain ash in His left hand. The same power over spirits is attributed to this tree in India.



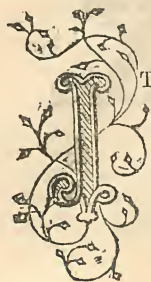
Trees and their Uses.—The Ash.

Chatterbox.



Attacked by Sea-Birds.

THE SEA-BIRDS.



It was a lovely summer evening, verging towards autumn, when a four-oared boat swept out from the tiny harbour of one of the smaller western isles of Scotland. The boat's crew consisted of Donald, an elderly man, 'very canny,' as we say in Scotland; Eric, his nephew, a lively young fellow; and Ronald, decidedly the favourite with his employers, a stalwart young Highlander, brave as a lion in the face of any earthly foe, but superstitious to a degree; the fourth oar was handled by Master Charlie, only son of the proprietor of the island; while the passengers were his sister Laura and two girl cousins from Edinburgh. What a lovely evening it was, as they skimmed away over the tranquil waters, bound for the tiny island of 'Gregg!' the home of innumerable sea-birds, who at this season of the year were busily engaged in rearing their young. Gregg has no human inhabitants, indeed it is little more than a huge rock, covered over with short grass and dwarfed bushes. It is given over to the sea-birds, who have thoroughly taken possession of it. One other passenger on board the long boat that evening must not be forgotten. This was 'Jim,' a very active little dog of no particular breed, but of very decided opinions. He could neither endure any animal who wore a fur coat, nor any feathered fowl that swam or flew.

A great mistake had been made in allowing him to be of the party on this occasion, as will presently be seen. The object of the expedition was to gather birds' eggs, but as they are really not of much use, it may be believed that a little fun, fresh air, and excitement, had more to do with the expedition that night than anything else. When the long boat, after about an hour's steady rowing, approached the island, a cloud of birds arose, nearly deafening the party with their discordant shrieks, and actually drowning the harmony which Eric was trying to produce from his bagpipes. Nothing daunted, the whole party landed, and, securely fastening the boat, began to climb up and wander about the little desert island.

It was a curious sight. The eggs lay upon the ground in such numbers that it was difficult to avoid crushing them under foot; a good many were already hatched, and the tiny chicks were creeping about in every direction. Each nest, which is merely a hole in the rock, contained three eggs of a grayish green, being much pointed at one end and spotted with large brown spots. This was the egg and nest of the Herring Gull. But besides these birds there were a few Solan geese on the rock. While the party were amusing themselves with their first survey of the curious scene, Jim had been quite forgotten. He had not, however, been idle, but very much occupied indeed with his own affairs. Now a dismal howling and yelping attracted general attention, and poor Jim was discovered in the hands of his enemies. A crowd of infuriated birds had attacked him, in revenge for the indiscriminate slaughter of their little ones. Swooping down upon him, they beat him with their

strong wings, till poor Jim was fain to howl for mercy. He was rescued by Ronald, and shut up in the boat's locker, to prevent further mischief.

But the anger of the birds was now aroused, and the party had to look after themselves, as a blow across the eyes from their stout pinions was no small matter. The ladies, not a little alarmed, were glad to keep in the rear of the boatmen, who, armed with stout sticks, contrived to keep the enemy at a respectful distance.

A few eggs were carried away as specimens, and one young Solan goose, still covered with his baby dress of down. This little creature, however, did not live more than a few days, refusing all food, even small pieces of raw fish, with which it was supplied. The party left the island rather hurriedly; the sun had disappeared beneath the horizon, and a cold night-breeze was springing up. On the way home Eric again produced his bagpipes, but Master Charlie would have none of them, after the deafening screams to which they had been treated on the island. Ronald, however, was called upon for a Gaelic song. He had a fine, soft, dreamy voice, and as the song consisted of thirty-seven double verses, it lasted all the way till the boat glided into the harbour, and the young people, nothing loth, went home to supper and to bed.

D. B. MCKEAN.

VERA.



THE heroine of the following sketch, was a small and beautiful Scotch terrier, who had been reared for fifteen months among her native hills of Sutherlandshire in the north of Scotland. She was really a pretty little creature, with long soft hair of a grayish brown, and a pair of dark beseeching eyes which at once won favour for their owner from strangers. She was as gentle and affectionate as she was pretty and intelligent, and besides, she had a good deal of spirit, and what boys would call 'pluck,' having been known, small as she was, to hold her own against a rat who was by no means small of his kind.

Many a pleasant scamper had little Vera enjoyed in her early days over the blooming heather that covered every hill in the neighbourhood of her Highland home; how she used to rush hither and thither! now chasing a withered leaf, with short merry barks, now worrying fiercely over a lump of peat-moss, trying hard to persuade herself that she had a formidable rat in her power! But Vera was not destined to spend all her little life scampering over heath and moss in her native Scotland: she had a very eventful existence before her, had she only known it!

One fine day in spring she found herself, doubtless greatly to her own astonishment, performing a long journey in a covered basket. Very weary of the close confinement the little traveller must have been, and

very thankful, when at length she emerged into a brilliantly lighted drawing-room, in one of the old-fashioned squares of Edinburgh. When released from her imprisonment, Vera was lifted into the arms of a young lady, who caressed and fondled her with a fervour which must have been quite inexplicable to her. But, lest it should also be inexplicable to my readers, let me tell them that this young lady was about to be married, and Vera was the gift of Captain Forrester, her intended husband, who, knowing her love of dogs, had sent to the Highlands for the smallest and prettiest specimen of a Scotch terrier that money could procure. And the result was not disappointing. After the first bustle of her reception was over, Vera settled down as the pet of the household, from the elderly parents at the head of the establishment down to the kitchen-maid, who, having come from the Highlands herself, seemed almost ready to claim kinship with the little four-footed stranger. So much was she beloved by every one, that when it was found that Captain Forrester intended taking Vera with him to India general lamentation ensued, and it was not without many tears that the young bride and her little favourite were allowed to take their final departure from the old home.

I shall say nothing about the voyage to India, but ask my readers to imagine little Vera in her new home at Allahabad. She suffered a good deal at first from the change of climate; her long hair fell off in patches, and, though it grew on again as she became used to her new home, it was never again either so long or so pretty. She had one rather dangerous adventure while at this place. She always accompanied her young mistress on the daily morning drive, and on one occasion, when Captain Forrester was also of the party, he suddenly stopped the carriage and got out. He had observed one of his native servants at work in the compound, and doing his work in a manner highly objectionable to his master.

It must be confessed that the Captain was somewhat irascible, and on this occasion he scolded in Hindostanee, in a manner partly amusing and partly alarming to his wife, who did not understand a word that was said. Meanwhile, little Vera also leapt to the ground, and amused herself by snuffing about, doubtless in search of a stray rat. The hubbub between master and servant was so great that no one observed what the little dog was about, till a splash was heard, and then the pattering of little paws, and the gasping breath of some creature struggling in water. Vera had fallen into a well, the cover of which had been carelessly removed shortly before. When Mrs. Forrester discovered what had happened, her shrieks for help did not mend matters at all, but the Captain was equal to the occasion; pulling out his purse, he shouted, 'Five rupees to the man who saves that dog!'

Now five rupees to a native servant seems a perfect mine of wealth, and the words were scarcely uttered when the man, who had just been so severely scolded, was disappearing down the well's mouth. Holding on like a monkey, with both hands and feet, he was not long in reaching the surface of the water and securing the half-drowned little dog, which was speedily in Mrs. Forrester's arms and being carefully

dried with the Captain's pocket-handkerchief: nor did Vera suffer in health from her dip in an Indian well.

But the poor little thing was not destined to a long life, nor did she ever return to her native Scotland.

Shortly after the above adventure, the regiment removed from Allahabad to another and distant station, and Mrs. Forrester was much perplexed what to do with her little pet. Just two days before Vera had become the mother of four beautiful puppies, and how were they to be provided for? To drown them was not to be thought of for a moment, and the best arrangement seemed to be to place them along with their mother in a large basket, and give them to a servant, with strict orders to attend carefully to their comfort on the way. But the servant had ideas of his own, and chose to act upon them instead of obeying orders. He placed Vera in one small basket and the puppies in another to match, and slung them from a stick placed across his shoulders, one on each side, thus equalising the weight, doubtless much to his own comfort. But he had not taken into account the motherly heart of little Vera. Distressed by the whining of her puppies, she was never at rest; agitated and panting, she continually endeavoured to keep her little ones in sight, and while standing up in the basket in the effort to do so, she overbalanced herself and fell heavily to the ground. Mrs. Forrester was not made aware of this till the evening of the second day's march, when the tents were arranged and she sent for her little favourite. By this time two of the puppies were dead, and the poor little mother in a raging fever. No longer able to nourish her little ones, the remaining puppies soon died, and Vera only survived her little family for a few days.

Mrs. Forrester entreated the doctor of the regiment to take the little patient under his care, and he did not disdain to do everything for her that skill could suggest. But all was in vain; Vera's little life was fast drawing to a close. Her death was quite affecting, and her mistress could not refrain from tears as she witnessed it.

After many attacks of sickness, the poor little dog had been again settled comfortably on the couch, when she suddenly rose, crept into her mistress's arms and licked her hand in an eager and caressing manner; then stretching herself out at full length, she drew one or two long breaths and expired.

It was a long time before Mrs. Forrester could forget her little friend, and years afterwards, when she had returned to her native land, the story that her children loved best to hear was the life and death of dear little Vera. D. B.

LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN.

THE last words of MIRABEAU were, 'Let me die to the sound of delicious music.'

MOZART, too, as he lay dying, asked to hear once more 'those notes which had so long been his solace and delight.'

The last words of NAPOLEON I.—'Head of the Army!'—show 'the ruling spirit strong in death.' How they contrast with those of his great opponent, the Duke of Wellington, whose last words were, 'If you please!' A. R. B.



LITTLE HUMPY.

(Continued from p. 359.)



HERE stood Mr. Thomas, half in the doorway. Annie could not hide herself now, so she made a little courtesy and said, 'Aunt is not at home, sir; will you come in, please?' And she put a chair near the fire for her visitor.

'So you are Mrs. Home's little niece, are you?' said the clergyman; 'and you are paying her a visit, I suppose?'

'No, sir; I have come to live with her. I've been here a long time now.'

'And you go to school, I suppose?'

'No, sir; aunt said I need not.'

'Not go to school! I thought I didn't know your face. Don't you want to learn, little girl?'

'It isn't that, sir. I went to school at my own home always, but they were kind to me there—they didn't call me names.'

'And they will not call you names here, I hope.'

'But they do, they do—all of them;' and Annie began to cry.

'Poor children!' said Mr. Thomas, 'they hardly know any better yet. I dare say now where you have lived, my child, there has always been a clergyman to teach you what is right?'

'Yes, sir,' said Annie, looking up through her tears.

'But here they have not been taught in that way—there has been no school here till the last two years, and the poor children were never taught anything before that time; so you must not wonder if they are



Dan helping Little Humpy.

rough and rude. But they are not all unkind, are they?’

‘I don’t know, sir; I don’t go with them. Aunt said I need not when they called me names; they daren’t do it when I am with her.’

‘Then you don’t go out at all except when your aunt is at home—you stay shut up here all day? What is your name?’

‘Annie, sir; Annie Dalton.’

‘Well, Annie, you went to school at home, you say; were you not taught there that even children ought to do as much good as they can in the world? We are not to shut ourselves up and speak to no one because things vex us. Now if you were to speak pleasantly to these children, and try to do little kindnesses to them, helping them when you see they are in trouble, they would learn to love you, and then they would soon leave off calling you names. Then,

again, I think you ought to go to school; it is not right to grow up ignorant when you have the chance of learning. You would like to do right, would you not?’

Annie did not answer. If going to school was doing right, she would certainly not like it; she stood twisting her fingers one over the other, and feeling almost ready to cry again.

‘It would be hard, I know, Annie; doing right often is hard: but will you think about it, and see if you cannot make up your mind to come to school, and to bear with these poor children? Pay them good for evil, if you can. I must go now, but I shall come and see you again, and then you shall tell me what you make up your mind to do.’

He went away, and Annie stood where he had left her, still twisting her fingers; but after a time she knelt down, and pressing her face in her hands, she

prayed that God would help her to do right. She looked so happy when she got up again, that if you had seen her then you would not have thought that she had just made up her mind to do a very disagreeable thing.

'Auntie,' she said, when Mrs. Home came in that evening, 'may I begin to go to school on Monday?'

'To school, my child? To be sure you may! I'll be only too glad. But what makes you want to go all of a sudden?'

'I don't want to go,' said Annie; 'but Mr. Thomas came here this afternoon, and he says I ought.'

'Mr. Thomas! he always is a-coming to see us poor folk; not that I've seen much of him myself, because I'm seldom in. And so he's been talking to you, child, and wants you to go to school?'

'Yes; and I'll begin Monday, please, aunt.'

'Well, my dear, I'm sure I am glad enough for you to go. I don't like your sitting moping here, and that's the truth. But I think I'd best speak to the children before you do go; maybe they would listen to me.' But her voice was rather doubtful as she said this.

'No, thank you, aunt, it would do no good, I am sure; and perhaps they would hate me for telling tales.'

Annie stole to the entrance of the little court on Monday morning with a beating heart, and looked down the street which she must cross to get to the school-house. It seemed as busy as ever, and she was thinking how she could make her way through the carriages and horses, when a voice behind her said, 'Halloo, Little Humpy! what are you after?'

It was the same boy who had spoken so roughly to her once before, and without answering him now, Annie made a dart across the pavement, intending to run at once over the street, but the boy seized her as he had done before, only not so roughly this time, saying, 'You listen to me, I'm not going to hurt you. I heard your aunt telling my mother you was going to school this morning, so I thought maybe you'd like some help across the street: it's an ugly one to cross. Here, take my hand.'

So he piloted Annie across the street, and left her standing at the door of the girls' school, with these words, 'Now you wait there for me after school, and I'll come for you again.'

How gratefully Annie thanked him you may guess; she walked up the steps into the schoolroom, feeling as if nothing would vex her now; but the first greeting made her wish herself back in her lonely room.

'Why, here comes Little Humpy to school, after all!' cried out Maria Hayes, the girl who had first given Annie the name of 'Humpy.' 'I thought, Miss, you knew too much to learn any more; but I'm glad to see you all the same.'

'Oh, Maria, what a shame!' said some of the girls; but others repeated 'Little Humpy!' and laughed.

The clock striking nine brought in Mrs. Allen, the schoolmistress, and put a stop to all talking. But there was plenty of vexation for Annie still; every now and then she would catch a whisper of 'Little Humpy,' and she would see a little girl who was in the same class with herself put up her shoulder, when no one was looking, in imitation of her.

She had, however, a great pleasure that morning, for about eleven o'clock Mr. Thomas came in to give a Bible lesson to each class in turn. Annie felt too

shy to look up when he came to her class, and her voice shook when it came to her turn to read.

Mr. Thomas took no notice of her then, but when the school was dismissed he came up to her and said, 'Well done, little Annie! I am glad to see you here.'

Then he turned to speak to the schoolmistress, and Annie, made quite happy by this little bit of praise, followed the last of the girls out of the room.

She found her new friend, Dan, waiting for her.

'Why, I began to think you weren't coming, Humpy!' he said, as he gave her his hand. 'Now, you remember that every day I am to take you to school; you will always wait for me, won't you? and whenever you want a friend, come to me.'

'Yes, I will,' said Annie; 'and thank you, Dan, very much.'

'Stuff!' said the boy: 'I don't want to be thanked. I'll tell you what, Humpy, you're like a little sister I had once. I'm sorry I ever hurt you, but I must hurt some one when I'm in a rage, and you came in for it once. You shan't again, though.'

So a firm friendship was established between those two, and many a good service did Dan do for Annie, saving her again and again from the teasings which the children of the court, led on by Maria Hayes, were always ready to practise on her. Maria was one of the head girls in the second class, in which Annie had been placed, and as such she had it in her power to vex and annoy the little deformed girl very much indeed. She seemed to have a special spite against Little Humpy (the only name by which Annie was known in Elm Court, except to her aunt), and day after day she found some fresh way of teasing her.

Annie bore all with patience; she tried to do as Mr. Thomas had told her, to repay good for evil; and much as the children liked to tease her when her protector Dan was out of the way, yet, strange to say, all but Maria soon learned to come to her in any trouble, feeling sure that she would forgive and forget the vexations of perhaps only an hour before.

There was one thing that Little Humpy did for them of which they knew nothing, though it was in truth the greatest kindness she could possibly have done them. She was not a clever child, though, from having been well taught, she had taken her place in the second class. Her lessons were always well learnt; but she thought a great deal of what she heard, particularly of her Bible lessons.

Her class were learning the Sermon on the Mount, two verses at a time; and at all his lessons Mr. Thomas explained the verses that had been learned. They came to the one, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.'

Annie thought Mr. Thomas looked most at her as he was speaking about this verse, and saying how Christ prayed for the Jews who put Him to death, even when He was on the cross, and that little children could do as He did, by praying for any one who was unkind to them.

Some of the girls thought no more of his words after they were said; they never prayed for themselves, much less for any one else: but from that day forward in her prayers night and morning Annie asked for blessings on her persecutors.

(Concluded in our next.)

TALES OF TROY.

No. XVII.

THE ACTS OF ACHILLES.



WHEN Achilles had returned to the fight Jove called a council of gods, and permitted each one to assist either the Greeks or the Trojans. So Mars, Apollo, Venus, and Diana, declared for Troy, the rest were for the Greeks. The Trojans were very frightened when they knew that Achilles was once more in the front of the Grecian host.

The poet describes all Nature as sharing in the awful strife now about to begin. There were tempests and earthquakes; thunders rolled; the sea roared; the towers of Troy rocked; and the Greek ships were tossed violently up and down.

Hector was the one object of Achilles' rage. Æneas, however, Hector's cousin, was the first Trojan of high rank whom he met. Thinking that it was Hector, he rushed at him, but seeing who he was he called out,—

'Go, while thou mayest—only fools stay to feel their fate.'

'Speak thus to men who fear thee,' replied Æneas. 'Cease your words, for our business now is fighting, not talking.'

With that he hurled his spear, and Vulcan's shield received then its first dint. Achilles answered with another throw. His javelin went crashing through the outside edge of the Trojan's shield. Æneas bent his body, and avoided death by a few inches. Achilles then drew his sword, and with loud shouts advanced on his foe, who waited for him with a mighty stone in his hands, such as two common men could not raise.

Æneas, however, would have fallen a victim to Achilles, had not a thick darkness been cast over that great hero's eyes. When it had passed away he found Æneas gone and his own spear returned to him, and lying at his feet.

'Here is my spear,' said he, 'but where is the Trojan lord? Well—let others bleed. O Greeks, Achilles cannot do everything; but all he can he will do for Greece to-day!'

Hector, in like manner, inspired his soldiers by word and deed. He was warned by his good angel not to encounter Achilles, but to fight among the ranks.

Achilles now began his work of desolation. Iphytion fell at the head of his troops, and Achilles drove his chariot over the body. Then died Demoleon, and Polydore, the youngest of Priam's sons. This youth had been forbidden to go into the field, but he was disobedient, and he died for it. The sight of his young brother thus slain roused Hector, and he came full in front of Achilles.

'Come and receive thy fate!' shouted the Greek.

'Speak so to boys,' replied the Trojan. 'I know thou art the stronger of the two, but some god may yet guide my spear to thy heart.'

He said no more, for Achilles struck at him with his terrible weapon. Hector's hour was not yet come,

however; he was suddenly shrouded in a cloudy veil, and Achilles struck once, twice, thrice, four times, in vain.

'Again thou hast escaped me, favoured by the god of light; but thou shalt fall at last. Fly, inglorious! but thy flight shall cost thy people dear.'

Then the savage man glutted his rage on hosts, and drove his chariot over shields, and mangled heaps of dead bodies. The wheels, the horses, the axle-trees were bloody. It was a frightful scene; and the Trojans fled, pell-mell, part towards the city, and part towards the river Scamander.

Achilles followed the latter, and they leaped into the water, and hid themselves in rocks or caverns. Out of the panting host he dragged twelve youths, whom he sent alive to the camp, to be sacrificed at the funeral of Patroclus.

Priam marked his deadly progress from a high tower, in great alarm. Descending the stairs, he ordered the gates to be thrown open to receive the flying throng. What a hot, weary, dusty, dispirited crowd they were!

One man only withstood Achilles. His name was Agenor. He reasoned thus,—

'Shall I run away from this terrible fighter, and be slain like the rest? No, I do not choose to fall with the common heap. Shall I try and reach the forest of Mount Ida, and remain there until nightfall? Or, what shall I do? Perhaps, ere I can turn the wall, he will see me; and, if he sees me, there is no escape. After all, I think my best plan will be to meet my fate here, dying for my country.'

So there Agenor stood, disdaining to retreat. His shield he held before him—his hand was ready with a spear. After a few words of defiance he hurled his missile, and it struck Achilles on the knee. To save Agenor from instant death, Apollo made him invisible, and, taking Agenor's likeness, fled before the swift Achilles. Swift as he was, Achilles was no match for Apollo, the god of light. Who can catch a sunbeam? Agenor, or he who seemed to be Agenor, led Achilles a fool's dance, here, there, and everywhere; and this gave the Trojans plenty of leisure to put the city walls between themselves and their terrible foe.

HOW TO SELL A DIAMOND.

PHILIP II. was once interviewed by a Portuguese merchant, who had for sale a diamond of unusual size and beauty. There was a general desire that the king should purchase so splendid a jewel, but he did not seem likely to do so.

'Well,' said the king to the merchant, 'how much would you ask for this diamond if one were to take a fancy to it?'

'Sire,' replied the merchant, 'I ask but seventy thousand ducats, the sum which it also cost me.'

'What! so much money?' said the king. 'Who did you think would buy it?'

'Sire,' said the Portuguese, 'I knew there was a Philip II. in the world.'

The king was so pleased at this answer that he bought the diamond. A. R. B.



Æneas and Achilles.

Chatterbox.



An Italian Fisherman.



'KEEP THE STAR IN SIGHT, LADS.'

SINCE a wild spot on the coast of Cornwall I fell in with Will Treherne. He was as sound an 'old salt' as ever manned a life-boat or went aloft in a gale of wind. He was getting an old man when I used to see him sitting on the beach when his day's work was done, smoking his pipe and gazing at the evening star. He told us boys such stirring stories of sea life and adventure that we could not put him down as 'sentimental,' yet the steady gaze he kept on the star inspired us with feelings of mystery, and almost made us fancy that he was holding converse with beings millions of miles away.

One evening, when the sky was clouded, the wind rising, and the sea hoarsely breaking over the rocks, I ventured to say to him, 'Mr. Treherne, you can't see your old friend to-night.'

'What old friend, my boy?' he asked.

'The evening star; you seem so fond of it, I am sure you must miss it.'

'Well, my lad, it is the truth that I do miss it. You are too young to understand what that star is to me. If I thought —'

'Now, Mr. Treherne,' I broke in, 'I know there is a story connected with that star, do tell it me?'

The sailor was silent for a few minutes; then he said with great reverence, 'I have to thank that star and the God who made it for saving my life and saving my soul.'

'Do tell me the story, Mr. Treherne,' I said eagerly; 'I am sure it will be the best you ever told.'

'I am not so sure of that,' he answered; 'for somehow we cannot always do our best with what we feel most: but I will tell you the story:—'

'Thirty years ago, in just such a night as this, the wind whistling as it does now, with the sea rising, and with as crazy a craft as seamen ever sailed in, I found myself drifting along a dangerous coast. Our captain was an experienced one, and when he saw what weather we were threatened with he took his place at the wheel, and did his best to keep our courage up. He was in terribly poor health, but his spirit rose above his bodily weakness, and he gave his orders with a pluck and decision that made men of every one of us.'

"Will Treherne," he cried, "stand by me if you can be spared, my strength is going. Do you see that star right a-head?"

"Yes, sir."

"If my strength should fail, steer right a-head for that, and you are safe. And oh! remember, Will, that there is another star you must always keep in view if you are to get safe into port at last!"

'I knew what he meant: he was pointing me to the Lord Jesus Christ; for he was as good a Christian as he was a captain, and he never lost a chance of saying a word that might steady us youngsters, and make us religious. I have heard many a sermon

since that night in the storm, when he told me to keep the star a-head, but none took more hold on me than that one, on that night when I lost my truest and best friend.'

'Did you lose him that night?' I asked.

'Yes, my lad,' the sailor answered, sadly. 'His hour was come. When he could stand the gale no longer, he shouted as loudly as he could, "Keep the star in sight, my lads! keep the star in sight!" Then he was helped down to the cabin, and I never saw him alive again. I was lashed to the wheel, and though the spray well-nigh blinded me, yet I managed to keep the star in sight, as the first officer gave his orders for the working of the ship.'

'After two hours of steering through a narrow and treacherous channel we found ourselves in a friendly sea. The star had guided us aright.'

'When the ship was in safety, and my turn of work was over, I went down to the captain's cabin. A flag was thrown over his body, but his manly, resolute face, which even death had not much altered, was visible. I knelt down there, and prayed God to guide me through the storms of life, and I believe I can say that from that night, in spite of many faults and failings, I have kept the star in sight.'

'Now you will know why I am such a star-gazer; and if I may give you a bit of counsel, my lad, let me advise you to begin and steer your course by the Star of Bethlehem. Keep your eye on the star, and you will come safely through the dangers of life into the port of peace at last.'

Then the old sailor lighted his pipe, which he had forgotten in his earnest talk, and settled himself again comfortably on the bank, and turned his eyes again to the evening star, which shone out in the quiet sky.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

IT chanced, one day, that a crow so black,
Down in a meadow so green,
Had stolen a crust from a pedler's pack,
And carried it off unseen.
Up in an apple-tree fled the crow,
And ere she the taste of her prize could know
A fox came by and stood below,
All in a meadow so green.

Says Reynard, 'Jove's eagle sure I see,
Up in a tree so high;'
Says the crow to herself, 'He surely means me,
And a very fine bird am I.'
'What eyes!' says Reynard; 'and what an air!
That plumage so divinely fair!
Never was beauty seen so rare
Up in a tree so high!'

The crow, enchanted, clapped her wings,
Alack, and well-a-day!
Says Reynard, 'I'm sure that an angel sings,
Could I but hear the lay.'
The crow looked round at what he said,
For flattery often turns the head;
She opened her mouth, and she dropped her bread,
Reynard caught it and galloped away.

LITTLE HUMPY.

(Concluded from p. 366.)

O the winter passed away, and bright spring days came: the single elm-tree, which gave its name to Elm Court, put out its fresh leaves, and the little sooty sparrows twittered in its branches, and bathed in the gutters; and Dan used to take Little Humpy down to look at the flowers in the shop which a florist had set up in a street near. She was becoming her own bright self again now; and 'It is all Mr. Thomas's doing,' her aunt declared, 'getting her to go to school and to think of others instead of herself.'

'I wish, Auntie,' said the child one day, 'I wish I could do something for Maria Hayes—something that would make her love me; she hates me now, she says.'

'She's the only one hereabouts that does then, child; that's all I can say. We had better set up a nursery if there's always to be the crowd of children here that there was when I came home to-night.'

It was Saturday, and on that day Little Humpy had generally a regular 'nursery' of small children. 'There, do get along to Humpy, will you?' was the cry of the mothers on that grand cleaning-day, which being a holiday was, of course, the occasion of all sorts of troubles,—'Get along to Humpy, she'll manage you.'

And Humpy did manage them in a wonderful way, keeping them quiet and happy hour after hour, when their own sisters would have slapped and scolded them.

Little by little the practice of teasing Humpy was dying out, even among the elder girls, who had been her greatest persecutors; how, indeed, could they torment one whose greatest pleasure was in giving pleasure to others, and doing kindnesses for them? Maria Hayes still, however, held out; would the day ever come when good would overcome evil with her?

One beautiful May morning, when it was so lovely out-of-doors, even in London, that it was difficult to attend to lessons, Mr. Thomas came into the girls' school with a friend. After speaking a few words to Mrs. Allen, this gentleman came forward and said, 'Now, children, I am going to ask you some questions all round. There are six classes, I see. The four out of each class who answer best shall come down on Thursday to my house in the country, and spend a long day there.'

You may imagine what a stir these words excited amongst the children, some of whom had never seen the country, and had no notion what it meant: while others, like Little Humpy, had spent some years of their childhood there, and could picture to themselves the bright green of the trees and fields, and the gay colours of the flowers, and the sweet singing of the birds.

'I shall take my questions out of the Bible,' said the gentleman, 'for that is the book we ought to know better than any other.'

Then he began, and went from one class to another till the twenty-four girls were fixed upon, and told to stand out in the middle of the room, and wait in school after the others. Little Humpy was amongst

them, to her own great surprise, as well as that of most of her school-fellows.

She was usually so slow in making up her mind as to the exact words she should use in answering a question, that she was often passed over as careless or dull; but she had paid so much attention to her Bible-lessons, and was so eager to see the country in all its spring loveliness, that she answered to-day some questions which had puzzled the head girls in the class.

What was her delight on reaching the bottom of the steps (when, after hearing about the time of setting off, and one or two other things, the little party was dismissed), to find from her friend Dan, who was, as usual, waiting for her, that he too, with twenty-three other boys, was to go down to that gentleman's house on the same day!

Her happiness was quite complete then; but as she was turning into her aunt's room with a very bright face, she heard her name spoken by some one under the elm-tree.

It was Maria Hayes, who was saying in a loud, angry voice, 'It was all Little Humpy's fault. I was going to answer I don't know how many questions, only I couldn't think what I ought to say, and then she snapped us up. You know she did. I should have gone, I am sure, if it hadn't been for her. Nasty little thing! I shall hate her worse than ever, now!'

'Hate me worse than ever!' thought poor Little Humpy; 'I'm so sorry! And it really was not my fault. I was obliged to answer when the gentleman looked at me.'

She took her dinner from the cupboard, and began cutting it very slowly and sorrowfully, while tears rolled down her cheeks. Presently some thought seemed to strike her; she pushed her plate away, and putting on her bonnet again, she went out into the little yard.

She looked round a minute or two; all was quiet now, as Maria had gone in. With quick steps Little Humpy made her way to the street, and without waiting to think, set off across it, and turned up the bye-way that led to the school-house.

'Maria Hayes, I want to speak to you. Go to my room till I come,' said Mrs. Allen, after lessons that afternoon.

'What have I done, I wonder?' said Maria, shrugging her shoulders, and making a grimace at the girl nearest her.

Half-an-hour afterwards, Annie, who had, as usual, gone straight home, heard a knock at the door, and ran to open it. There stood Maria, with very red eyes, but with a soft look in her face that Little Humpy had never seen there before.

'What did you do it for?' she asked, stepping into the room as soon as the door was opened.

'Because—because——' stammered Little Humpy. 'Oh, Maria, won't you be friends with me?'

'Friends with you! yes, indeed, I will! I'll never say an unkind word to you again; and Maria stooped down and kissed the anxious face that was turned to her. 'But, Humpy, I won't go to the country instead of you—that I won't!'

'You must, you must—you don't know how beau-



tiful it is. I lived there so long, you know. You will go, won't you, dear Maria?'

And Maria did go, and came back wild with delight, with a cowslip ball in her pocket, and with her hands full of bluebells and all kinds of spring flowers for her 'dear Little Humpy,' as she ever after called the child whom she had really been beginning to hate for no other reason than because she felt herself in the wrong, but would not own it.

You have, of course, guessed, that when Little Humpy ran away in such a hurry from her dinner, she went to Mrs. Allen to ask if Maria Hayes might take her place in the expedition to the country. I do not know what Mrs. Allen would have done about it herself, but, fortunately, Mr. Thomas and his friend were still at the school; and Mr. Thomas, who in his frequent visits to Elm Court had found out how unkindly Maria Hayes treated Annie Dalton,

guessed the little girl's reason for wishing to make the exchange, and he said that it might be as she wished.

One thing more you will be glad to hear, and that is, that the gentleman who gave this treat, gave another of the same kind 'in haymaking time,' the following year, to the whole school; and then the children of Elm Court crowned Little Humpy with wild roses from the hedges, and, making her a throne on a haycock, danced round her, singing,—

'Good Queen Humpy sits in the sun,
And we'll all pay her homage one by one.'

Then they all came in turn, and kissed her hand; and as there was just then a call for them to get ready to go home, Dan and Maria made a 'Queen's cushion' for her, and carried her in triumph to their waggon, all her subjects following in procession, as in duty bound.

A. A.




A NOBLE DOG.

MY eldest son was walking over the fields in the country, a long way from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a fierce, big dog, belonging to the gentleman whose land he was crossing. The lad was alarmed, and ran for his life. He struck into a wood, but the dog gained fast upon him, when he looked round to see how near the dog was, and stumbling over a stone, he fell and broke his leg. Unable to move, the poor boy saw the dog coming down upon him, and expected to be seized and torn; when, to his surprise, the dog came near, seemed to notice that the boy was hurt, instantly wheeled about, and went off for that help which he could not give himself.

The dog went off to the nearest house and barked for help. Unable to arrest attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then ran to the house, there showing such signs of anxiety that the

family followed him to the place where the lad lay. This dog was pursuing the boy as an enemy; but the moment he saw his enemy prostrate and in distress his rage was turned to pity, and he flew to his relief. And he showed both true feeling and good judgment. He was a dog of heart and head. Very few men—not all Christians—help their enemies when they are down. Some do not help their friends when they fall. This dog was better than many men who claim to be good men. I do not say that he reasoned in this manner, but there is something in his conduct on this occasion which looks so much like the right kind of feeling and action, that I think it deserves to be recorded to his credit. As I suppose that very few dogs will look at this record, I commend the example to all good folk, young and old, as one which they may well copy.

THE OLD DONKEY.

 **DONKEY** once browsed on a bare piece of grass,
Of course it was thought good enough for an
ass,

And such a rough, ragged old donkey as he
In all the three kingdoms you scarcely could see.

His temper was patient, for what was the use
Of making complaints? it just brought more abuse;
He had worked from the time he could stand on his
feet,

With many hard blows and with little to eat.

'Oh, who'd be a donkey?' cried Freddie: 'not I!
He's born just to work, to be thrashed, and to die.'
So saying, he threw a large stone at the ass,
Who meekly allowed the hard missile to pass.

'Oh, Freddie!' cried Anna, a tear in her eye,
'I love that old donkey, so please do not try
To hurt him again, for dear mother, I know,
Would grieve if she thought you could give him a
blow.

'Poor fellow! he worked just as hard as he could,
And always was humble, contented, and good.
Let us give him a carrot; 'twill be such a treat
To see the poor donkey with something to eat.'

D. B. MCKEAN.

HÉLION DE VILLENEUVE.

A True History.



RAVE men there are in every country.
I know that English boys think that
only Englishmen are really brave;
but I crave their pardon for differing
from them, and as some excuse, offer
them the true story of a brave French
lad.

Hélión de Villeneuve! That was
his name. A poor little boy do you
imagine him, forced by circumstances
to rough it, and push his way in the world?

Not a bit of it! Our Hélión was born to a noble
name, to a title, to a velvet coat, to fatherly tending,
to a mother's love.

It is true that very often the French boy enjoys
almost too much of this last for his good—is made
almost too much a baby of by his doting *maman*,
till the terrible day comes when he is snatched from
her arms, buttoned up in a tight uniform and planted
in some great, bare 'Lycée,' where he cannot even cry
himself comfortably to sleep for the light burning all
night in the dormitory, and the 'prefects' or monitors,
patrolling its dismal length.

But Hélión's mother must have been of another
sort to the usual doting French mothers, a wise
woman as well as a tender one.

Her first great anxiety about her boy was caused
by his narrowly escaping death from drowning at
four years old. An English child of that age would
have very likely dreaded the spot where the accident
occurred, and avoided the scene for the future; here,
however, difference of nation asserts itself. The

French boy hears his mother's thankful prayers on his
preservation and asks to have a little cross placed on
the river bank, on the exact spot, to be the scene of
his daily thanks to God. Do not scoff, English boy,
at this little bit of sentiment which you cannot share.
Remember, I am telling you of the childish doings of
a brave man.

Perhaps another anecdote may please you better,
as partaking more of the self-contained heroism
English boys hold dear. Hélión is ten now, and is,
with his sister, pushing open a heavy door. It closes
with a bang, and smashes the poor child's finger.
Without a cry the lad releases himself to find his
sister fainting in terror, and his mother full of
sympathy. Before the wound can be attended to,
however, he must make it plain that sister had noth-
ing to do with the accident, it was all his own fault.
For many a long day the crushed finger caused him
severe pain, but the brave boy was fain to think what
far greater sufferings saints and martyrs had cheer-
fully borne in times gone by, and with his unwounded
hand he registers in his little journal his regrets that
he had almost cried over his hand being dressed,
adding, 'But we ought to be ashamed when we think
what the saints endured.'

What the poor suffered in the world around him
also touched deeply the boy's tender heart; and he
was never so happy as when visiting them, listening
to their troubles, doing them some small office of
kindness, or perhaps handing over some tiny dole of
gold or silver, such as a boyish purse may contain.

Love for his mother was, however, perhaps his
most engrossing feeling at this time. 'By God's
grace,' he trusts never to leave her or his father;
and every night, when she comes to give him the
last kiss, he makes her pray that he may die the
first.

Do you begin to think you see the mother's darling,
a little petted, fanciful creature, full of book-learn't
speeches and expressions picked up from the priest?
You know how it will all end,—he will die early and
be put in a story-book. Have patience. Did I not
tell you that this is the life-history of a brave
man?

Grown a little older, the fire-bell was one of his
great excitements. The moment he caught the first clang
of it he must be off. There was danger; there was need
for brave hands and hearts. He could help. And he did
help, coming home again in the early morning with
smoke-blackened face and weary limbs, but dancing eyes
and cheery voice. That dwelling had been preserved;
this helpless woman or child borne out of danger; and
he, Hélión, had done good service with the strong
arms and brave heart that God had lent him.

At eighteen, Hélión went to Paris to study. Paris
is a gay city—it has much in it to delight and distract
the young. But amidst all the pleasures and
attractions, of new scenes and new companions,
Hélión was brave enough still to acknowledge the
great Master to whom he owed allegiance, and daily
to confess Christ in His church.

It was not in those days a common thing for a young
man to be religious, and no doubt there were scoffers
about him, though he did not heed them.

Then came the Revolution of 1848. Hélión be-
longed to the National Guard. He carried a musket,

was summoned by beat of drum. He was wild with delight. 'I was born to be a soldier!' is his cry. Drill, nights on guard, wild mobs, barricaded streets, all are an excitement to the happy youth. He forgets the woe of warfare in the joy of doing his duty as a good citizen. He *must* be a soldier—his letters declare this most strongly. And he becomes one. At the first election of officers he was unanimously chosen sub-lieutenant, and took part in all the engagements which desolated Paris in the May and June of 1848.

His parents were naturally anxious about their boy, and desired his return to them. He writes,—

'I shall always be ready to do all you wish, even to the sacrifice of my convictions. Besides, I am quite sure you would never wish me to play the coward; you love me too well not to know that in my eyes no happiness is possible to the man who acts with dishonour. Nevertheless, if your affection prevents you from seeing things exactly as I do, I assure you I would not give you one moment's pain.'

Of course the parents gave in to the eager young soldier, and then he writes back happily his joy at being allowed 'to be of use.' This is the conclusion of the letter:—

'At this moment we are in camp, never knowing what may occur to-morrow. If there be an outbreak, the National Guard will bear the brunt of it. You may imagine how happy I am in it all, especially now that I am an officer.'

But no outbreak came, order was restored, extra troops were no more required, and Hélión put off his uniform and went back into peaceful life.

Ah, no! peace does not always abide beneath a civilian's coat, and these were Hélión's worst days. He entered the Foreign Office, and a strange shadow fell across his life. The Evil One claimed him, and for a time poor Hélión fell into his clutches. We will not dwell on this sad part of our brave man's career. We love him too well to care to think of it; and God loved him also, and awoke him out of his sinful dream. Woke him by shocking his earthly affections—by the death of his father. It was Hélión's one and only desertion of his colours as a Christian soldier: he came back never to wander again.

Now broke out the Crimean war. Hélión was still in the Foreign Office, but the talk in the streets, the tidings in the newspapers, were too exciting for him. How could he rest quiet while others were in peril? When the news of the victory of the Alma came he felt like a deserter. Already he had laid the matter before his widowed parent. Might he go to the East? Would she spare him? But the mother's terrible grief at the request sent him back to his desk—he would try her no more. The lad pined under the refusal, yet he kept silence. And then the permission came: his mother loved him better than her own peace of mind, and gave way in these words: 'If you believe that duty calls you to be a soldier, and that nothing less than the will of God demands it, go and meet the foe.'

And Hélión went. It was the spring of 1853; he enlisted as a private in the regiment of Guides, under orders for the Crimea.

Do not be surprised at this act in a young French nobleman; it is no uncommon or extraordinary thing to serve in the ranks among Continental nations; indeed, in Prussia a man must enter the army so, and work his way up to the rank of officer. In England things are different. But Hélión, while beloved among his fellow-soldiers, was also admitted to the conversation and friendship of his superior officers when off duty. Still it was a plucky thing to do, even in France, for a young man in a good position of life willingly to become a private in a regiment certain to see hard work. Some of his young friends even thought him a little mad at this period. But the world is very apt to fancy earnest people somewhat crazy, else how can it excuse its own sleepiness and self-indulgence?

Let us see what Hélión says now he has his way. It is a bit of another letter to his mother:—

'There can be no true enjoyment of the present to those who feel that their life is a failure, and that they never have been, and never will be, good for anything. Some people, I know, ridicule this sentiment, or, rather, know nothing of it, and are quite contented if they can eat and drink without working. I am not one of those, and you may rest assured, dearest mother, that you made me perfectly happy by letting me try what I am worth.'

The letter closes with a boyish effort at comfort. He should be at home before the winter, safe in her arms, with the Cross of the Legion of Honour on his breast.

Once permitted to join the forces, nothing daunted our brave man. Orders came countermanding the departure of the Guides for the scene of action. Hélión at once exchanged into the Chasseurs d'Afrique, who were already in the field. In no burst of excitement did our young soldier do this. He felt that God meant him for this career, and so he entered it thoughtfully. Before leaving France he made his will. This is how it begins:—

'At the moment of starting on an expedition from which I may never return, I look upon myself as in danger of death, and I therefore make my will. I die as a Christian, as I have always tried to live. I thank my beloved mother for the kindness she has ever shown me, and ask her forgiveness of the grief which I may have caused her. I leave everything I possess to her, begging her to give my sisters some remembrance of me.'

Then he goes on to mention a few legacies to particular friends, and winds up by begging his mother to give to the poor 'half the money which Monsieur S. has of mine, asking their prayers on my behalf.'

Doubtless the parting between so attached a mother and son was very painful, but a healthy, hearty young man, following the career he dearly loves, and which he believes is designed for him by God, cannot long be distressed by the remembrance of even such a grief, and he takes the best way of comforting his mother by writing her what the lads of to-day would call really 'jolly' letters.

(Concluded in our next.)

PERSEVERE against discouragement.
KEEP your temper.



Hélion on Guard.

Chatterbox.



Hélion writing to his Mother.

HÉLION DE VILLENEUVE.

(Concluded from page 375.)



DO not wish to give you too much of our Hélon, but I must quote some bits straight out of these letters, because they tell his story so brightly:—

'June 7.—Here we are at Messina, dear mother, with glorious weather and the finest possible passage. I have not had one moment's illness, so you may fancy how jolly I am—I, who love the sea so. We have on board twenty sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and a good Lazarist Father, all bound for Constantinople. There is no end of soldiers. It is really touching to see how well the sisters get on with them. Every night they chant their prayers on deck. All the officers are most kind; everything is perfection, and if I only knew you were not anxious, I should be thoroughly happy.'

Now he has landed in the Crimea:—

'June 17.—At last, dear mother, I have reached the height of my ambition, and you would be delighted to see how happy I am. Everything is so beautiful and so interesting. With the exception of a battle, which I do not expect to see, for we are too far from the scene of action—at least ten miles from Sebastopol—I have seen everything and been everywhere. I landed yesterday, and then my troubles began. I took my baggage on my back and walked to my camp, some fifteen miles from Kamiesch. It was very hot, and, I confess, I found the way long, when just before the end of my journey I met the artillery officer for whom, you know, I had some money. He was all that was kind; took me into his tent, and gave me some onion soup, which I shall remember for ever so long: I think I never ate anything so good in my life. Then he lent me a horse, on which I made a triumphant entry into camp. My letters of introduction have served me well. The colonel found me arms and horse at once, and put me in the third squadron. My life passes very happily. General Forêt has invited me to dinner; to-day I dine with a commandant, to-morrow with any one who is kind enough to ask me. I am in a little tent, which can only be entered on all-fours; nevertheless, I sleep superbly between two comrades. They have handsome faces, both of them, though not the sort you would like to meet on a dark night. But they are capital fellows, and pleased enough at my arrival, which brings an improvement in their fare. We do our own cooking, and at the canteen we can buy whatever we want. Writing is difficult. Here am I, flat on my stomach, which is slightly awkward. Our situation is charming. This part of the Crimea is wooded and very picturesque. We are on the banks of the Tchernaya, in which I washed my shirt yesterday. I have already made acquaintance with the chaplain of the navy, so you may be quite happy about me.'

Who, after this, would dare to say that our young nobleman was not meant to be a soldier, with his ready acceptance of rough quarters, his appreciation of onion soup, and his merry performance of the duties of cook and laundress?

But there is more to be told of this campaign; and surely none can tell it better than the young soldier himself:—

'June 22.—How happy your letters make me, dear mother! I thank you for them with my whole heart.

Distance, and the life which I lead, make them more precious to me than ever, therefore write by every mail. I have now been here a week, and this strange life does not displease me, only we have nothing to do beyond the tiresome duties of our profession—fatigue parties of every kind, cookery, grooming our horses and taking them to water—but not the faintest semblance of a fight. Apart from this I am very well. The country is superb; perhaps the sun is a little hot, but I get used to it all, except my nose, which is as red as my trowsers, for where our camp is now we have not an inch of shade. The whole world is kind to me, and I get many an invitation to dinner. I admit that this is the attention of which I am most sensible, for the cookery of the soldiers is not much to boast of, and this open-air life gives one a ferocious appetite. This is our daily life: We wake at three o'clock and get up—a very simple operation, for we have only to stand upright;—at four we take the horses to water and groom them. Then we have our coffee. After that we bask in the sun till three in the afternoon; the horses are taken to drink; then comes dinner, and at night everybody goes to bed. One day is exactly like another. Without having much to do, I have very little leisure, and I may tell you it is not so pleasant writing on the ground, in the full sunshine, and literally devoured by flies.'

You see the only thing that frets our brave man—inaction. After a while he could bear it no longer, and obtained an exchange into the 3rd Zouaves, then in the front.

Now he writes:—

'Here I am, dressed as a Turk, with two beautiful red stripes. You would never recognise me with my shaven head and turban. Since my last letter I have gone up in the world. I work with the quartermaster (he is corporal in this regiment). This accounts for my writing at a table to-day; which table, to tell you the truth, I made myself, to the great astonishment of my officers. I mess with the non-commissioned officers. It is incredible what gourmands we become. Our food consists chiefly of beans and rice. I am in better health than ever—you would never recognise me—only I shall never be able to go to bed again. I am positive that when I return home I shall feel compelled to sleep on the ground by the side of our good dog Pampan. We have no fighting, and no reason to expect any; however, it is no fault of mine, and I must be resigned. I know nothing of the progress of the siege (Sebastopol); in our little corner we are perfectly calm. At nine o'clock in the evening everybody is snoring, but, then, at four in the morning everybody has breakfasted. I think you will never scold me again for getting up late or reading in bed at night. My great happiness is your letters, which I read over and over again. They are always with me, and every now and then I get away by myself and have another look at them.'

These were happy letters to reach an anxious mother; happy, and yet alarming, for it was evident that wherever fighting was, there her brave boy would be.

The middle of July brought him promotion, and what he still more desired, a move into a position of real danger. He was appointed adjutant of the trenches and was often exposed to the Russian fire. A lively joy now took possession of his heart; he was doing real work, really useful in the world.

'How lucky I am to be here!' he said to the General, who had got him his exchange into the 3rd

Zouaves; 'there is not a single gun fired but I am there to see!'

A glorious career seemed now to await the young man: so well-born, so brave, so energetic, he could not escape notice from his commanding officers. Amongst his brother-soldiers also he was a great favourite, and no wonder, for he was always ready to do them a kindness.

A touching incident of his sympathy with a comrade is on record. The man had rashly advanced to an unprotected position, and fell mortally wounded under the Russian fire. In the last agony he cried for succour, not bodily, but mental. 'Will no one come and give me a grasp of the hand before I die?' were his words. Hélon heard them, and dashed forwards, undeterred by the fact that he might next be struck by the deadly missiles. The poor fellow died with his hand in Hélon's, satisfied and grateful.

Neither roar of cannon, however, nor wail of dying men, could make Hélon forget home and mother-love. The day dearest to him in the world, his mother's birthday, drew near; he had always been used to keep it as a holy day, and even before Sebastopol he had the intention of adhering to this rule. So the morning previous to it he visited the chaplain, spending some time with him, and leaving him only for his duty in the trenches.

There he stood, by the side of the General in command, brave in earthly and heavenly armour, and there he was struck by the enemy's ball, only one cry escaping his lips, 'Ah, my mother!'

The wound was in the jaw, and on being carried to the rear the surgeon pronounced it severe but not dangerous; so in much suffering the brave man was conveyed to the hospital, five miles distant. There he underwent a painful operation, at the close of which the chaplain, whom he had caused to be summoned, arrived. Hélon's pressing anxiety was to break to his mother the news that he was wounded. So writing materials were brought, and the wounded man took the pen in his own hand, and essayed to send to that dear mother one more bright, brave, hopeful letter. It ran thus,—

'DEAREST MOTHER,

'I have had the best luck in the world; just a scratch with a ball in the cheek, the result of which will be that after a month in hospital I shall make haste home—so much the better. Dampierre will write for me next time. I have received all your affectionate letters. *I am in a state of grace.* I embrace you with all my heart. To our early meeting. 'HÉLON.'

Whether this loving son realised his danger or no at this moment we cannot tell, possibly at first he placed confidence in the surgeon's opinion that his wound was not mortal, while yet he desired, under all circumstances, to give his anxious mother the best comfort. So he underlines carefully the words he knows would sink deepest into her heart, 'I am in a state of grace.'

This dear, absent son, always so prayed for, who had once fallen, might yet again be led astray. So he was anxious that his mother should be sure, come life, come death, that her tears, her prayers, her tender written appeals, had not been for nought.

The exertion of writing these few lines was great.

Clear at first as the words stood out from the paper, they wavered after a while, and wandered at last into a childish feebleness. The good chaplain tried to dissuade him from finishing the letter, but the brave man had a word for him too: 'Monsieur l'Abbé, it never tires a man to write to his mother.'

Before dawn Hélon was dead. The ball that had shattered the jaw was embedded in his lungs. He was buried among his comrades with extraordinary honours, till the day when his body should be carried to France and laid with his forefathers.

The story of this brave man is ended. At the early age of twenty-nine he was cut off, mourned by all.

I think no English boy will refuse his sympathy and admiration. Hélon de Villeneuve was thoroughly French, it is true; more enthusiastic, more outspoken than an English lad would have shown himself, perhaps; but for all that a hero in every sense of the word: truly a brave man. H. A. F.

A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.



ONE bright Sunday afternoon in March there seemed to be something unusual going on in the quiet hamlet of Eccleston. As the people came out of church they formed little groups under the old elms in the churchyard, and round the porch, talking together in hushed whispers, or looking out towards the narrow winding lane which led up from the village. The only sound which broke the stillness was the tolling of the bell in the old church-tower. One could almost fancy that there must be life in those bells, which, up in their ivy-clad home, had watched the history of the village for so many generations. Had they not rang out merrily for many a wedding, and tolled sadly alike for the aged who went down full of years to the grave, and for the young cut off in the prime of their strength and beauty? Yes; and summoned to those gray walls Sunday after Sunday the old man and his little grandchild, until he too was white-headed and bent with age.

On that calm spring day the knell was sounding for one who, during a long life of eighty years, had occupied the pretty cottage with the gable-ends standing by the roadside, just at the entrance of the village. She had been one of the oldest inhabitants of Eccleston, loved and honoured by all her neighbours, who now mourned for her as one near and dear to them, whose loss could never be replaced. As the simple funeral slowly passed through the churchyard, all eyes were fixed with compassion upon two little boys who followed hand-in-hand, close behind the coffin. Poor children! they were indeed the chief mourners, for they were orphans, and had now lost the kind old grandmother who had been to them in the place of both father and mother. They were alone in the world. How hard it would be for most of us, surrounded as we are by friends, and all that makes life pleasant, to understand the full



The Orphan Brothers.

bitterness of these words! Yet none who saw them standing side by side near the open grave, and watched the fond protecting care with which the elder boy tried to check the passionate sobbing of his little brother, could think them utterly destitute so long as they had each other to love and care for. A fine noble-looking lad was David Price, with his open brow and clear blue eyes—a favourite with all who knew him; and as he turned away, leading little Johnny towards the old home they were so soon to call theirs no longer, many a kind word met him on all sides.

‘Come and have a bit and sup with us to-night; for it will seem lone enough at first now the old lady’s gone,’ said the good-natured host of the village inn, as he rubbed off a tear with his coat-sleeve.

But David shook his head,—‘Not to-night, Master Fielding; thank’ee all the same.’

However, Johnny, whose grief had been too violent to last long, gave a wistful look towards his brother, for he had very pleasant recollections of the cosy little parlour at the Rose and Crown, and Mrs. Fielding’s nice tea and hot cakes.

‘Now don’t take on so, Davy, my boy,’ said another neighbour. ‘She’s a deal happier than she’s been this many a long year, what with them rheumatics and one thing and t’other, poor old soul!’

‘There’s no good in going against Providence, says I,’ added the kind-hearted mistress of the village shop; ‘so cheer up, my lads, and I’ll just step down and bring you a bit for supper, and stay and have a chat to liven you up.’

Thus the neighbours showed their sympathy, but, as the old saying tells us, ‘it is easy enough to bury other people’s friends.’



For the last few days, ever since his grandmother's death, one thought had filled David's mind—What could he do for Johnny? As for himself, he had long ago settled what he should do; he would go to sea, and, perhaps, find some desert island like Robinson Crusoe, whose history had been the wonder and delight of his childhood. 'But Johnny, what was to be done about him?' the boy sadly thought; 'for now that poor Granny was gone, there would be no one to take care of the delicate little fellow, who always needed so much minding.'

That evening, as the brothers sat together in their old home, with their grandmother's empty chair opposite them in its usual place by the fire-side, they were very sad and silent for a while, and you might have heard every tick of the old-fashioned clock in the corner. It might well be a dreary thought to the poor boys that this was the last night they should spend together in the dear old cottage, where they had been so happy. Nine years before, when Johnny was a baby, old Widow Price had taken her little grandchildren to her home, and tenderly nursed their sick mother till her death, a few months later. David could just remember her, but he was never weary of hearing about his father, and often in the long winter evenings the two little boys had drawn close to their grandmother's knee, exclaiming, 'Now, Granny, tell us about father's ship;' and the old woman, wiping the tears from her spectacles, would tell them the old story of her gallant soldier, her only

son who had lived to be a man. He had been ordered with his regiment to the East Indies, but when the ship was off the coast of Africa it was found to have sprung a leak; the water rushed in, and the vessel was fast sinking. The boats were let down at once, and if any of the soldiers had loved life more than duty, they might have taken possession of them and saved themselves. But the captain's command was, 'Save the women and children,' and he was obeyed. The strong men gave up their only chance of escape to the weak and helpless, and calmly watched the boats move off. Each one in his place, with the blue sky above them and the open sea around, as the ship slowly sank, did those brave soldiers meet their death.

Good cause, indeed, had Widow Price to be proud of her gallant son, though his loss had been so bitter to her. But now that her life-long sorrow was over and she was at rest with those she loved, we must follow the story of her orphan grandchildren.

They were sitting together by the fire-side, when, after a long silence, David suddenly exclaimed, 'I'll tell you what, Johnny; we'll make a scholar of you. I've been thinking it over ever so long. You'll never do for much hard work, and it's a fine, easy thing, that is.'

'It don't much matter what I am, so long as I've got you to tell me everything, and see to me.'

'Ah!' continued his brother, coaxingly, 'it's a fine thing to be a scholar. To have lots of books

with pictures, and call things by their big names. Why, all the folk will be touching their caps to you along the road!

'I don't care for that.' Then, as a sudden fear crossed his mind, the little boy added, 'Oh, Davy, promise you'll never go away and leave me. Only take me along with you wherever you go, and I'll be so good! Promise me, Davy!'

But David was silent, and Johnny, who was used to having his own way in everything, burst into a fit of crying. Poor little fellow! it was a long time before his brother could comfort him at all, for the thought of living without Davy was too dreadful to bear.

In vain did David paint in strong colours the hardships of a sailor's life, for a sailor he would be; in vain did he talk of all the dangers of the sea; Johnny would not be convinced: the more he heard of it, the more he longed to go too. At last the boy thought of a fresh argument.

'Who knows but I might be left on a desert island like Robinson Crusoe? and it would spoil it all if you were there, too.'

'Ah! but there's another man in the picture, driving the goats.'

'Why, that was the black man he found, and whom he called Friday; and he isn't a bit like you, Johnny!'

As the little boy laughed at the thought of such a thing, his brother continued: 'I won't stay away long, Johnny, and when I come home I'll bring you such wonderful things: parrots with blue and red feathers that can talk, and beautiful shells and tiger-skins, and lots of gold and silver,' said David, who had rather confused ideas on the subject of geography.

Thus talking over plans for their future life, did the lads spend their last evening in the old home. On the next day all Widow Price's stock of furniture was sold: the things, perhaps, were but of small value in themselves, but they had been looked upon as household treasures for so many years, that it was sad to see them scattered far and near. When the sale was ended, and David had paid the last quarter's rent, and a few small debts which had been owing since his grandmother's illness, he found that there was still left five pounds seven shillings, which seemed to him almost boundless wealth.

'Maybe we shall have to spend the silver,' said he to Johnny, 'but we'll put the gold by, to pay for your schooling.'

It was late in the afternoon, and the village with its scattered cottages was almost hidden in the gray twilight shadows, when the two boys left Eccleston on their way to the neighbouring town of Medhurst. David had not spoken to anybody about his grand scheme of making a scholar of Johnny, for he was terribly afraid of being laughed at. He was very self-confident and did not want anybody's advice, so, when he wished the neighbours good-bye, he simply told them that he was going to look out for some work.

As the brothers were trudging wearily along in the dusk, carrying the little bundles which contained all their worldly possessions, they were overtaken by a good-natured market-woman in her cart, who not

only gave them a lift to the town, but insisted upon giving them a supper and night's lodging.

'Poor lads!' said the kind body. 'Anyways ye had best start fair by daylight in a strange place, where there's never a soul to say a friendly word to ye.'

This was a good beginning, and they set out in better spirits for their next day's journey. They were so full of hope for the future that they almost forgot their past sorrows. In this wandering life all was new and strange, and what wonderful adventures might there not be in store for them?

David knew that the sea was only thirty miles distant from Eccleston, and he was making the best of his way across country to Yarmouth, the wonderful town he had heard so much about. In a big place like that he would be sure to find a school for Johnny; and, besides, it was the very port his old hero, Robinson Crusoe, had sailed from. By careful inquiry he had found out, with tolerable exactness, the different villages he could stop at on the road, for he only travelled a short way each day, as Johnny was not strong, and soon became tired in walking.

On the last day of their journey there was a heavy snow-storm, and when they reached Yarmouth late at night they were thoroughly wet through; and Johnny, who had borne up bravely before, was quite crying with cold and hunger. At the first baker's shop they reached they stayed to buy some bread. When David took out his precious bag of money to pay for it he let fall a sovereign on the counter by mistake. It was soon put carefully away again, but not before the baker had noticed the piece of gold, and wondered how such poorly-dressed boys came to possess it.

He began to talk to them in the most friendly manner, invited them to sit down by his fire and warm themselves, and at last offered them a bed for the night for sixpence a-piece. David was quite delighted with the man's kindness, answered all his questions, and in a very short time let out all his history, and his plans for the future.

(To be continued.)

FILIAL LOVE REWARDED.

A DISTINGUISHED Frenchman, by the name of Cazette, was once imprisoned with his daughter, and both awaited trial. An examination failed to elicit any proof of the daughter's guilt, and she was acquitted. But she refused to leave the prison, preferring to share the fate of her father, that she might solace his lonely hours by her care and love. Her true affection made a deep impression upon the public mind, and for a long time her father was spared. But on September 2nd, 1792, he was led forth to execution, and the axe was already uplifted to slay him. At that instant the faithful daughter flung herself upon her father's neck, exclaiming, 'Strike, barbarians! You shall not kill my father until you have pierced my heart.'

The hands of the executioner dropped. 'Pardon!' shouted a thousand voices.

The daughter was permitted to lead forth her father to liberty and home. Her true worth as a daughter won her this supreme joy.

The winter of 1793 was very severe, and the poor people of the large cities suffered extremely. In the city of New York, a family, consisting of father, mother, and daughter, were reduced to extreme want. The parents were infirm, and wholly dependent upon the daughter's exertions. Starvation stared them in the face. At this crisis, the daughter heard or read of a dentist in the city who would pay a great price for sound fore-teeth—three guineas each. She went to him and told of her parents' sufferings, and proposed to part with several of her teeth to relieve them.

Impressed with her worth as an affectionate and devoted daughter, the dentist declined to extract the teeth, and, presenting her with ten guineas, as a proof of his admiration, sent her home to her parents with a joyful heart.

TALES OF TROY.

No. XVIII.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.



HECTOR yet stood, and alone, outside the Scaean Gate. He waited the return of Achilles, who, as we have seen, had followed Agenor, or him whom he thought to be Agenor, until he found out his mistake. Achilles uttered some angry words, and then went towards the city. Priam, full of anxiety, saw him coming, and, like a loving father, he entreated his dear Hector to

come within the walls.

'Do not stay there, my brave son,' said the old man. 'I think I see thee slain already. O Achilles, how many noble sons of mine hast thou killed! Enter, Hector, enter, and spare thy father! Pity his white hairs!'

As Priam could not turn Hector, his wife Hecuba next tried to melt her son's stubborn purpose. She wept many tears, and spoke many moving words, but Hector remained firm. 'No,' said he to himself, 'if I enter Troy, it must be as a conqueror. If I die, Troy must see me dying for her. There is no hope of treating for peace with this man. If we meet at all, we meet for war.'

As Hector thus communed with himself, Achilles drew near, and his appearance was so formidable that Hector's courage clean forsook him, and he fled! He fled; and Achilles pursued him, as a hawk pursues a dove. Three times did they course round the walls of Troy, and all the while the fate of Hector and of Troy hung in the balance.

At length, Achilles, wearied, or pretending to be so, halted. This gave Hector new courage, and he advanced towards his foe. They soon met, Hector saying, 'Something bids me try thy fate or mine. But hear me a moment. Let us swear that whoever survives this duel shall respect the body of the other.'

But Achilles declared he was in no humour for making promises. Hector he detested utterly, and he had no thought nor wish but to put him to death.

As he spoke he hurled his spear; it whistled harmlessly over Hector's head. Hector then threw his, but the heavenly shield broke its force. 'Bring another spear, Deiphobus!' shouted he. But, alas for him! no Deiphobus was there. His only refuge now was his sword. Drawing this, he flew on Achilles, who waved his spear round and round, looking for a joint where he thought it would enter. He spied one in the throat, and into that, with unerring aim, he drove the point of his weapon. It entered deep into Hector's neck, and the blow stretched him dying on the ground.

'So thou art there at last, Hector—thou who didst fear no vengeance from Patroclus' death! He sleeps in peace, honoured and lamented. Thou shalt be given to the dogs and vultures.'

Hector entreated him to spare his body this disgrace; but the ferocious Achilles declared he would not thus gratify him were Troy to offer him all it had. Then Hector, dying, warned Achilles of his own near fate, to be brought about by Paris.

'Yes, I shall follow thee soon,' said the Greek hero, as he stripped Hector of his armour. Others now flocked to the spot, some loudly admiring the noble form of the dead man, others meanly defacing it with ungenerous wounds.

Achilles bade them bring the corpse in triumph to the shore, and to sing meanwhile 'Hector is dead, and Troy is fallen!'

Holes were bored in the dead man's ankles, and his own belt was inserted (the gift of Ajax), and his body was by this dragged along, his beautiful hair and graceful head trailing on the ground.

What were the feelings of his parents? Their sorrow was extreme, and the whole city was clouded with gloom.

'Let me go,' said Priam, 'and bow before Achilles. He has a father like me. Perhaps he will pity me. O Hector, thy death sinks me into the tomb!'

'Ay,' echoed Hecuba, 'why have I lived to see my noble son's death?'

But where was Andromache, the wife of the fallen man? She had heard nothing of her husband's being outside the gate. She thought him safe, even after he was dead. The servants were preparing a bath for him on his return, and their mistress was at her loom, embroidering flowers on the work.

'What noise is that?' asked she. 'It is my mother's voice. Something, I feel sure, is wrong. I fear my Hector is slain!'

Andromache flew from her embroidery, and mounted the battlements of the city. Thence she saw (with the quick eye of love) her Hector dragged along. After that fearful sight, all seemed darkness, and she fell fainting to the ground.

Her ladies did what they could to restore her, but it was almost cruel to bring that poor woman back to consciousness. 'Would I had never been born!' she sighed. 'I am desolate indeed! My child will never smile on his father again! Poor Astyanax! What may not he expect, unhappy boy? And O my Hector, to think of thee, exposed, far from the loving hands of thy mother and thy wife!'

Her ladies answered her with tears and sighs, and the city streets echoed with the sounds of lamentation and woe.



The Death of Hector.

Chatterbox.



Balloon Voyages.



BALLOONS AND THEIR VOYAGES.

ANY readers of *Chatterbox* never have seen a real balloon ascent, but most of us have seen one of the paper balloons, which a very little trouble will send on their voyages aloft.

Such a machine as that in which Mr. Glaisher made his ascents is an enormous bag in the shape of a pear, made of a pliable silk-cloth, and rendered air-tight by coats of varnish. Over the whole of this bag is fitted a strong network, ending in a circular hoop placed a few feet below the mouth of the balloon. On the top is a valve, four or five inches square, by which the gas may be allowed to escape. The string from this valve runs down to the car, which is a wicker-work basket suspended by ropes from the hoop.

In this car the travellers sit, taking with them their sand-bags for ballast (and by emptying which the balloon may be lightened, and so caused to rise), their barometer, maps, compass, and perhaps food.

If, during the voyage, the aeronaut wishes to descend, he pulls the valve-rope, and some of the gas rushes out. Then, if he desires again to soar upwards, he must throw out some of the sand-bags.

Many experiments have been made in the hope of finding some way by which balloons may be steered through the air in any direction the owner may wish. But as yet the results have not been very satisfactory. When they are, we may expect balloons to become quite popular as means of travelling. Inasmuch as their speed is very great, there are many people who would be willing to run some risk in order to follow the example of M. Le Mountain, who passed over 300 miles in four hours, and Mr. Wise, who accomplished 1150 miles in less than 20 hours. But balloon-voyaging has its many dangers. The recent death of Mr. Powell, M.P., has brought them home to our minds.

Pitâtre des Rosiers, who made one of the longest voyages in the early Montgolfier machine, fell a victim to his own devotion to the art. Madame Blanchard, who ascended in a balloon surrounded by fireworks, was killed by its taking fire. Soon afterwards a Lieutenant Harris and Mr. Sadler, junr., met their death, the one in a balloon descent, the other by a fall from the car.

Mr. James Glaisher, accompanied by Mr. Coxwell, made an ascent for scientific purposes from Wolverhampton on September 5th, 1862. Their balloon reached the extraordinary height of 7 miles from the earth. At the distance of $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles Mr. Glaisher became insensible, Mr. Coxwell eventually lost the use of his hand, but was able to pull the valve-cord with his teeth, and so they descended with safety. Mr. Coxwell in the course of his experience has made nearly 600 successful ascents.

At various times people have tried balloon ascents with a horse attached to the car. But the ascent of Madame Poitevin from Cremorne Gardens, as 'Europa on a Bull,' led to these cruelties being legally prevented.

A. R. B.

A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

(Continued from page 382.)



THE following morning David was up very early, and out to see the town. He was at first bewildered by the long, narrow streets, with the old houses overhanging them; but when he came to the docks and saw the forests of masts, the number of ships from all countries, and the busy seamen, he stood watching them with open-mouthed astonishment, forgetting how the time passed—forgetting everything; for, as he told Johnny afterwards, 'it was just like a dream.'

As he stood there in the middle of the foot-path, a young naval officer pushing hurriedly by him, his foot slipped on the frozen snow, and he fell down. The young man good-naturedly helped him up again, and as David begged his pardon for being in the way he was struck with the lad's bright, honest face, and said to him, 'Are you a stranger in the place, my boy? You look as if you had never seen a sight like this before.'

'Please, sir, I come from Ecclestone; and I've never been a-nigh the sea but this once.'

'I am going to that vessel you see yonder in the Roads. If you like to have a nearer view of it you may come with me.'

As you may well imagine, David was delighted to go; and when he found himself actually in a little boat on the wonderful sea, which had filled his thoughts for so long, he could scarcely contain himself for joy. It puzzled him at first to hear that the ship was in the Roads: but as he soon found out, that was only the name given to the Yarmouth Harbour.

Lieutenant Fisher, for so the young officer was called, soon became quite interested in the boy, and when he heard how anxious he was to become a sailor he offered to help him.

'I have been home for a holiday, but my time is up now,' he said; 'and I'm sailing to-morrow for Chatham, to join an expedition to the Arctic Regions. If you like to come, too, I dare say we could get you a berth of some kind with us. Anyhow you can but chance it.'

David began to pour out his delight and gratitude at this opening, which was so far beyond anything he had hoped for, when the officer interrupted him by saying: 'It's a queer kind of sea we are going to, and you must expect a hard time of it. Why, they say it is so cold that people's noses and fingers drop off, and the sea itself freezes into mountains of ice!'

The boy, however, was by no means discouraged, and eagerly promised to meet his new friend at half-past five next morning by the end pier. As he was returning homewards, one thought alone oppressed him,—how could he find a school for Johnny in the few hours which still remained for him to spend in

Yarmouth? At the door of the house he was met by the baker, who told him that his brother had become tired of waiting and had gone out to look for him.

'My boy's gone with him, who's much of the same age; capital little playfellows they make, sure enough,' added the man; 'and if you like to trust your Johnny with us, why, they might go to school there over the way together.'

This was quite a new idea to David, and it seemed an easy way out of his perplexity. What could he do better than leave his brother in charge of a kind, honest man, who would send him to school with his own little boy? So he told of his new plan of starting the next day, and after some talk, in which he was more and more delighted with the baker's kindness and generosity, he took out his little canvas bag and gave the five sovereigns, all his treasure, 'to pay for Johnny's keep and schooling.'

'You'd best say no word about it to your brother,' was his shrewd friend's advice. 'Poor little chap! he'll be near heart-broken to know as you're a-going so soon; and where's the good? as I can see. Just slip off in the morning when he's asleep, and we'll make it all square after you're gone.'

But David could not make up his mind at once to keep his proposed departure a secret from his little brother, for when he gently approached the subject, and told of his meeting the young officer who had offered to take him to the frozen seas, Johnny began to cry so bitterly that poor David could not bear to tell him that he was going the very next day.

In a few more hours the broad sea would be between them, and who could tell when the brothers should meet again?

It was on the 9th of May, a clear, sunny morning, when the splendid vessel, *H. M. S. Hudson*, left the docks at Chatham, and sailed proudly down the river. Crowds of people were collected to see her start, and filled the air with their cheers; for it was well known that this expedition was sent out under Captain Stanley to discover a north-west passage from the shores of Europe across the Atlantic Ocean into the Pacific Ocean. It was a difficult and dangerous enterprise; and those who had attempted it before had suffered fearful hardships and privations: many, indeed, had lost their lives in the attempt, like gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby, who, as early as the year 1553, perished with his whole crew on the coast of Lapland.

It was a proud day for David Price, when, thanks to his friend Lieutenant Fisher, he went on board the *Hudson*. He felt quite a man at once, and if he could only have forgotten his little brother Johnny, whom he left asleep on the morning he sailed from Yarmouth, he would have been perfectly happy. But the thought of Johnny came back to him over and over again, and many a time he would say to himself, 'Wouldn't it have been better just to wake him and give him one kiss, even if he had cried a-bit? Who knows if I shall ever see him again? And to think that I never said good-bye to him!'

Thoughts like these would bring the tears into his eyes; but, happily for the boy, he had little time to

dwell upon them. All was new and strange to him on board ship, and he had plenty of work. It was chiefly at night, when he lay down to rest in his hammock, that the image of Johnny would rise up before him; and he sadly missed the little brother, who had looked up to him for help and protection ever since he could remember.

Meanwhile the *Hudson* was rapidly making way, and in little more than a month, in the open sea, reached Davis's Strait. A few days later, when near a low, flat island, some walruses, or sea-horses, were noticed at a little distance from the ship. Lieutenant Fisher and another officer went in a boat in pursuit of them. They fired at one and wounded it. The animal was alone at the time, but diving into the sea it brought back a number of others. They all made an attack upon the boat, and were with great difficulty prevented from upsetting her; one of the oars was lost in the struggle, and the situation was becoming dangerous, when the sea-horses were dispersed by a shot from the ship. They escaped into the sea, some of them carrying their cubs under their fins.

In the course of the next week a number of sea-fowl were shot by the crew, and amongst them two eider-ducks. Some seals and porpoises were also seen in the distance, rolling and tumbling about in the water, but not near enough to be caught.

On the 28th of July the ship entered Sir James Lancaster's Sound, and two days later, an easterly breeze springing up, the vessel was carried rapidly westward into regions which had scarcely been explored before. The sea was open before them, with no land in sight; and although masses of ice occasionally floated by, there was nothing to stop their free passage onwards. As the breeze increased to a fresh gale, and the *Hudson* ran quickly up the Sound, nothing could exceed the excitement of all on board: for as the previous winter had been less severe than usual, they began to hope that they should succeed without much difficulty in accomplishing that which all former expeditions had failed in. All day the mast-heads were crowded by the officers and men, and David was as eager as any of them to hear the various reports which were shouted from the crow's nest.* They passed several headlands, which Captain Stanley could only find vaguely marked out in his chart: but there was no time to examine them more particularly, for the wind seemed to be carrying them happily onwards to the grand object of their voyage. There was a strong swell, and David thought he had never seen anything more beautiful than the clear transparent blue of the ocean.

As the ship advanced, however, immense masses of ice drifted by, and, notwithstanding the greatest care was taken to steer clear of them, every now and then there would come a tremendous blow, that made all the bells ring and shook the crockery off the tables. On the 20th of August, to the great disappointment of the crew, it was found that the ice before them was a solid and unbroken mass, along

* The crow's nest is a tub lined with green baize, the bottom opening like a trap-door. It is fixed near the highest part of the fore-topmast, and in clear weather a distance of many miles can be seen from it.



David and the Naval Officer.

the edge of which a violent surf was beating. Towards the south, indeed, from the dark appearance of the sky, the captain concluded that there must be an open sea, and orders were given to steer in that direction, but there was little more than a hole of water to work the ship in. To those not accustomed to the Polar Seas the prospect looked hopeless; but the more experienced sailors expected much from a change of wind, which often makes an immense difference in the floating ice. So it proved; for early next morning the vessel reached a comparatively open channel. All sail was crowded to the westward, but it was difficult to keep in one direction, for they were so near the magnetic pole that the compass could not be depended upon, and thick fogs prevented them seeing their way.

(To be continued.)

TREES AND THEIR USES. THE LARCH.



THE larch is a deciduous tree; that is, its leaves fall in the autumn, and in the winter it has a peculiarly dead look. It is fond of a mountain home, and it grows now in almost every part of Europe. It does not grow in the Pyrenees, nor in Spain. Some very splendid specimens are found on the steep sides of the Alpine mountains. They are sometimes 120 feet in height.

It is said the first larches brought to Scotland came from Italy in 1727. A Scotch nobleman, the Duke of Athol, and his son and grandson, planted between 1738 and 1826 the prodigious number of fourteen million larches. The land where these



Trees and their Uses.—The Larch.

trees have been set has improved very much in quality. As a sort of compliment to the family of these great larch planters, one of H. M.'s frigates built in 1816-1820 was called *The Athol*. The timber was found very suitable for the purposes of ship-building. Its slowness in burning makes it valuable for a vessel, as also its property of not splintering. When a cannon ball comes through an oak plank the splinters fly about, and are as deadly as so many bullets. When a ball goes through a plank of larch the hole closes up.

The wood is of a yellowish white colour; but where the trees grow in a cold and high place it is red or brown—sometimes as red as cedar, and very hard; so hard, sometimes, that it cannot be smoothed with the plane.

The wood, as has been said, does not burn freely; but when on fire throws out an intense heat. Larch charcoal is much esteemed by the iron-founder. The wood does not readily decay, and it is used in consequence in damp places, like cellars. The carpenter and the cabinet-maker value it, for larch will take a polish equal to the best mahogany. Houses are built wholly of it in some countries. The wood, if well dried, never shrinks; it is very tough, and extremely light; and however thin the boards are they do not split, unless very exceptional force is put upon them. It is hard to split larch even by using wedges, and sawyers get much more for cutting larch than pine.

Casks are made of larch, and boat-builders prize thin larch boards when making their elegant craft. Oars, too, are made of this wood, and are very light, tough, and elastic.

Larch is highly esteemed in Switzerland. A piece of larch is worth twice as much as a piece of oak the same size. Water-pipes are made of it for the irrigation of meadows in Provence. It is used also for propping the arms of the fruitful vines. The props never seem to decay. They pass on from sire to son, and are none the worse for wear. This quality of endurance makes larch useful also for mill-wheels, sleepers for the railways, bridges, and the like.

The painter also uses larch often for his pallet, and sometimes his picture is painted on a board made of this wood. Some of Raffaele's are. Abundance of clear turpentine, called Venice turpentine, flows from this tree. A larch, when full grown, will yield seven or eight pounds of turpentine, yearly, for half a century. After the turpentine is exhausted, the wood is much lessened in value.

The larch is a more important tree than the Scotch pine. Fifty larches and the same number of pines were cut out of the same forest. The fir was found worth 10s. per tree. The larch fetched 3*l.* 15*s.*; more than seven times as much.

SOME NEWS FROM THE LAST CENTURY.

A LITTLE book, published many years ago, is before me, which gives a list of the remarkable events during the reigns of George III. and George IV. Some of these events seem very curious to modern minds.

Under the year 1760 we find, among other things,

that 'a new nation was this year discovered in Italy, in the mountains north of the cities of Verona and Vicenza. They speak a peculiar language, and are supposed to be a remnant of the Cimbrians defeated by Marius.'

Does not this sound as though we were speaking of hitherto unknown lands in Central Africa?

Then we hear about a quarrel 'in Stepney Fields,' between some Portuguese and English sailors, in which it seems that the foreigners used their knives, and murdered three of our countrymen.

Next the contract of Mr. Phillips to build Blackfriars Bridge in five years, for 100,000*l.* is noticed.

A little lower is recorded a remarkable fall of hailstones. Some of these stones were stated to have been five inches in diameter. Many men and animals are said to have been killed by their fall.

The superstition of the time is seen in the news that, on June 16th of that year, the mob threw two old women into the water at Glen, in Leicestershire, to see by their sinking or swimming whether or no they were witches!

The December of that year is stated to have been so mild, that around London many fruit-trees put forth their blossoms, and the daisy and primrose were seen in the fields.

The deaths of six people aged over 100 years are recorded. Thomas Wishart, of Annandale, is said to have died at the ripe age of 124. Beside him William Wright, labourer, of Great Dunmow, who only survived until his 105th year, seems quite young. But very little reliance is to be placed upon such instances. There is no doubt but that many of these old people were led by vanity to exaggerate their age, for nearly every year there is a list of deaths at very advanced ages. One William Ellis is said to have died at Liverpool, in the year 1780, at the age of 130. The same age in the same year is assigned Robert Macbride, a fisherman in the island of Herries.

Could we continue our search through other years we should find much to instruct and entertain, but here we must stop.

A. R. B.

TALES OF TROY.

No. XIX.

THE FUNERAL RITES OF PATROCLUS.



WHEN Achilles had returned to the Grecian camp, he told his soldiers they must not rest until they had done honour to the body of Patroclus. Three times did he and his followers march in procession round the dead man's bier, and then Achilles laid his hands on the cold bier, saying,—

'Hector, who slew thee, is dead. I will give his body to the dogs, and twelve Trojans

will I slay here about thine.'

He then flung Hector's corpse down before the bier, and after that he and his friends went to a feast in his ship. He would not wash Hector's blood from

his hands; and he remained, reluctantly, among his troops until they had eaten. Afterwards, he spent the night by the sad sea waves. Long did he keep awake groaning on the shore, and when at last he fell asleep he saw Patroclus, who said,—

‘Can Achilles sleep while his friend is unburied? Bury me; for I can find no rest as long as my body remains above ground. And take care that our ashes remain in a common grave.’

‘O more than brother!’ replied Achilles, ‘art thou once more returned? Let me embrace thee.’

But as he attempted to fold the figure in his arms it cried out, and slipped away like smoke, and Achilles found that it was a dream.

When morning came, Agamemnon sent waggons and men to Mount Ida to hew down oaks for Patroclus’ funeral. The pile of wood being made, the whole army was present in full uniform. The Greeks cut off their locks, and scattered them on the corpse, and Achilles, hanging sadly over his friend, laid a lock of his own hair on the cold hand. He then requested Agamemnon to order the troops to retire, while the chiefs remained to finish the ceremony. It was a cruel one. On the top of the pile they laid the body of Patroclus, together with sheep, oxen, honey, and oil. Four horses, two favourite dogs, and, worst of all, twelve hapless human captives, were then slaughtered, and laid about the heap.

‘I have now fully paid my promise,’ said Achilles to his friend. ‘But Hector’s body shall be a prey to the dogs.’

As the pile burned very slowly, Achilles prayed to the winds to blow. They obeyed, and a brisk breeze sprang up, under the influence of which the wood burned more rapidly. All night long did Achilles stay, watching the fire, and then he retired to sleep.

Next morning he picked out the bones of Patroclus from the embers, and placed them in a golden vase. A building was then reared on the sands to enclose it. Games were then held, rich prizes offered, and generals competed for them, Achilles sitting as judge. First came the chariot races. Among those who contended for this prize were Eumelus, Diomed, Menelaus, Meriones, and one of old Nestor’s sons. Off they started, all together, at the word of command—every whip sounding, every voice shouting. There were clouds of dust, amid which might be seen now and then the smoking chariots, and the drivers, as it were, hanging in the air over their flying steeds. First came Eumelus, and close upon him Diomed. But an accident happened to Eumelus’ chariot. It was broken, and he was thrown out, and so Diomed won. Behind came Menelaus, closely followed by Nestor’s son.

‘Come,’ said Nestor’s son to his horses, ‘though we cannot beat Diomed, we ought to be ashamed if we cannot beat Menelaus.’

And, by dashing on at a very narrow place, where Menelaus slackened pace, fearing an overthrow, Nestor’s son came in second.

Achilles having given Diomed the first prize, awarded the second to Eumelus, who had been thrown out. This offended Nestor’s son, who declared that he would have the second prize because he came in second. The justice of this plea was

admitted, and Nestor’s son received the second prize, while to Eumelus was given a ‘consolation prize.’ But Menelaus had a charge to make against Nestor’s son.

‘He got the better of me by fraud,’ said he. ‘He dare not swear that he has acted fairly.’

‘Well, well,’ said Nestor’s son, ‘sooner than quarrel with Menelaus, I will resign the mare.’ And he did so.

‘It is now my turn to yield,’ said Menelaus; and he at once waived his claim to the mare, and was content with the third prize.

Then came a boxing-match, with heavy iron gloves, for a mule and a goblet. The gigantic Epeus uprose, and shouted out,—

‘The mule is mine—for who dare stand a blow from me?’

A man named Euryalus, urged by his friend Diomed, accepted the challenge, and put on the iron gauntlet. After several blows given and taken, Epeus dealt his rival one full on his cheek, and down he fell, stunned and bleeding. Epeus, extending his hand, lifted him up, and he staggered faintly away.

Then Ajax and Ulysses wrestled for a prize. It was a fine sight to see brute strength matched against perfect skill. At length Ulysses threw Ajax, and fell on him. There, in honourable dust, they continued rolling, each unbeaten, until Achilles ended the well-contested struggle by praising both as equally winners.

Then came a foot-race, in which the lesser Ajax, Ulysses, and Nestor’s son, contended. Ajax was the best runner, but he stumbled on a slippery place, and there he lay, cross and dirty, while everybody laughed, and Ulysses came in first. Nestor’s son made such a polite and pretty speech, that he got a whole talent instead of half a one as his prize.

Then did the huge Ajax and the brave Diomed fight a duel, sheathed in complete armour. It was fought for the arms of Sarpedon. In this combat, short and furious, Diomed had the advantage, and the Greeks, fearing harm might come of it, interposed, and put a stop to the duel.

Then came the throwing of the quoit, a mass of iron which once belonged to Aetion, whom Achilles slew.

‘He who can throw this furthest shall have it,’ said the judge of the sports.

Four very strong men stood up to throw, named Polypoetes, Leonteus, Ajax, and Epeus. The prize fell to Polypoetes, though Ajax made a very great throw.

The archery followed. A pole was set in the ground, and a milk-white pigeon was tied to the pole by a cord. Ten double-edged axes were for him who struck the fluttering bird, and ten single-edged axes for him whose arrow divided the cord. Teucer shot first. His arrow cleft the cord. The bird flew away, and Meriones shot it dead.

The throwing of the dart closed the funeral games. For this Agamemnon was about to contend, and Meriones; but Achilles gracefully offered Agamemnon both the prizes, saying that ‘no one ought to be thought able to surpass their general.’ And Agamemnon, with equal grace, gave the prizes away, one to Meriones, the other to Talthylus.



Ajax and Ulysses Wrestling.

Chatterbox.



Pussy and the Guinea-pig.



PUSSY AND THE GUINEA-PIG.

CATS, when deprived of their kittens, sometimes adopt strange pets to fill their places. Poor Pussy's motherly feelings are very strong, and when she loses her own little ones she is greatly distressed. There is an instance on record of a cat having adopted two young rats, which she carefully nursed in a stable, under the guardianship of the coachman.

A cat I once had took a young guinea-pig to nurse, and the pair became very much attached to each other. Pussy would lie before the fire, and Piggy, nestled at her side, would shily amuse himself by nibbling at her fur whilst she was tenderly licking his bristly little back; but she forgot it was bristles and not fur, and when she licked him up the wrong way it made him grunt with anything but pleasure.

The strangely assorted couple, though differing so widely in their nature and habits, continued closely united till the death of poor Piggy put an end to their companionship.

A. R.

HOW STEEL PENS ARE MADE.

STEEL pens are manufactured from the best description of steel that can be obtained, that made from Swedish iron being usually employed in their manufacture. For making a steel pen, the metal is first rolled, while red-hot, into plates about three feet in length and four inches broad. The plates are annealed by being made hot and slowly cooled, and all oxyd is removed from their surfaces by immersing them in diluted sulphuric acid, which dissolves it away. The plates are then rolled into sheets the thinness of a steel pen. These sheets are cut into pieces, and are afterwards punched out into flat pieces, the size and shape of the future pen, care being taken, in doing this, that the length of the pen should correspond with the fibres of the metal. The hole at the end of the nib, and the side-slits that give flexibility to the pen, are now made, and are cut at a small press. Although in its present state the steel of which the future pen is made is so soft that it may be bent between the fingers like lead, yet it is not sufficiently soft for the process it has to undergo before it assumes a perfect state, and then is again softened by annealing. This is performed by again exposing the pens to heat, and allowing them to cool slowly. When this is done, the name or trade mark of the manufacturer, ornamental device, or other impression, is stamped on the surface of the metal. Up to this point the future pen is perfectly flat; it is now made to assume its curved state. For this purpose it is placed in a groove beneath a press, and a convex die descending powerfully on it bends the metal into the required shape. The pens are hardened by exposing them to a white

heat and then suddenly throwing them into a vessel of oil, any oil that may adhere to them being afterwards removed by shaking them in a cylinder. It is now necessary to temper the metal to the degree of elasticity required for writing. For this purpose the pens are placed in a cylinder closed at one end, which revolves over a charcoal fire; this process not being unlike the manner in which coffee-berries are roasted. By being exposed to this heat the surface of the steel changes its colour. It becomes a gray, a straw-colour, a brown, and, as the process is continued, a deep blue. The pens are then placed in a metal cylinder containing sand or the powder from broken crucibles, and caused to revolve rapidly, by which means the surface of the metal becomes perfectly clear and bright. After this the backs of the nibs of the pens are ground. This is done by applying them for an instant, one by one, to the surface of a revolving wheel. Then the slit between the nibs is cut, by means of a small die press. The steel pen is now finished, and only requires to be coloured brown or blue, by exposure to heat, until it assumes the tint required. The pens are then varnished by being dipped into shellac dissolved in spirits of wine or naphtha, and exposed to a moderate heat to dry them.

—*Cassell's Household Guide.*

WOLVES CAUGHT.

A PEASANT in Russia was once pursued in his sledge by eleven wolves. Being about two miles from home, he urged his horse to the very extent of his speed. At the entrance to his residence was a gate, which, being shut at the time, the frightened horse dashed open, and carried his master safely into the courtyard. Nine of the wolves followed them into the enclosure, when fortunately the gate swung back and shut them all, as it were, in a trap. Finding themselves thus caught, the animals seemed to lose all their ferocity, and, as escape was impossible, slunk into holes and corners, molesting no one, and offering no resistance. They were all despatched without further difficulty.

TREES AND THEIR USES.

THE ACACIA.



THE Acacia is a native of North America. It is much valued for its timber, and it is also a tree of great beauty. The branches, however, are very brittle, and the tree is not long-lived. The name Acacia is incorrect. It was given to the tree when first brought over here, because it bore some likeness to the Egyptian Acacia, from its prickles and from the shape of its leaves.

The tree, however, is found nowhere in a self-sown state, except in North America, where it grows freely from Canada to Carolina. Its common name out there is 'the Locust Tree.' Sometimes the wood is red, at other times greenish, yellow, or white. The red is most esteemed, and the white least. It has

beautiful flowers, purple, yellow, or white, according to the variety.

The acacia will occasionally reach a stature of eighty feet even in England, especially in the vicinity of London. The leaves are remarkably smooth—so fine and slippery that dust will scarcely ever lodge on them. The flowers hang in bunches, and have a sweet smell. In old trees the bark is deeply furrowed, and the thorns disappear. It is a very rapidly growing tree whilst young, and it makes heart wood at a surprisingly early age.

The acacia was one of the first trees imported from America, and it has been extensively planted in England, and on the Continent. The first seeds, says Loudon, in his admirable book on trees, were sent from America to the forester of Louis XIII. in the year 1635.

This tree is highly ornamental, but from the brittle nature of its branches it is apt to be broken and made unsightly. As Gilpin says, 'The branch you admire to-day may be demolished to-morrow.' On this account many acacias which once adorned St. James's Park were cut down; and for this reason also it is well to plant them in a sheltered place.

Many timber houses in America, built of acacia when the country was first settled, were standing safe and sound a century after their erection. Ships have been built with planks nailed together by acacia pins in lieu of iron bolts. When the shipwright has wished to substitute iron, these pins have had to be punched out with an iron punch. These acacia pins, or treenails, as they are more correctly called, are much used now by ship-builders.

In 1819 from fifty to a hundred thousand were imported annually to England. The tree is useful for many things, such as vine-props, posts, and fences, sills of doors, hop-poles, hoops, cogs for wheels, and the axles of carriages, &c. American cabinet-makers also use this wood much. Stakes made of acacia have been known to stand exposure to the weather for a century; and indeed it is said, on good authority, acacia lasts longer than any wood excepting yew. Nor does it break to any strain. An axle-tree of ash used by Lord King in a timber-drag lasted but two years, while one made of acacia was as sound as ever after being eleven years in use.

Cattle love the leaves of the acacia, and in France the green shoots are tied up and dried, and placed among straw, to which they impart a sweet savour. A pleasant syrup is made from the blossoms.

'Nothing in the timber way,' says Cobbett, 'can be so profitable as the cultivation of the acacia.' He who thus recommended the plantation of acacias sold more than a million of plants!

The leaves come forth late in the season, and depart early, being tender. They have the habit of folding each over the other in wet weather, and at night also. A child who had noticed this latter habit said, 'It is not bed-time, for the acacia has not begun its prayers.' If you wish for some acacias procure the seed and sow it. The best seed comes from America, and the best time to sow is autumn, though some nurserymen choose April. It is well to steep the seeds in warm water just before they are sown. By the next autumn, if you are lucky, your plants will be about a yard in height.

A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

(Continued from p. 388.)



ON the morning of the 1st of August the mist cleared away, and they found they were within sight of land, which Captain Stanley believed to be Melville Island. The ship was making very slow progress, every inch having to be gained by a struggle with the floes of ice. A few whales were observed at some little distance, and here, for the first time, David saw that beautiful creature the narwhal, or sea-unicorn. It is about sixteen

feet long, gray, spotted with black; but the most curious thing is the long ivory horn growing from the head of the creature, which it uses to procure food with, and sometimes to pierce the ice from below, and get a breath of air underneath. One of the seamen, who was used to the Greenland fisheries, told the boy, that when it was struck by the harpoon it would dive to a great depth, and on coming up again to breathe it had to be killed by lances. It was a very dangerous work, he added: and though the flesh was good for food, it was chiefly for the sake of the valuable horn that the sea-unicorns were killed.

Meantime the weather was becoming bitterly cold; the ship was in the midst of snow and biting winds, at a time when, in England, we have our warmest season. The most experienced seamen declared that they had never known an Arctic winter begin earlier, and that it was likely to be a most severe one. One day it was found that the vessel was quite immovable, and, to all appearance, frozen up in an immense block of ice. All efforts were used to heave the ship a-head, but so firmly was the keel imbedded in the heavy mass that she could not be moved an inch. The officers and men were therefore sent out to the nearest piece of open water, and with axes, hand-spikes, ice-chisels, and long poles, began the tedious work of cutting away the sludge, or thin ice which held the larger pieces together, and moving them off into the open space. This was great fun to David Price, though he slipped and tumbled about a great deal, and had a near escape of what befell one unlucky fellow, who broke the thin ice and plunged up to his neck in the freezing water. Another, in trying to move a piece of ice by pushing against a larger block, set himself adrift with it, amidst the shouts of laughter of his companions.

They did succeed at last in setting the ship free from her icy prison, and she crept for a few miles along narrow lanes of water; but snow and wind came on, and they were again blocked up. For some days the ship lay becalmed only a few miles from the land, which lay on the side of an impassable barrier. On the 20th of September the wind rose, and the surrounding ice was shaken so violently as to rise in great masses on all sides, looking almost like a frozen city. The *Hudson* was severely pressed, so much so that the Greenland seamen on board wondered that she could have resisted the shock; she then went on, drifting helplessly with the ice



Trees and their Uses.—The Acacia.



David roughly shaken by one of his companions.

towards the shore. This, which at first seemed like certain destruction, proved the greatest safeguard, for, being fixed in the solid mass as it were in a block of marble, she was protected from the floating icebergs around. The chief danger was that the ice might strike against the bare, rocky cliffs, break up and wreck the ship.

The cold, meantime, began to be so severe, that, in a single night, ice five inches thick was formed over the hole which was kept open in case of fire. The men's breath looked like smoke, and condensed into ice round the walls of the cabins, so that it was impossible to keep the bedding dry, and some of the crew soon fell ill in consequence. Another curious effect of intense cold was the distance at which sounds could be heard in the open air. Sometimes, when men were more than a mile from the ship, they could hear voices on deck.

The chief amusement of the crew was shooting ptarmigan and grouse, occasionally hunting reindeer and musk-oxen, and frequently playing foot-ball on the ice to keep their blood in circulation. One day, when David had been allowed to join a party with Lieutenant Fisher and some other officers and men, a marine named Saunders, who had wandered to some distance from the rest, came running towards them pursued by a large white bear. He was wounded by several balls, but succeeded in making

his escape, to the great disappointment of everybody, for he was the only one seen during their stay on the ice. On another occasion, some deer being seen at a distance, a party was sent out after them, and followed a long way without noticing how far they had left the ship. It was growing late, and David, who till then had kept on in front, was thoroughly overcome with cold and fatigue, and sank drowsily to the ground. He was dropping off into a delicious sleep, when he was roughly shaken by one of his companions, who came up and found him there.

'Price! my good fellow! get up this instant!' he cried, loudly and eagerly.

'Oh, let me be,' murmured David; 'it's so jolly!'

'Let you be! Let you die, I suppose you mean; for if a fellow falls asleep with the cold, he never wakes up again.'

The poor boy, however, was too far gone to be roused by words, and it was only by means of a violent shaking and rubbing with snow that he was at last awakened to a sense of his danger. One poor fellow, who was the last to return on board, had his hands severely frost-bitten, having rashly gone out without his woollen mittens, and carrying a musket.

On the 4th of November the sun disappeared for ninety-six days, not to be seen again till the 8th of February. After the beginning of this long, dark winter, no living creatures were to be seen except

wolves and foxes. Sometimes, for hours together, the wolves were heard piteously howling upon the ice, or, made bold by hunger, they would even venture alongside the ship when all was quiet at night. A beautiful little white fox, which had been caught in a trap set under the bows of the *Hudson*, used to be terribly frightened whenever he heard a wolf howling near the ship.

We will pass quickly over those three long, dreary, winter months, which, however, were not spent in total darkness, although the sun never appeared above the horizon. The stars were seen at noon, and the sky was often brilliant with the beautiful northern lights, of all the colours of the rainbow.

One morning, early in February, those on deck were surprised to see a number of strange people coming across the ice from the direction of Melville Island. Captain Stanley and some of his officers went out to meet them, and found they were a party of Esquimaux, who, by way of greeting, all stood in a row silently stroking the front of their deerskin jackets. They had brought a few skins and blades of whalebone, which were soon exchanged for some small nails and beads.

When the officers returned to the ship, David Price was so eager to hear about those wonderful natives, that Lieutenant Fisher, who had grown very fond of the boy, promised to take him next day with the party to see the Esquimaux village. They started early in the morning, and to their great surprise, when they reached the spot, found a regular encampment of six huts, with canoes, sledges, dogs, and more than sixty men, women, and children, all comfortably settled as if they had been living there all the winter. The houses were built of oblong slabs of ice, beautifully cemented together with snow; they were of a round shape, something like gipsies' tents, as David thought, and were very light and comfortable inside. Some of the women were busy cooking food over the lamps, of which each family had one hung from the roof; and the children, at the sight of the strangers, hid behind their mothers, looking in their deerskin coats like so many little wild animals. David was much amused at the eagerness with which a black-eyed urchin picked up and swallowed a great lump of fat, just as an English child would a sugar-plum.

A few of the dogs were in the huts, but others were in the kennels of ice outside, and looked as if they were in glass cases.

The village was built on the edge of the shore, to be more convenient for fishing, as the Esquimaux did not seem to lay by any store of provisions, but lived entirely from hand to mouth.

Some of the men had been out all night hunting the walrus—often a very difficult and dangerous work, as the animal sometimes attacks the canoe and demolishes it with his tusks. While David and his companions were in the village the news arrived that two walruses had been taken. The greatest excitement prevailed, and the women ran from one hut to another hugging each other for joy. There was quite a festival in all the place; the Esquimaux invited the English seamen to join them in a seal-hunt the next day. To his great delight, David Price obtained leave to go with two of his shipmates.

Early next morning they left the ship, and found the hunters just on the point of starting for their expedition. As the spot they had fixed upon was at some distance, the party went in two sledges, each drawn by half-a-dozen dogs, fastened to it by a simple harness of deerskin going round the neck and fore-legs. One of these intelligent animals was fastened in front of the others by a longer trace as a leader, and to him the driver seemed to address himself when he wished to quicken the pace, or turn to the right or left. On reaching the edge of the floe where the seals were supposed to be the men separated, and crept very cautiously in different directions. Presently one of them, after listening with his ear close to the ice, began to build a low snow wall to shelter himself from the bitter wind, and then sat down to wait for the seal.

David went on with others of the party, but when they returned three hours after, the man was still sitting there. As they watched him, however, at some distance, they saw him suddenly strike the thin ice in front of him violently with his spear. His companions immediately joined him, and, breaking away the ice soon killed and brought out a fine seal, the only one caught that day. David was afterwards told, that these seal-hunters will sit in that way for ten or twelve hours at a time, and perhaps not catch one after all.

The month of May had arrived, and still the ship was in her icy prison; she was, however, afloat, for the men had succeeded in cutting away the ice around. One day a shower of rain fell, and it was so great a curiosity that every one hastened on deck to see it. Although, as the weather became warmer, the thaw advanced rapidly, it was late in July before the *Hudson* was completely free; and after having been icebound for eleven months, at length set sail for the shores of England. We need not follow their homeward voyage; enough to say, that before long they hailed with delight the white cliffs of their native land.

(Concluded in our next.)

TALES OF TROY.

No. XX.—HECTOR'S BODY RANSOMED AND BURIED.



CHILLES could not yet sleep. His thoughts were busied about his dear friend and the happy past. He went over all the deeds which they had done, and all the journeys they had taken together, and he poured out his griefs to the sea until the east was crimson with dawn. He then yoked his steeds to his chariot, and dragged

Hector's body thrice round the monument of Patroclus. Not till then could the savage hero sleep.

Moved by his mother Thetis, he at length consented to restore Hector's body, and about the same time

Iris went to induce Priam to go in person and beg for it. He was to go alone, and without fear. Hecuba thought his going was sheer madness, but he would not listen to his wife's counsel.

'Heaven orders me to go,' said he, 'and all your talking is useless. If I am to die in the Grecian camp I am content.'

Priam then selected some costly gifts which he thought proper for the occasion, and set forth on his melancholy errand. The poor old man had become peevish. He called his sons inglorious, and he said,—

'Mars has taken my best, and left me none but gluttons and dancers.'

They heard their father in silence, and brought forth the chariot, and placed in it the gifts. Ere he started, Hecuba came out with a golden bowl full of wine, which she bade him pour out to Jove. He did so, having first washed his hands. He then prayed that Achilles might be in a merciful mood, and he asked for a sign that his prayers were heard. This was given, and when Hecuba saw it she was happier; and Priam, driven by Idæus, then went forth across the lonely fields. Mercury, like a handsome youth, came to him, as his mules were drinking at Ilus' fountain. Priam was startled, but the youth allayed his fears, saying,—

'I will not harm you.'

'I am going through dangers,' said Priam; 'but I am under heavenly care, and I hail thee as my guide. Is it not so?'

Mercury said he was one of Achilles' soldiers, and would guide him to his chief.

'Tell me,' said Priam, anxiously, 'where my son's body is. Is it torn, or is it whole?'

'Neither dogs nor birds have touched it,' replied the young man. 'Hector lies strong and majestic in death.'

'Heaven is good,' cried the old man. 'My son never forgot Heaven, and Heaven does not forget him. But take me safely to Achilles, and I will give thee this goblet.'

'I may not receive gifts,' said the stranger; 'but I will take thee where thou fain wouldst go.'

So saying, he took the reins, and drove rapidly to Achilles' tent, where he vanished. Priam entered, and entreated Achilles to give up Hector's body.

'Think of thy own father,' implored he, 'and pity me.'

The stern warrior was moved. He lifted up the poor old man, and, gazing on his white head and kingly form, he said,—

'Unhappy man, what sorrow thou hast known! And what a bold heart thou must have, to come hither and face thy furious enemy. Do not mourn—what must be, must be. My father has his evil to bear, as well as thou. I am his only son, and I am doomed to die in a foreign land.'

'O give me Hector,' murmured Priam, 'and take my gifts. I ask no more.'

'Do not try to bend my will by your tears and offerings,' replied Achilles, somewhat crossly. 'I mean to yield thy Hector. I have been inclined so to do by my mother. Seek not to move me then by thy arts.'

So saying, he went and wrapped Hector's body in a carpet and mantle, and placed it in Priam's

chariot. At the same time he begged Patroclus to forgive him, if he had done wrong in yielding up the body.

He then said to Priam,—

'Thou shalt have thy son's corpse to-morrow morning. But now, thou must eat and drink, lest thou suffer like Niobe. Remember the griefs of other parents, and lessen thine own. Hector shall be wept and buried, and rest in peace.'

After a bounteous meal, Priam begged he might retire, for, said he,—

'I have never slept since Hector died.'

Achilles then bade his servants prepare a bed worthy of the guest, but before Priam withdrew he asked him what length of time he would require for the funeral of Hector.

'Nine days,' replied Priam, 'for mourning; and the tenth for the funeral—the eleventh for the monument—and the twelfth for war, if war we must!'

'So be it,' replied Achilles. 'So long, then, we agree to suspend the fall of Troy.'

He then said, 'Good night,' and they separated. Very early in the morning Priam was aroused, and warned to lose no time. He obeyed, and drove rapidly towards Troy. When Cassandra, the prophetess, saw her dead brother, she began to weep afresh, and her cries aroused the citizens, who, with Hecuba and Andromache at their head, met Priam near the Scaean gate.

Hector's body was laid on a bed of state amid loud sounds of lamentation. Andromache threw her white arms around his neck.

'O my Hector!' cried she. 'I am now desolate, and Troy shall sink, a smoking ruin. Who can now protect her? My son, thou wilt be a slave, or else be hurled headlong from the tower by some revengeful Greek! Oh, why did I not hold my dying Hector's hand, and hear his last words?'

After the afflicted widow, spoke the sorrowing mother. She could rejoice, she said, even in her great grief, because Hector's body, though it had been so maltreated, remained fair and majestic.

Next, the beautiful Helen, weeping bitterly, made her lament over him whom she called her dearest friend. She praised him for being so gentle, as well as so brave. Never had she had from him, in twenty years, one unkind word. By others she had been insulted—their pride and their scorn had entered her soul, but Hector had never once reproached her.

As twelve days had been granted by Achilles for an armistice,* the oxen and wains went in safety to mount Ida, and returned laden with wood for the funeral pile.

On the tenth day of the armistice the pile was reared, and, when Hector's body was placed on it, the wood was set on fire. When the flames had done their work the embers were quenched with wine, and the bones of Hector were gathered and placed in a golden vase. This was then wrapped in a pall of purple, and buried. All Troy was present at the funeral of her greatest hero, and, when the last rites were complete, the multitude returned in solemn silence to the doomed city.

G. S. O.

* An armistice is a short peace.

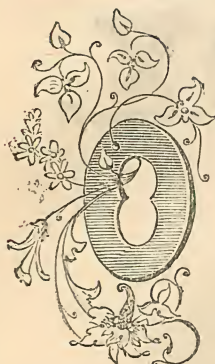


Priam entreating Achilles to give up the Body of Hector.

Chatterbox.



Saved from Drowning by Dogs.

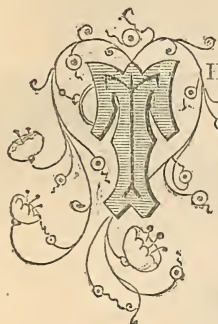


A DROWNING CHILD SAVED BY DOGS.

ONE Monday afternoon a child belonging to Thomas Swinburne, head gamekeeper to Mr. F. Bell, Thirsk, was saved through the instinct of dogs. On this day the keeper and his wife went to Thirsk market, leaving a child, two years of age, in charge of his daughter. While the latter was busy with household matters the child wandered away, accompanied by a retriever and a terrier, getting as far as a pond leading on to the Newsham high road, about eighty yards away from its home. Miss Swinburne was first apprised of the absence of the child by the retriever coming into the house and barking. She followed the dog, who led her to the pond, where she found the little terrier holding the child up by the arm, with its head above the water. The pond was deep, and it is supposed that the retriever had, in the first place, succeeded in getting the child out of danger, and then, leaving the child in shallow water, had returned home to tell the inmates what had occurred.

A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

(Concluded from p. 398.)



THE summer was far advanced when one day a young sailor-boy landed on the pier at Yarmouth, and with eager steps hastened towards the town. In the eventful eighteen months which had elapsed since he left the port, he was so much altered that you would scarcely have recognised him to be our old friend David Price. During that long time, which, as we have heard, had been chiefly spent in the Arctic Seas, he had never once received any tidings of the little brother he had left at Yarmouth. No wonder that his thoughts were full of Johnny, and that he was impatient to see him again.

Until David had reached the pier, no doubts or fears had entered his mind; he had been full of joyful expectation, but when he was thus almost at his journey's end he began to feel anxious and uneasy.

'Suppose Johnny were ill?' he thought; 'or, perhaps, he never got over my going away without saying good-bye; or if something should have happened to him?'

At each new thought he quickened his steps, and soon reached the long, narrow street, and could just see the very house where he had left his brother.

He stood still for a minute, and felt the tears stealing into his eyes; then, taking fresh courage, he stepped onwards to the door. A stranger was standing behind the shop-counter, and David, who could bear the suspense no longer, abruptly asked him, 'Is my brother in?' Johnny Price is my brother,' he added impatiently, as the man looked at him with surprise.

'There is no one of that name, as I knows on; but you'd best wait till master comes home, for maybe he'll know.'

This was a terrible blow, and at first the poor boy could not find words to tell his story; but in a few minutes a faint hope returned to him, and he asked in a low, husky voice, 'Where is your master?'

'On the Denes—gone to see a foot-ball match; and a fine sight it is, I can tell you.'

David waited to hear no more; he eagerly hastened out, and after a weary search through the crowd assembled to see the match, at length found the man in whose care he had left his brother with so much confidence. But here a further disappointment awaited him. The baker told him a long, plausible story, of which this is the sum in a few words:—Johnny had turned out very badly, was lazy and impudent, would do nothing he was told, and could not be made to go to school. At last, one day he ran away, taking some money which had been left loose in the till, and had never been heard of since.

In vain David refused to believe this story; he could answer for Johnny as for himself, and it was impossible he could have been so wicked. The man became violent and abusive, declared that if he found the little vagabond he should be put in prison, and told David to go about his business.

Poor David! Was this the welcome home which he had so eagerly looked forward to? In many a weary hour the thought of meeting his brother had been a comfort and support to him; it had cheered his homeward voyage, and until he reached Yarmouth not a doubt or fear had crossed his mind. Oh, why had he ever left him? How could he have placed such blind confidence in a stranger? Bitterly David reproached himself, but his heart swelled with grief as he remembered how vain and useless were all regrets for the past. The one terrible question rose up before him—'Where was Johnny? what had become of him?' and until that was answered he could never know a moment's peace.

We cannot dwell upon the lad's long and weary search for his little brother, but must hasten onwards. As weeks and months passed away, the poor fellow wandered from town to town and from village to village, looking eagerly in the face of every boy he met, in the forlorn hope of seeing once more those familiar features which were dearer to him than all the world besides.

By leaving the sea, he had lost his friends and given up his prospects in life, and as time wore on and he was still wearily earning the means of going from one place to another, only to meet with daily disappointment, his courage began to fail him, and his heart grew sick with hope deferred.

One dreary day, poor David had walked many

miles in a pitiless rain; he was nearly worn out with hunger and fatigue, for he had tasted nothing but a crust since the morning, and it was growing late when he reached the little village of Fenwick in Norfolk. As he looked anxiously about for some house where he might beg a night's shelter, he saw an old man coming out of a field with a spade on his back, and asked if he could point him out a likely place.

'You'd best go to that farm, lad, nigh the church. She is a kind body the missus, and maybe she will find you a corner in the barn: though we don't think much of tramps in our parts,' added the labourer, shaking his head.

A quarter of an hour later, the poor lad was warming himself before a good fire in the old-fashioned farmhouse kitchen, while the mistress of the house, whose suspicion of beggars in general had been dismissed at the sight of David's honest face, was busy getting some supper ready for him. Meanwhile some farm-lads, who were sitting sleepily on a bench near the fire, stared at him in his ragged sailor's clothes as though he had been some kind of wild beast. David sat down to his bread and cheese, but he felt too ill to eat, for his throat was dry and parched, and his head burning.

'What's the matter, lad?' asked the farmer's wife presently. 'You look half starved, but you don't get on with your supper. Why, you're all of a shiver!'

The poor boy replied, in a trembling voice, that he did not feel very well. 'They will turn me out now into the dark, cold, rainy night,' he thought bitterly. But the good woman's heart was touched by the sight of his pale face, and the tears came into her eyes as she thought that her son Dick, 'who had gone for a soldier in foreign parts,' might at any time be sick and friendless, far from his home, like this poor boy. So she made him up a bed in a snug corner of the hayloft, and gave him some hot drink.

How long that night seemed to David, who was feverish and restless! and when he fell into an uneasy sleep, had such fearful dreams that he was glad to be awake again, and find they were not true. It was of Johnny, always of Johnny, that he dreamt. Sometimes his brother was drowning and he could not put out a hand to help him, or he was carried off by a shark, or was in a burning house and surrounded by the flames, and each time the bitter thought filled poor David's mind that it was all *his* fault. 'Oh, why had he left him? why had he never even said good-bye to him?'

When the morning came at last the poor fellow was delirious, and calling wildly for Johnny, to the great alarm of his hostess, who sent off at once for the village doctor. When he came, a few hours later, he pronounced David to have a violent attack of fever, which he said had probably been brought on by exposure and want of sufficient food. However it might be, the homeless boy in his hour of need had met with kind friends, who nursed and watched him almost as tenderly as if he had been their son. Even the farmer remarked to a neighbour, one market-day, 'My good woman's gone clean demented about that sailor-lad, who is neither kith

nor kin to her; but she says he minds her of our boy Dick, who left us for a soldier five years ago come Lady-day. Poor chap! I hope he'll mend.'

It was a very serious illness, and at one time, indeed, there was scarcely any hope that he would get over it. His long anxiety about his little brother, his bitter disappointment and remorse, had preyed upon his mind until it had brought him to this. But youth was on his side in the struggle with disease, and after some weeks the doctor declared him to be out of danger.

'He'll pick up his strength again in no time now, Mrs. Freeman,' said he. 'It's kitchen physic he needs, not mine.'

Some months had passed away, and the days were fast lengthening in the spring sunshine, as David Price sat again by the farmer's fireside, enjoying a little laziness while he waited for his supper. He was glad of a rest after his day's work in the fields. When he recovered from the fever he had told his sad story to the kind friends who had been the means of saving his life, and the farmer had said to him, 'Bide with us, lad. Where's the good of wasting your life a-wandering about, when, ten to one, you'll never find your poor brother after all? The world's too wide for that, so you'd best give it up.'

He had listened to this wise advice and stayed on at the farm, but he was growing weary of the tame, quiet life, the same every day, and his thoughts often turned to the sea. As time passed on, however, and he did his best, he found that he was becoming very useful to his master, who often said he could trust him to do anything, and should miss him more than anybody else. That evening, as David sat by the fire, he was thinking of all these things, and of his future life. Would it be right to follow his own pleasure, and leave those who had been so kind to him? How could he ever repay them for what they had done for him? No, he sadly thought, it would be ungrateful to leave them,—it was his duty to stay.

We must now pass over six years, which, quiet and uneventful as they were, left their traces behind, even in the peaceful little village of Fenwick. There was scarcely a cottage in which there had not been some change; rosy-cheeked children, who had once played in those country lanes, had now gone out into the world to work; old people had passed away, and young men and women filled their places.

It was a lovely summer day in the pleasant hay-making season, and a little group of workers were resting from their labour under an old apple-tree in Farmer Freeman's meadow. David Price, now grown into a man, was leaning against the tree, and the farmer's wife, with her daughter Molly, were sitting in the shade. The farmer himself was talking to the haymakers, who were having their dinner at the other end of the field; there was a splendid crop of hay, and everybody seemed bright and happy.

'I've a piece of news for you, mother,' said Molly. 'Martha Cox says the new schoolmaster's come to-day, and he looks so young she don't think the boys will mind him.'

'There's old heads on young shoulders sometimes,



The old man directing David to the Farm.

Molly; and they do say that he has a wonderful turn for teaching and such-like. Anyways we shall see. Poor lad!' added the kind-hearted woman, 'it will be lonesome and dull-like for him to come to a strange place, with never a creature to say a kind word to him.'

'I'll step down the lane and have a chat with him, by-and-by,' said David. 'It will be doing as one would be done by; though it's many a day since I've known what it is to want friends.'

'That's right, Davy lad; and ask him to come up and have a bit and sup with us to-night,' added Mrs. Freeman.

Did any strange presentiment of coming joy gladden the heart of David Price as he wandered

down the shady lane, rich in ferns and wild flowers, while the evening shadows were lengthening around him? I cannot tell; but this I know, that life seemed full of hope and pleasure to him, for the one sad memory of the Past was almost buried under his present happiness. He turned the corner by the pool and came in sight of the pretty school-house, half hidden by the clustering roses. A tall, thin young man, who was standing near the garden gate, started and turned round at the sound of David's merry whistle. One look at the young schoolmaster, and David stood there silent, bewildered. Was it all a dream? Did his eyes deceive him? No, that was impossible—for there before him was Johnny, his long-lost brother!



SCENES IN DEVON AND CORNWALL. UP THE TAMAR.



OUR little steamer is lying in Millbay, Plymouth. The last whistle is given, the last late passenger is hustled on board, a few shouts, and then the ropes are cast off and we are on our way. We steam out under the frowning batteries of Drake's Island. In front is the green and wooded Mount Edgcumbe. To our right are the huge buildings of the Royal

Victualling Yard, and Mount Wise, crowned with earthworks, with cannon peeping through the embra-

tures. We point up the Hamoaze, and Devonport Dockyard soon is on our right. Old men-of-war, three-deckers, that may have sailed with Nelson, and old screw-frigates, which perhaps faced the batteries of Cronstadt under Napier, lie out in the stream. Here and there is a specimen of the modern war-ship. The *Hecate*, an ungainly monster with two turrets, and not at all like a ship, steams past us, and the five-masted *Agincourt* is at anchor close by. We pass Keyham Steam-yard, with its hundred acres of docks, basins, and war-ships, and approach Saltash. Rounding a corner, we are in sight of one of Brunel's greatest engineering feats. Across the Tamar, from the heights on one side to the heights on the other, stretches the Royal Albert Bridge, with a length of more than seven hundred yards. Its most striking

features are the two centre arches, of great width. Upon huge piers of brickwork, which yet seem slender by reason of their height, rest two tubular iron bows or arches, from these is suspended the roadway. A view of the bridge from the railway station at one end best conveys an idea of its size. Leaving Saltash, the rural beauties of the Tamar open before us. Some one has called it the English Rhine, and perhaps it deserves the name. As we steam on, the river gradually grows narrow. At one time the banks are sloping, and ripe barley waves close to the water's edge. At another, steep cliffs or shelving hillsides, covered with trees, shut in the view. Hills are oftentimes all round us. We seem to be sailing over a narrow lake, and, looking forward or behind, a keen eye can see no outlet. Then we find the river suddenly winding round the base of some hill, and another beautiful scene is before us. We land at Calstock, an old-fashioned village, where every house announces, 'Boiling water for parties,' as if the visitors were lobsters. Thence we walk to Cothele, an old house dating from the Tudor times, and connected with some stories of Charles I. In its cool woods we wander until time warns us to return to our boat, and to the streets, the noise, the soldiers and sailors of Plymouth.

A. R. B.

HOW WE KILLED A BEAR.

A True Story from Hudson's Bay.



A BLACK bear it was—jet black. We do some times see white bears here too, but not often, for they prefer staying far out on the coast. Whenever a white bear comes in here it is by mistake. And he soon finds out his mistake, as a young one did last winter, that wandered up our river here on the ice till he came close in front of one of the houses which stand overlooking the bank. An Indian lad was the first to see him; and seizing his gun, he sent a couple of bullets after him, one of which struck him in the back. The unfortunate bear, finding himself wounded, stood up on his hind legs, uttered a sharp cry, and then shambled off across the river to the woods on the opposite side. But the Indian was too swift-footed for him, and before he could reach the woods the Indian's gun had flashed again, and the poor bear dropped just as he had gained the bank.

But it was a black bear I intended writing about; and it was killed in summer, when the ice and snow had all cleared away, and the great river was running free. It was the summer of 1878. I had been up the river about 400 miles, and was on my way home. There were four of us in a little birch-bark canoe—three Indians and myself. The current was carrying us on at a good rate, so there was no need to paddle much. Both banks of the river were covered with tall pine-trees, and fringed with willows almost down to the water's edge. We had been moving on silently and pleasantly for a couple of hours without seeing a single living thing, except a solitary beaver, which

with a loud flap of his flat tail plunged under the water before we could get our guns ready. Presently we came to a spot where the river widened to about half a mile, and were gliding on as before, when one of the Indians pointed at once to a black object on the shore. We instantly saw that it was a black bear, about three-parts grown, walking leisurely along the shore in the shallow water, evidently intending to cross the river. We pulled round the canoe, but still allowed ourselves to drift on as before. In a minute or so, Bruin, quite unconscious of our presence, plunged into the water and made for the other side. We waited till he was well out, and then we paddled up to him as fast as possible. We caught him up some time before he reached the shore—the huge fellow, with his long snout and small eyes, and nostrils distended with the efforts he was making to get away from us. We were soon within half-a-dozen yards of him.

'Why don't you fire?' I asked.

'Stay,' answered the Indian; 'he will sink if we shoot him here, and we shall lose him. Let him reach the shore first.'

So the bear swam on, and we kept our distance behind him. Once or twice he attempted to turn and swim away in another direction: but we paddled in the direction he turned, and compelled him to keep a straight course. It was rather an exciting time as we neared the shore. The Indian at the bow of the canoe sat, with his gun levelled at the bear's head, waiting for the moment when the bear's feet should touch the bottom. Soon the water became shallow. An extra stroke or two of the paddles brought us within five yards of the bear, who had just begun to feel the ground, and was emerging from the water, when the Indian, cool and steady, drew his trigger, and lodged his bullet in the bear's side.

Bruin dropped down instantly; but we waited a few minutes till we thought life was extinct, and then we went ashore and put a cord round his head and drew him up on the bank. It was as much as we could do, for he was very fat. It was too early in the afternoon to think of going ashore for the night; so we tied his feet together in pairs, put a stick through them, and, after several vain attempts, succeeded in lifting him bodily into the canoe, and started again with our gunwales down to the water's edge.

We had not gone far before our attention was attracted by a sound on the shore. Dead leaves were rustling, and dry sticks snapping off, as though beneath some heavy footstep. The Indian at the bow pulled the canoe's head round, and we paddled gently against the stream to keep our position. Presently the sounds came nearer, and the willows began swaying about, and out walked a full-grown black bear, followed by a little whelp. The old bear stood still, and the little one had just put its paws on its mother's back to spring on her shoulders (for in this way they cross the river), when they caught sight of us. They were well within range of our guns, but our canoe was already overloaded, so we simply shouted and clapped our hands, and enjoyed the haste with which they beat a retreat far away into the depth of the forest.

At night, after deciding where we should sleep, we lifted our 'big game' ashore, and by the time we had

got up our tents and lighted a fire it was dark. The spot we had chosen was only some half-dozen yards across, surrounded by thick underwood, out of which rose tall pines whose branches nearly met. Even a view of the river was shut out by the high willows.

After partaking of some food, the Indians at once began the work of the evening. The bear was placed on his back, with his legs in the air, and the three men, with bare arms and sharp knives, took their seats on the ground around him. First, the paws were cut off—how like human feet they were!—then the skin was removed; then, a layer of fat between two and three inches thick, which covered the whole body. Then the carcase was cut up into joints. As I stood by and watched this last operation, I could not help thinking how startled even a brave man would have been had he stumbled on the scene unawares. There sat the Indians, perfectly silent, besmeared with blood and grease, cutting away at the mass of flesh, and looking so very like wretches who were perpetrating some horrible murder—a comparison decidedly favoured by the yellow glare of the fire-light and the death-like stillness and blackness of the surrounding forest. But no criminals were those three honest, good-hearted fellows; and the scene changed later in the evening, when, after the meat had been placed on a rack over the fire to dry, we all knelt down bareheaded, and thanked God for the food which He had given us, and committed ourselves to His care for the night. J. H. K.

SCRAPS OF BIOGRAPHY.

LORD MACAULAY was deficient in some of the qualities which make a man neat in his person and surroundings. His efforts to shave himself did not meet with much success. When he left for India, a cupboard was found at his chambers full of razor-strops all hacked and ruined. About this time he had to call in the services of a barber.

When Macaulay had been shaved, he of course asked, 'What shall I give you?'

'Oh,' said the barber, 'just give me what you generally give the person who shaves you.'

'In that case,' said the historian, 'I shall give you a great gash on each cheek!'

MATHEWS, the comedian, in his younger days was once dining with a wealthy silversmith and pawnbroker. During the meal, the host was called away into the shop on business. Mathews at once rose from his seat, changed his features, arrangement of his hair, &c., took up a silver gravy-spoon from the table, and ran into the street. Thence he walked into one of the partitioned spaces at the pawnbroker's counter, and actually offered his host his own gravy-spoon in pledge! It was received, the money paid, and Mathews had time to slip back to the dinner-table before the pawnbroker returned. Of course what had happened was then told to him, and we can imagine his surprise.

WHEN GALILEO was being persecuted at Rome for his bold statement of scientific truth, a Dominican Friar preached a sermon against him and his followers from the text, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?'

THE LION AND HIS PET.

A LITTLE dog was once thrown into the den of a lion in the Tower Menagerie, for the purpose of seeing the manner in which this animal springs upon his prey. The poor little animal skulked, in terror, to the remotest corner of the cage; but the lion, more merciful than man, refused to harm him, and regarded him with the greatest complacency. The little trembler, seeing the lion's mildness, ventured to approach him, and soon becoming familiar, they lived together thenceforward in the most perfect harmony; and although the dog had sometimes the temerity to dispute his share of food with the lion, the latter magnanimously allowed him to satisfy his appetite before he thought of making a meal himself.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE TALES OF TROY.



TROY was taken soon after the death of Hector, by means of a wooden horse, which was brought into the city. Inside it several of the bravest Greeks were concealed.

Troy fell about B.C. 1184; so all these events happened more than 3000 years ago. And what became of the several chiefs who have figured in these tales?

Achilles, the terrible, was shot in the heel by Paris. It was rather a shameful end for so great a soldier, to die from a wound in the heel made by the woman-warrior Paris.

Agamemnon, the king of men, and leader of the whole Greek army, met a still more tragic fate. When he returned home he was murdered by his own wife, the wicked Clytemnestra, who had ceased to love him.

The unfortunate Ajax, strong and brave, but rather heavy and stupid, longed for the armour of Achilles after that great hero was dead. Ulysses, however, obtained it, and Ajax, in a fit of rage, killed himself with the sword Hector had given him. (See Tale, No. VII.) Ulysses wandered about the world many years, and endured a long series of dangers and toils, ere he reached his home in Ithaca.

Diomed nearly shared the fate of his chief, Agamemnon, from his bad wife Ægiale; but he managed to escape from her snares, and found a refuge in Apulia.

Priam was killed by Pyrrhus, a son of Achilles. Paris, too, was slain; and the fair Helen, for whom so many brave men had died, married a brother of Paris. Him she afterwards betrayed, in order to make her peace with her former husband, Menelaus, who forgave her and took her back to his house.

Old Nestor died in peace, among his children in his native Pylos. Æneas, when Troy was burning, carried his father Anchises out of the fire on his back. After many wanderings he came into Italy, and became king of the Latins. At the end of some years he was slain in a battle with the Tuscans.



Aeneas carrying his Father from Troy.

Chatterbox.



A SOLDIER IN SNOW.

HURRAH for the snow! we have it at last!
Quite three inches deep on the ground;
Now to build up an effigy high
On top of the rockery mound.

Here we are, Pat,
Be quick with your hat,
And bring out a basket and spade;
Let Harry and Joe
Come and gather us snow,
With May, if she is not afraid.

'Here is the best place for the figure to stand,
Then all from the window can see;
Poor Nance will look on, as she nurses her cold,
And wish she could share in the glee.

There's a good pile;
It will stand for a while,
And give him a good steady base.
No, not there, Joe;
We must have his arms so,
Hanging down with a natural grace:

The bother will be,
As you'll presently see,
When we mould him a head and a face.

'Well, May, you are really industrious; Pat,
Put a handful of snow just there.
We must give him a soldierly look, you know;
Let his shoulders be ample and square.

And now for his face,
Don't let us disgrace
Our work and so handsome a man;
So be careful, Joe,
How you put on the snow,
And find me some ice, if you can.

'Hurrah for his nose! a Roman one, too,
Such as Cæsar himself may have had;
Father will tell us, as artists in snow,
Our handicraft is not so bad.

Now, May, with that nice
Thick, clear lump of ice—
(The frost *must* have been hard last night)

This will light up the eyes
In a way to surprise,
And give him a terrible fright,
If surely Tim Cray
Should saunter this way
Alone, and it be not moonlight.

'Now for his hat with the plume, and a sash;
Better soldier can never have faced
A thousand of foes than our effigy looks
Now the sword hangs down from his waist.
And so with a shout to call mother to see,
To the-house they all gleefully raced.

A. R. B.

ABOUT PIES.

WE all think at once of the first pie we ever sang
about, that famous pie of nursery days:

'Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.'

Then there are mud-pies, and we have woeful remembrances of spoiled clothes, and scoldings which followed on their manufacture. And there are thimble pies, and sharp raps given to idle hands which would not do the sewing neatly, come to mind. And there are metaphorical pies, with which bad-mannered fingers are all too ready to meddle. But of none of these shall I write. Rather shall my story be of a real erection of puffy-paste, and that which it contained.

A little Russian baby-boy, the son of Peter the Great and Catherine, had been baptized; the name given him was Peter Petrowitz. His baptism was celebrated with the greatest pomp and splendour. Grand banquets were given, and great rejoicings made. No doubt many, many pies were eaten on this occasion; but with *them* my tale has not to do, but rather with two pies which were made, but not eaten, for these pies were of an extraordinary character!

It was the ancient Russian custom for the ladies and gentlemen to have separate banquetting-halls. Behold, then, in each of these halls an enormous pie, larger than any pie ever seen! And 'when the pie was opened' in the ladies' hall out stepped a tiny dwarf, attired in a fantastic manner. He brought with him out of the pie a wine-glass and a bottle of wine, and taking these in his hands he walked around the table drinking to the health of the ladies! The company received him with screams of surprise and laughter, and were like a party of astonished children. The same amusement was going on in the gentlemen's hall, only there a tiny *lady* stepped out of the pie, and drank to the health of the gentlemen. That was a pie to sing about!

There lived once a clever Russian boy, named Alexander Menzikoff, who made his fortune by singing about pies. It was the work given him to do, and he did it as well as ever he could. His father was a humble labouring man in the employ of a monastery on the banks of the Volga. The monasteries of those days had large tracts of land belonging to them, and father and son cultivated some of this land.

Alexander became weary of this manner of life, for the peasants who tilled the lands of the nobles or of the monks were little better than slaves. So at the age of thirteen he determined to go out into the world and seek his fortune. Leaving his father's hut he set out for Moscow, and after many disappointments he got a situation in a pastry-cook's shop. Instead of being employed in making and baking the pies and tarts, he was sent out into the streets to sell them. Alexander was full of wit and invention. He did not raise a monotonous cry of 'Hot pies! hot pies!' though even that street cry might sound sweet to hungry folk; but he invented pretty stories and charming songs to attract customers, and they ate his pies, and listened, and then

ate pies again, for listening is such hungry work when nice pies are a-smoking before you!

Thus he carried on a brisk trade for his master. But 'a stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way,' and Alexander's wit and diligence attracted the notice of no less a personage than Peter the Great, who, passing along the streets of Moscow, stopped to listen to the story which Alexander was telling to a crowd of pie-eaters. Peter was much amused, and by-and-by he spoke to the boy, asking him what he would take for the whole stock of cakes, basket and all. The boy named the price for which he might sell the pies; 'but as for the basket,' said he, 'that belongs to my master, and I cannot sell it. Still,' he added, 'everything belongs to your Majesty, and your Majesty has but to give me the command and I deliver it up to you.' This reply so pleased the Czar that he afterwards sent for the lad, and in course of time received him into his service.

Alexander rose by degrees in the army until he became one of the most distinguished generals in Peter the Great's army; indeed he took an important part in some of his most celebrated campaigns. He is remembered in history as Prince Menzikoff.

CLARA THWAITES.

THE HOLLY BOUGH.

I LIKE this glad season as yearly it comes,
With cold to our meadows and mirth to our homes;

I like, in the landscape when whitened with snow,
To mark the green leaves of the holly-tree bough.

I like, in the merry fresh days of the spring,
To mark the trees budding and hear the birds sing;
And now, while our holiday feelings o'erflow,
How cheerfully bright is the holly-tree bough!

I like, in the warmth of the summer-sunned hours,
To wander at will in the sweet leafy bowers;
But better I like now to join in the glow
Of social delight 'neath the holly-tree bough.

Then gather it quickly, the berries and spray,
And hang it up high on this festival day;
Let wit, mirth, and music, unitedly flow,
All soberly under the holly-tree bough.

TREES AND THEIR USES.

THE YEW.



HE yew is a very famous and favourite tree, remarkable for its long life and utility. The yews at Fountains Abbey were full-grown trees long before that splendid monastic pile was begun; and there they remain to this day, having seen the abbey in its infancy, in its grandeur, and in its ruins.

This tree is very often found growing in churchyards. People are not agreed as to why this is the case. Some

think it was planted there that the church might be furnished with boughs on Palm Sunday. Others say yews were set beside the porch that people who came before service time might find a shelter from occasional storms of rain. A better reason, perhaps, is the funeral appearance of this tree, with its dark leaves and shadow, so emblematic of the grave.

The yew may, more than any other tree, be clipped into various fantastic forms. Figures of birds, snags, men, and animals, have been thus made by means of patience and a pair of shears. The strangest clipped yew was that perhaps at Harlington. To begin with, it had a trunk about ten feet high, and surrounded by a seat. Above this was a large circular canopy, looking like a round table. Ten feet higher there was another and smaller canopy, and above that a pyramid of twenty feet, crowned by a ten-feet globe. On the top of the globe was a weather-cock. About a hundred years ago they ceased to clip the yew, and it now grows in its natural state.

The yew is of service both to birds and men, but insects avoid it. The fowls of the air make many a good dinner off its sweet berries, and find a cosy bedroom under its shadowy branches. It is curious that all insects avoid this tree. Beds made of yew are never haunted by those small but troublesome creatures which often disturb the stranger in London and other sea-ports. The yew is worked up into the choicest cabinets. It is handsomer than mahogany. Tables, snuff-boxes, musical instruments, and many other things, are made of it by the turner. He who has a gate-post made of this wood has one that will outlast a gate-post of iron; and axletrees formed of yew are the strongest of all axletrees.

The principal value of the yew in days gone by was its bow-producing qualities. Before gunpowder was invented the chief reliance of the soldier for his weapons was his bow. Homer and Virgil both speak of bows made from the yew.

They say the Saxon chieftain Vortigern was the man who first brought yew bows into England. We islanders soon learned the value of this weapon of war; and several of the most glorious victories which emblazon our annals were won by archers dealing death into the enemy's ranks by means of their 'bows of bending yew.' They were from four feet to six feet in length, with a piece of horn at either end. The string was made of the sinews or entrails of the bullock or some other animal; and the arrow was of ash, birch, or hornbeam, headed with iron, and trimmed with feathers. The quiver held twenty-four arrows. Arrow-makers were called fletchers, and bow-makers bowyers. When the yew-trees grew scarce other woods came into use, wholly or partly.

In Switzerland the yew is still called William's tree, because the bow of the noble patriot William Tell was made of this wood.

The yew seldom or ever reaches a height of fifty feet. It grows in height until it is about a hundred years old, and then it stops growing; but it will live for a thousand years, or even more. The largest yew is that, probably, in the churchyard at Harlington, near Hounslow. The trunk is nine feet in thickness, and the height fifty-eight feet.



Trees and their Uses.—The Yew.